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MONARCHS I HAVE MET

BY

W. BEATTY-KINGSTON

COMMANDER OF THE IMPERIAL ORDER OF THE MEDJIDIEH AND OF THE ROYAL ORDERS OF THE REDEEMER, STAR OF ROUMANIA, CROWN OF ROUMANIA AND TAKOVA OF SERVIA; KNIGHT OF THE IMPERIAL ORDER OF FRANCIS JOSEPH AND OF THE I.R. AUSTRIAN ORDER OF MERIT OF THE FIRST CLASS WITH THE CROWN, ETC., ETC.

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TO

Elisabeth

QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

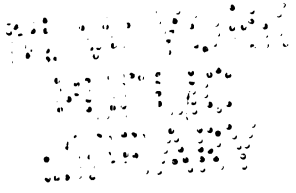
WHOSE VIRTUES, GIFTS, AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS HAVE WON FOR HER
THE SINCERE ADMIRATION OF HER LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CONTEMPORARIES
WHILST HER BENEVOLENCE AND LOVING KINDNESS
HAVE ENSHRINED HER IN THE HEART
OF A GRATEFUL PEOPLE

THIS BOOK IS

Respectfully Dedicated

BY HER FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED SERVANT

THE AUTHOR



PREFACE.

In the course of my travels through Christendom and Paynimland it has been my privilege to be presented to several sovereigns European, Asiatic, and African —past, present, and potential. Some of these exalted personages with whom I have been brought into contact, by circumstances of extraordinary importance and interest to themselves, have deigned to bestow upon me marks of their especial grace and favor. Others have entertained me in their palaces with splendid and kindly hospitality. By one and all I have been treated with the utmost politeness and consideration. In short, my acquaintance with the rulers of men, though necessarily slight and superficial, has been uniformly of so agreeable a character as to stock my memory with good store of pleasant imperial and royal souvenirs.

Believing that a book of unpretentious gossip about emperors, kings, and princes, their residences, habits, and surroundings, as well as some of the latter-day events in which they have been personally concerned, may succeed in amusing and even interesting a large class of the public, I have ventured to put together a few of the reminiscences above alluded to, under a title which I sincerely trust may prove attractive to a degree altogether unprecedented in the annals of light literature.

Heretofore I have never been able to realize by personal experience the supreme pride and self-satisfaction presumably felt by an author when the words "one hundred and thirty-fifth edition," printed on the title-page of his latest work, meet his exultant eye. In this respect alone I yearn to emulate the achievements of M. Emile Zola and one or two other contemporary writers who bask in the golden sunshine of an unexampled popularity. My own view of this book is that *everybody* ought to read it; and nothing could afford me livelier gratification than to find that view adopted by the public at large. Nevertheless, inborn diffidence prompts me to deprecate such over-expectation, if any, as may be aroused in abnormally sanguine and trustful natures by the title "Monarchs I Have Met," which I frankly admit to be of the *ad captandum* order.

To avoid misunderstanding and avert disappointment, I wish it to be clearly understood that my intercourse with the foreign sovereigns mentioned in these pages has been brought about, with one or two exceptions, not by their unsolicited command, but at my own especial request. The incidents which have drawn us together have invariably been of a kind rendering it incumbent upon me to ask favors at their hands—favors which, as I most gratefully acknowledge, have generally been granted with gracious readiness. But none of the emperors and kings with whom I have been permitted at different times to foregather ever asked me to take pot-luck with them, confided to me a state secret, however trifling, or consulted me with respect to some ticklish conjuncture in their private family affairs. Disclosures or details of these sorts, the interest of which I would be the last person to under-estimate, will be found to shine by their absence from my published reminiscences.

On the other hand, I can positively assure my readers that I have in no single instance drawn upon my imagination for my facts, or derived my descriptions of events and places connected with Royalty from my inner consciousness. As the representative abroad of a great metropolitan journal for thirteen years, it was my good-fortune to be employed upon several missions — during a somewhat sensational period of recent history—necessitating my presence at important ceremonies, and bringing me into immediate contact with many of the more illustrious and remarkable personages of the day, including a few crowned heads. Thus, in time of war as well as of peace, I have been not infrequently enabled to "rub shoulders" with Royalty, to see Royalty christened, married, and buried, to observe its demeanor in the banqueting-hall and ball-room, and to take note of its behavior upon the battle-field.

Whether or not what I have to tell about those born in the purple be worth listening to is not for me to say. With all my heart I hope that it may prove so, and wish that I could disarm adverse criticism by humbly apologizing—as I do in this place—for all its shortcomings and redundancies, sins alike of omission and commission. Pardon them, ye who read this book. As ye are strong (and I trust numerous), be merciful! To the best of my knowledge and belief, it does not contain one untrue or wilfully over-colored statement. When I aver that I have known such a person, been to such a place, or assisted at such a "function," the reader may implicitly rely upon the accuracy of any assertion. The matter of the book is strenuously faithful to facts. Of its manner, others must judge for themselves. Let justice be tempered with mercy; I ask no more.

W. Beatty-Kingston.

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MONARCHS I HAVE MET.

CHAPTER I.

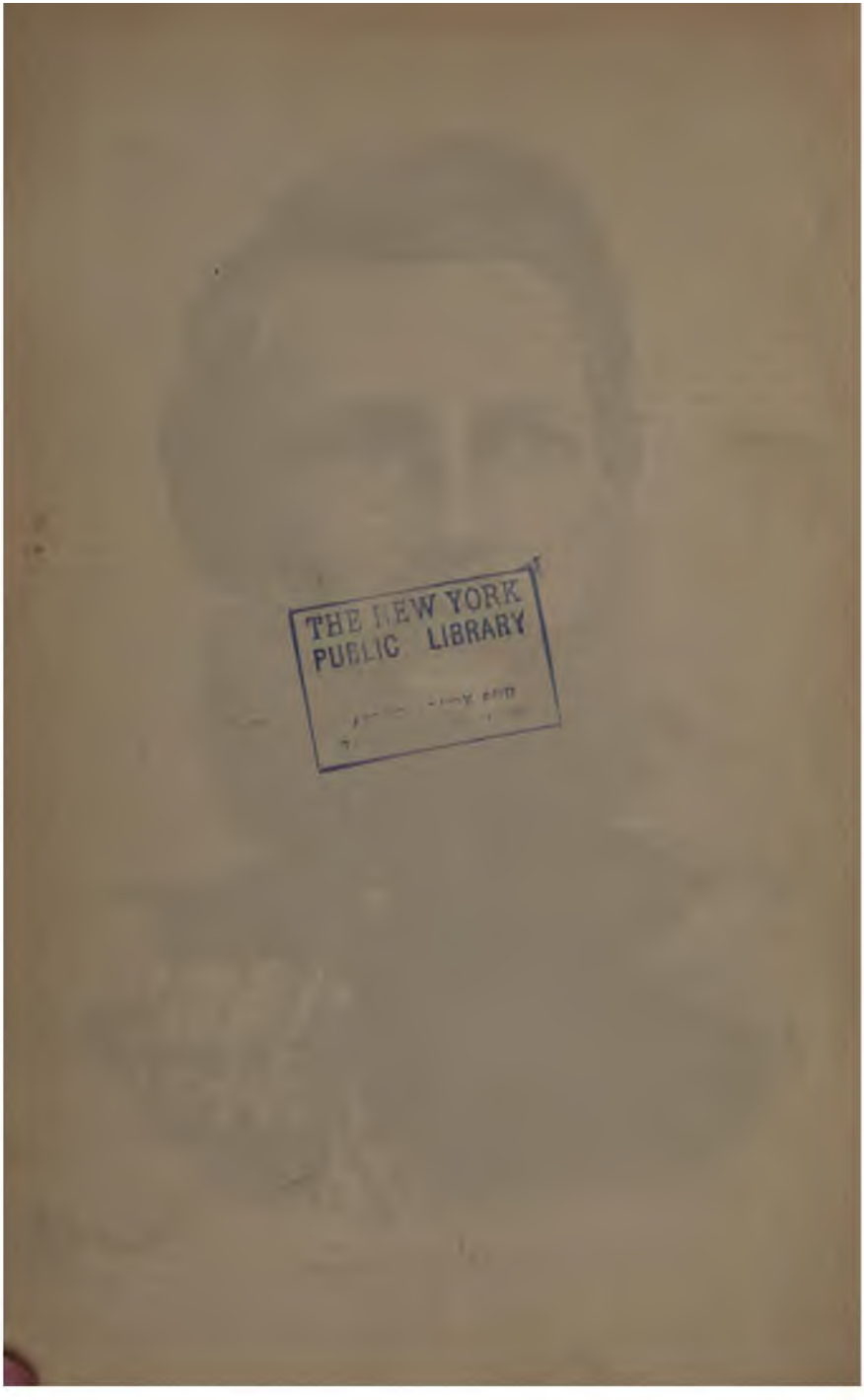
The German Emperor.—A Potsdam Church Parade.—King George of Greece.—William I. in the Taunus.—Autumn Manœuvres in the Partes Adnexæ.—The Pomeranian and East Prussian Army Corps.—Characteristics of the Emperor-King.

FREDERICK WILLIAM LEWIS of Hohenzollern, seventh King of Prussia and first German Emperor, had attained the age of seventy when I had the honor of being presented to him twenty years ago. His appearance at that time was singularly impressive. Of lofty stature—his exact height was six feet one inch and a half—unusual breadth of shoulder, and great depth of chest, he was a magnificent type of manly strength and symmetry. The uprightness of his bearing and vivacity of his gait would have done credit to the smartest subaltern in his Guard, the officers of which corps were as remarkable for their physical comeliness then as their successors are at the present day; in a septuagenarian such youthful attributes were simply astonishing. But for the grayness of his hair, slightly thinned by time, and of his abundant whiskers and mustache, King William in the spring of 1867 might well have passed for an exceptionally vigorous man in the prime of life. His complexion was as ruddy as that of a healthy school-boy; his teeth were white and even; his voice was full and mellow of tone; on foot and horseback (as I had ample occasion to observe two years later) he could tire out the junior officers of his own staff, trained athletes of not half his own age. Upon all those brought into immediate contact with him—foreigners as well as Germans born—he exercised an irresistible fascination, partly by the exquisite charm of his manner, entirely free from the *morgue* characterizing the demeanor of his brother, Prince Karl, and from the *brusquerie* affected by those inflexible martinets, Princes Albrecht and Friedrich Karl, respectively brother and nephew to his Majesty; partly by the innate amiability finding frequent expression in his peculiarly sweet and winning smile; partly by the admirable tact invariably prompting him to select subjects of conversation congenial to his interlocutors, thereby putting them at their ease, and enabling them to sustain their share in the colloquy of the moment to their own satisfaction. For names and faces he had a truly royal memory, as well as for the specialties—no matter how trifling—of persons introduced to him. As an instance of this faculty, the high development of which in royal personages has frequently astounded me, I may mention that on the occasion of my presentation to King William, his Majesty spoke to me in English, but after a few words changed his idiom to French, remarking, with a smile, "I am not a good English scholar; doubtless you speak French." I replied in the affirmative, respectfully adding that I was sufficiently acquainted with the German language to understand his Majesty, should he deign to address me in his native tongue. "Dasz ist mir sehr angenehm," he rejoined; "sprechen wir also Deutsch." (That pleases me well; let us speak German, then.) To this (in itself) trivial circumstance his Majesty hardly ever failed to refer, directly or indirectly, when he had occasion to speak to me thereafter at Court festivities, royal manœuvres, or special audiences. During the Franco-German war, four months of which I passed at Versailles—up to January 18, 1871, the royal, and after that date the imperial headquarters—he frequently alluded to it. One day, towards the end of October, 1870, I was lunching at Beauregard—the dainty chateau belonging to the Duchess de Bauffremont, which, like many another luxurious mansion in the environs of Paris, had fallen into the hands of France's conquerors—with General von Kirchbach, then commanding the Fifth Army Corps. Home, the celebrated Spiritualist, then acting as war correspondent for a New York paper, and General Hazen of the U.S. Army, who was officially attached to the Crown Prince's headquarters, had ridden out with me by the general's invitation to take stock of his new abode, in which he had only been installed the previous day. We had been all over the ducal villa, which was crammed with rare and costly art-objects, and were

settling down with campaigning appetites to a solid mid-day meal in the gorgeous dining-room, when a staff-officer suddenly appeared at the door, exclaiming, "The King! the King!" and a minute later his Majesty strode into the room, smiling, and motioning to us with his right hand, as though he would say, "Pray do not disturb yourselves on my account." We had all, however, risen from table, and were standing in a row—the officers, of course, in "strammer Haltung." After shaking hands with the general, who advanced to give him respectful greeting, the King passed "down the line" of Kirchbach's guests, gave his hand to Hazen, came to a full stop in front of Home, to whom he spoke in French, referring to the marvellous feats performed by that gentleman at the palaces of Berlin and the Tuileries in his Majesty's presence, and jocosely asking "Monsieur le Magicien" whether he could find out from his familiar spirits when Paris would surrender; and then, catching sight of me, said to Kirchbach, "So you know the Englishman who speaks German so well! he is an old acquaintance of mine," following up this "interpellation" by addressing a few kindly and flattering words to myself. I mention this trivial incident merely as an example of the extraordinary tenacity of his Majesty's memory with respect to the smallest specialties of individuals personally known to him, and of his surprising readiness in turning his natural gifts to account with inimitable tact and grace.

I partook of King William's hospitality for the first time in the spring of 1867, after a church parade held by him in person at Potsdam, to which I was honored by a royal "bidding." The *grosse Kirchen Parade* in question—one of six performed annually, three in Berlin and three in Potsdam—was characterized by one remarkable feature, namely, the head-dress of the Guards (First Regiment), who wore the tall, plated caps, something like the front half of a bishop's mitre, inflicted upon his favorite infantry by the Great Frederick. Through the kind offices of Count Pückler, the Court marshal, a seat had been reserved for me in the royal apartments of the castle, whence I witnessed the whole military spectacle—a highly interesting one. I started for Potsdam pretty early by train, under a thickly overcast sky, the morning being damp, raw, and bitterly cold. Right glad to arrive at my destination, I strolled from the station to the castle under the friendly guidance of a young officer whose cross of the Red Eagle had been won in the desperate struggle at Chulm; and on presenting my credentials to the royal castellan, was ushered through interminable galleries, courts, and suites of apartments int
corner room, the *salon* of one of the princess
commanding a double view of the huge
rade-ground attached to the palace. Chur
was not over as I took up my post of obs
vation, and the only occupants of the grou
were a few hundred officers belonging
every arm of the service, who were patien
awaiting the arrival of the King. Two sid
of the enormous square were fringed by t
piled arms of the three battalions engag
for the moment in their devotions, and
goodly concourse of spectators was alrea
gathering together behind this, to me, no
barrier. The diversity of color in the u
forms scattered about the enclosure stru
me as rivalling that exhibited in the Austri
army—even exceeding it. Perhaps the t
most gorgeous dresses are worn by the Kin
Life Guards—all white jack-boots, and d
zling steel helmet—and the Guard (Blüch
Hussars—scarlet tunic, abundantly frogg
with gold, light blue and gold pelisse, shak
and white drooping plume. The Chasseu
wear dark green, with red facings; the i
fantry, as every one knows, dark blue a
spiked helmet, save the Guards on certa
anniversaries and special festive occasions.
At eleven o'clock the church bells ra
out an old Lutheran hymn, and the Ki
passed through the church doors, follow
by a brilliant staff, amongst whom I notic
the Crown Prince, Prince Karl, the t
Princes Albert, Prince Adalbert, Gene
Alvensleben, and Captain the Duke of Ed
burgh. The King, who wore the uniform
the First Guards, covered with stars, took
his position in the middle of the square,
while the troops (three battalions) were mar
ing into the ground and getting under ar
conversed in a very animated manner w
Major-general Count von Bothmer, the
varian envoy, who had come to Berlin in
der to arrange the terms of a closer milit
union between Bavaria and Prussia than
hitherto established. Presently, the tro
being formed in line, his Majesty, follo
by his staff, inspected the men, walking al
the whole line, and speaking a few plea
words at intervals to the officers. He t
resumed his place in the centre of the squ
and the regiment, led by the Crown Pr
in person, marched past him, first in c
panies and then in battalions. The mag
cent men of the First Guards looked
bigger and more martial than usual in t
tall mitres. Their marching past was
perfection of solidity and evenness, and
minded me of the Household Brigade in
ante-Crimean days. With the band was
ried a curious old trophy—I can scarcely
it a banner—consisting of a large white n

THE CROWN-PRINCE OF GERMANY.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'astened to the top of a standard-pole, latter was further surmounted by a ıar, whence depended two horse-tails 'erent colors. The band played capiınd I noticed that at a particular point ground nearly opposite the King, whatr they might be performing, the drums 'es broke in upon them in the middle musical phrase, and set up a dismal ;ing and tapping, which lasted about a ², when the band took up their strain here it had been broken off, and blew even unto the end. After the second past the troops were dismissed, and ing walked briskly up to the castle, a champagne lunch was prepared for ests and staff. The Crown Princess this welcome entertainment, to which orty officers and two or three civilians en "commanded," with her genial presnd, like her gallant husband, whom I aw for the first time with a full beard, the picture of health and good-humor. ew days after this interesting military ony, so agreeably supplemented by a *er à la fourchette* in the stately Potschloss, I met the King of Greece for st time, at a reception given specially honor. He was only two-and-twenty old at the time I refer to, very boyd unsophisticated in appearance, full h spirits, and passionately addicted to seeing. His sojourn in Berlin was for the German capital only served ı an *étape* on his way from Copenhagen Petersburg, where he was to be marme weeks later to the Grand Duchess Constaninovna — a young lady no less ke in appearance than himself. Before ction to the Hellenic kingship by the National Assembly, when he was a tripling of seventeen, he had distind himself as an admirer of *le beau* y one or two escapades of uncomiveliness; indeed, I have been told— r an illustrious personage, who certainught to know" — that Prince George illiam, as he was called before he left som of his family) was under a domesud in the seclusion of his own small ients in King Christian's palace when nouncement of his promotion to sovrank reached him. Even during his) Berlin, although he had then reigned Greece for four years, and, from a mocal point of view, was a full-blown king, aring was that of a well-bred, vivacious -boy, and, I need scarcely say, was re- with high disapproval by the highold dowagers and chamberlains of the an Court. His behavior in relation to mount distinction bestowed upon him by his venerable amphitryon upon the occasion above alluded to should have been rife with refreshment to some of the exalted personages, cloyed with the possession of honors *ejusdem generis*, who were present at the entertainment in question. Before dinner at the palace—and a splendid dinner it was, besides being very lively and unceremonious —King William gave his youthful guest the Order of the Black Eagle, handing him the insignia *propriâ manu*. He was so delighted with his new decoration that he could not resist the temptation of trying it on then and there ; and it was very evident throughout the evening, which was wound up at the royal theatre, that he thought more of his "last thing in crosses" — Heaven knows he must have had enough since they made him King of Greece—than he did of the performance. As a matter of fact, he could not keep his fingers from the jewel and the star, even whilst conversing with the Queen and princesses, in whose good graces his frank and genial manners quickly established him. The sturdy old King took a great fancy to him from the first, and treated him with that kind jollity which is an especial characteristic of the warm-hearted Prussian monarch.

Nineteen years ago, William of Hohenzollern was by no means so popular in Southern Germany as he became immediately after the triumphant conclusion of the Franco-German war. The populations of the small States annexed by Prussia in 1866 were smarting under the necessary severities of the new *règime* —a painful contrast to the easy-going systems of government under which they had heretofore prospered exceedingly — and regarded his Majesty as the incorporation of all the additional drill and taxation accruing to them under his just but inflexible rule. I happened to be present at his arrival in Wiesbaden on the occasion of his first visit to the Taunus watering-places after Nassau, Hesse-Homburg, and Frankfort-on-Maine had been gathered into the Brandenburg fold. The station, which had been feebly decorated and illuminated in his honor, was crowded with officials, Prussian officers on leave, and idlers of all nations, curious to catch a glimpse of the venerable warrior. There were "*feux de Bengale*" and oil lamps in abundance—a guard of honor, and a compact body of good patriots for the shouting of "Hoch!" The natives of Wiesbaden were conspicuous by their absence. It was scarcely reasonable to entertain the hope that they should break out into rapturous manifestations of loyalty towards an excellent and resolute old gentleman who had struck a heavy blow at their future prosperity. There they had been, only two years previously, as comfortable as mosqui-

toes on a dead buffalo; reigned over by a cosey little prince, who asked no better than to let them alone in their glory; absorbing an unintermittent stream of gold; lightly taxed, tenderly governed; the spoiled children of fortune, with a gambling company to beautify their town, and entice thousands of wealthy foreigners annually into their toils; and an easy-going *régime*, itself too rich to care about mulcting them inconveniently. Came the Pickelhaube, and down tumbled their Castle of Indolence. The princelet was kicked out-of-doors, the needle-gun was made ready to blow the gaming-tables to the other side of eternity, the Prussian system of taxation and standard of official morality were introduced, and in four short years there were to be no more cakes and ale! Could it be wondered at if the ex-Nassauer fought rather shy of a monarch who had brought them to such grewsome grief? I remember that, when I was little and naughty, being punished "for my good" appeared to me a painful and highly objectionable process. So it was with the Wiesbadener, Emser, Homburger, etc.—they were undergoing punishment "for their good," and, very naturally, they didn't like it.

The King jumped out of his travelling-saloon and strode about the platform with the vigor and activity of a hearty lad. As soon as the proper amount of ko-touing had been got through, his Majesty sprang into his carriage and drove off at a great rate to his quarters. He was the very embodiment of robust health and exuberant geniality. The color of his jolly cheeks was one of which a blooming milkmaid might have been proud—he was as upright as a dart, as firm on his feet as a well-broken pointer, and as jovial as a beadle out for a holiday. His face shone all over with kindness, and he had a pleasant word for everybody with whom he was brought in contact. If the charm of a cheerful appearance and of perfect manners, as exemplified in the person of its king, could have just then rendered the Prussian Government popular in its newly acquired territories, the thing would have been done; for nobody could look the gallant old man in the face without being convinced that he was a warm-hearted, cheery, and amiable gentleman.

Immediately after breakfast the King proceeded to inaugurate a good work, namely, a Kurhaus, or hospital for sick soldiers, of which his Majesty laid the first stone to the pleasant sounds of a brass band and choral hymns remarkably well sung. It was a military spectacle, thinly attended by the general public, and came off very swimmingly indeed. The King went through his trowel-manual with soldierly precision; the troops made a brilliant show; the part-singing was broad and impressive. At half-past four his Majesty gave a dinner to the chief officials who had taken part in the morning's ceremony—about sixty sat down to table—and an extra good band was laid on at the Kursaal terrace, in order that the hearts of the people, saddened by a long course of musical abominations administered to them daily by a Hesse orchestra, might rejoice and be glad while their king was at the banquet! The great event of the day, however, was the concert, for which extensive preparations had been made in the grand hall of the Red and Black establishment—crimson and gold sofas and *fauteuils* for the royal visitor and his suite, unlimited gas, flowers, and drapery. When the King strode into the hall—punctual to the minute—he was received in dead silence, and not more than two-thirds of the audience rose to their feet. Nevertheless, before seating himself, he turned round and faced the company with a smiling air. Dressed in the dark uniform of a colonel of the Prussian Guard, well bestrewn with glittering crosses, one hand resting on his sword-hilt, and the other holding his Pickelhaube, he seemed to me as if he were saying to himself, "My good people, I want you to like me; if you can't you won't, and that is not my fault; but if you won't you must, or I will know the reason why!" He sat the whole concert out, and then walked briskly off through the dining-room, totally ignoring the other part of the establishment.

Before I left Wiesbaden I had abundant proof that the inhabitants of that place had not digested the leek they had been compelled to swallow. One Saturday night, for instance, the King went in half state to the theatre. Not more than a dozen persons were collected together near the entrance to see him alight, and half of these were English or American. There was no cheering, nor any demonstration of good-will whatever. Next morning (Sunday) he reviewed the troops at ten o'clock on the large square in front of the "Vier Jahreszeiten." A review is essentially as popular a spectacle in Germany as it is in France; but not a Wiesbadener turned out to look at his king or the soldiery, and the public was represented by twenty or thirty little boys of the lower class. At the *réunion* in the Kursaal, on the previous evening, everybody was surprised by the arrival, about half-past nine, of his Majesty in full uniform, attended by his staff. Of course a "cercle" was formed, and several ladies and gentlemen were presented to the King, who was graciousness itself; but the persons honored by his notice were either foreigners, of whom I was one, or local officials of his government.

In Homburg on the Heights, whither his Majesty betook himself early in the following week, his reception by the natives was not much warmer than it had been in Wiesbaden. On the evening after his arrival at the breezy, bracing sanitarium he took a long stroll in the gardens of the Kursaal, which were very much crowded, and blazing with gas. For some time he was followed about by thousands of people, curious to see the arbiter of Germany's destiny; and at length a well-meaning body of Englishmen having started a cheer, the crowd took it up, and after two or three experimental attempts at heartiness, managed to bring out a few really respectable rounds of applause. The King seemed unfeignedly delighted; he bowed and raised his hat repeatedly, stopping every now and then to accost some acquaintance, or respond to some special mark of respect, and his promenade, for the last ten minutes of its duration, was the nearest thing to a success I had seen since his arrival in the district. Perhaps his not being in uniform had something to do with it. Whereas in Wiesbaden he wore the hated Pickelhaube, at Homburg he made his appearance in public *en bourgeois;* that is, in mitigated evening dress, a toilet admirably suited to his upright, powerful frame and pleasant, kindly face. At the ball, where he stayed for a full hour, he was pronounced by the ladies to be charming, "the perfection of a courtly gentleman of the good old school;" but then, you know, Homburg was an English-American colony, and the company that assembled every week in its ball-room was quite free from South German prejudices.

Frankfort races, which came off a few days after King William's arrival at a watering-place only half an hour's drive from the whilom "Free-City," had to be run forlorn of his presence, although he gave two of the most valuable prizes—for which, by the way, not a single horse of South German ownership was entered to compete. The Frankforters at that time (August, 1868) had not reconciled themselves to their lot as "Muss-Preussen;" nor had they even forgiven the good old King for having incorporated their city and lands in his realm. I was assured by irreconcilable senators and local magnates of all sorts, that if the King should personally patronize the meeting, not a single lady belonging to the commercial aristocracy—one as elegant as it is wealthy, and more anti-Prussian than either — would show herself on the grand stand or anywhere about the ground. Nowadays, Frankfort is as enthusiastically loyal to the German Emperor as Berlin itself; and throughout the whole region in which, not two decades ago, his very name was an offence to the ears of the people, rich or poor, gentle or simple, William the Good and Victorious is now loved and venerated with no less genuine fervor and sincerity than animate the attachment to his person of his faithful Brandenburgers and Pomeranians. Twice has he conquered the Southern Germans; and his second triumph, whereby he won their hearts, has proved an abiding one.

Throughout the month of September, 1869, I attended the royal manœuvres of the Prussian army, held successively in three military districts of the monarchy; and was—in common with a large number of English and foreign officers — at intervals his Majesty's guest, horsed, quartered, and entertained in the most sumptuous manner at his expense. The first set of manœuvres was executed by the Eleventh Army Corps, in the neighborhood of Frankfort-on-the-Main; the second by the Second Army Corps near Stargard, the ancient capital of Pomerania; the third by the First Army Corps, in the grim region of East Prussia lying between Elbing and Königsberg. While these operations of mimic war were being carried on with an energy and precision which were the admiration of all who witnessed them, I rode on the King's staff every field-day, and enjoyed countless opportunities of convincing myself, by personal observation, that he was the most accomplished soldier and skilful commander of the finest army in the world.

Among other interesting experiences which accrued to me during a month of the severest physical exertion I remember to have ever undergone in the course of an exceptionally active life, I was fortunate enough to be present at the first official visit paid by the King to the city of Stettin since his accession to the throne, although Stettin is one of the largest and most thriving as well as loyal towns in his dominions. As may be imagined, the fervor of his reception was something quite indescribable. The Pomeranian is a fellow of stubborn, angular, and somewhat cold nature; but on this glad occasion he completely broke with his traditions of stolidity, and gave vent to his feelings in uncouth but unmistakable demonstrations of rejoicing. When the King appeared upon the estrade of the station, he was greeted with a roar of acclamations that sounded as though all the menageries of the universe had been suddenly stirred up to exasperation by unnumbered red-hot pokers. It was not a cheer, but rather a supreme howl of welcome, issuing spontaneously from twenty thousand rigid throats. His Majesty bowed repeatedly to the vociferating crowd; and then, accompanied by the Crown Prince,

jumped into his carriage and drove slowly through living lanes of spectators to his castle. In the next carriage were the Crown Princess and Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who, I observed, on his arrival availed himself with great *empressement* of his privileges as an uncle. Then followed a long and brilliant cortége of carriages, filled with the Court officials and royal guests, in conveyances specially chartered for the occasion by the Lord Chamberlain's department. At seven o'clock the King gave a dinner to the royal and princely personages included in the list of his *invités;* and by eight the whole town was ablaze with illuminations, many of them highly elaborate in design and tasteful in execution.

As I started for Stargard by the 8.15 train, in accordance with my instructions, the view I obtained of Stettin from the lofty bridge that spans the Oder was enchanting in the extreme. Unlike most Prussian towns, it is chiefly composed of lofty and handsomely proportioned houses, built terrace-wise on the gentle slopes of a hill rising from a river-bank. In consequence of this picturesque arrangement, but little of the fanciful beauty of outline conferred by illuminations upon even the most commonplace constructions was lost to the spectator from afar. Like fairy palaces, designed with a magic pencil of vivid light, and tinted with tender but unearthly hues, these noble buildings seemed to emerge mysteriously from the river's bosom, in which their spangled façades were faithfully reflected, and to form one great dazzling palace, a dozen stories high, and each story defined by rows of glittering, dancing flame —such a palace as the King of the Gnomes might choose wherein to hold high revel. The individuality of each house—there may have been a hundred such, blended into one fantastic semblance of a building borrowed from the realms of imagination, with Edgar Allan Poe for designer, and the Spirit of the Lamp for architect—was merged in the huge indistinctly formed mass of light, criss-crossed with wavy, quivering streaks of red, green, and purple fire that marked the subdivisions of lamp decoration — crests of walls, rows of casements, etc. — and these softer colors gleamed like gigantic jewels from among the brighter-flashing white gaslight that formed their setting.

Next morning the King, accompanied by his son, the Statthalter of Pomerania, by the Crown Princess, several members of the royal family, and an enormous staff, including some sixty foreign officers "attached" for the occasion, arrived at Stargard, in which quaint old fortified city I had already taken up the quarters assigned to me. His Majesty chatted very cheerfully with the members of the municipality, who met him at the station; and I heard him make one very characteristic remark to the chief magistrate, who had mentioned the fact that some schools were going to be built upon the site of a few old fortifications: "That is quite right; let the young people learn as much as they can; you can't teach them more than I wish them to know. Let Prussians be intelligent—that is the chief matter (*Dasz ist die Hauptsache*"). And shortly afterwards, in reply to some deprecatory statement made respecting the resources of Stargard, he observed, "Not at all; you are quite wrong. My daughter-in-law tells me that she has been staying here among you, and that she likes Stargard very much; moreover, she says she went to a ball here the other night, and was excellently well amused; and if she said so, you may depend upon it that she was."

I was much impressed by the splendor and thoughtfulness of the King's hospitality to his foreign guests throughout the Pomeranian and East Prussian manœuvres. Besides many Frenchmen, Russians, Swedes, Italians, Spaniards, and all manner of non-Prussian Germans, no fewer than twenty-three Englishmen, including myself—the only civilian of the number—were entertained by his Majesty for the better part of a fortnight, in the most magnificent and graceful manner imaginable. On our arrival in Stettin, Prussian hospitality took formal possession of us, and never after quitted us for a moment. Carriages were at our disposal night and day; our mess was provided with every delicacy that money could procure, from *caviare* of the Volga to Southdown mutton, from reindeers' tongues to hot-house peaches. Aides-de-camp were sent in the early morning to inquire, on the part of our august hosts, whether we had slept well; we were admirably mounted, supplied with the best brands of Havana, established in comfortable quarters, petted and made much of in every way, as though we had been members of the King's own family. When we were not dining with the King or with the local authorities, the Princes of the Blood visited our mess, and, discarding all ceremony, took their places among us as comrades and friends. Nothing was left undone to convince us that we were welcome—no trouble spared to render our stay agreeable. I am only performing a public duty in endeavoring faintly to interpret the deep gratitude that my countrymen, one and all, experienced towards their generous and thoughtful entertainers. It could not but suggest itself to us that our treatment of foreign officers who come over to our shores in order to in-

; our camps and arsenals, affords a pain-
:ontrast to such hospitality as that ac-
ed to our military delegates in Prussia.
do not even place a hansom-cab at the
ssal of our visitor; far less do we exert
elves to forestall his every requirement.
eave him pretty well to his own devices,
tably allowing him to amuse himself at
wn expense, if he can. He is not em-
assed by the frequency of his invitations
e royal table, or indeed to any other fes-
board whatever.

ring our three days' sojourn at Stargard
Communal Stände of "Old Pomerania"
a banquet of no ordinary magnificence
e King and all his guests. But few
were heralded by words, although
were drunk with enthusiasm; the King
elf, terse of utterance and an advocate
tion, detests long-windedness, and is en-
d with the inestimable gift of nipping
ry in the bud by his mere presence and
t; so that the guests of the "Stände"
suffered to drink their wine in peace—
hey drank a good deal of it. After the
ry was fairly over, the whole company
conveyed to the court-yard of the royal
e, in which the military bands of all the
ents engaged in the manœuvres had
assembled for the purpose of perform-
monster *Zapfenstreich* (grand tattoo) in
of the King. Several hundred musi-
were arranged in a hollow square, the
e of which was occupied by a small trib-
erected for the leader; light was sup-
by resinous torches inserted round the
wall of the quadrangle just beneath
alace roof, and shedding a fitful glare
the polished instruments of the per-
rs and the brilliant uniforms of the al-
exclusively military audience. The
stood upon the steps of the principal
nce into the Schloss, surrounded by
aff and a few gayly dressed ladies; the
es moved about among the foreign offi-
passing from one group to another, and
g something pleasant to say to every
While the "Wedding March" was
d magnificently by the enormous or-
ra, the Crown Prince came up to me,
aying his hand kindly upon my shoul-
ald, "That is my favorite piece of mu-
or that was the first thing I heard after
arriage, twelve years ago; you were a
ster then, Mr. Kingston, on that day
was such a happy one for me." As
as the programme had been executed
ing came forward to the leader, and
ng hands cordially with him, requested
o thank the musicians for their excel-
erformance, and to present to him any
(the leader's) *confrères* among the band-
masters who, in his opinion, had brought their bands to the highest degree of efficiency. It was delightful to see the eagerness with which the venerable *chef d'orchestre* dashed off in search of his coadjutors, and the genial *bonhomie* with which his Majesty received and complimented them. Another small incident that took place during the Zapfenstreich may be mentioned as illustrating the genuine good-nature that so deeply endears King William to all those who know him. Among the group of servants and hangers-on of the palace, gathered together in one corner of the court, were two little girls, clamoring to see the King, and so persistent in their appeals to the by-standers that they were eventually passed through the crowd to the front rank, where they stood out boldly by themselves, peering round them in the hope of espying the object of their curiosity. The King had noticed the little episode, and beckoning the children towards him, said to them, "What is it you want, then, small people?" "We want to see the King!—we want to see the King, sir!" "Well," patting them gently on the head, "you must look at me, then; for I am the King." Whereupon the children stared awe-struck at the lofty figure and smiling face of their monarch, apparently unable to understand how it was possible that they should be there, actually having dared to speak to such a great and illustrious personage. Nothing could be more charming than to contemplate the King bending his stately head down towards the tiny maids, and smilingly reassuring them from their terror, the while they both looked as if they were balancing themselves on the brink of a good cry. However, they soon got over their alarm, and eventually went away radiant with happiness, and as proud as if they had been wearing new boots. As soon as his Majesty had retired to his apartments, the foreign "legion" dispersed to its mess-room at the "Prusse," where the ruddy and prehensile lobster, the stuffed boar's head, the lordly salmon, affectionately smothered in creamy *mayonnaise*, and the Roederer *carte blanche* of Alpine coldness awaited those whom the banquet of the municipalities had not placed *hors de combat*. Shortly after ten the princes dropped in, and an hour or two was spent delightfully in chatting over the occurrences of the morning's manœuvres.

On the following day (March 7, 1869) came off the great event of the royal visit, namely, a voyage *en gala* up the Oder to Frauensdorf, where the town of Stettin offered a *goûter* to the King and his guests, illuminating the river-banks for a distance of four miles from the point of his re-embarkation at Elisenshöh

to the very heart of the town. Besides the four steamers placed by the municipality at the service of the King and his cortége, no fewer than forty steamboats followed his Majesty up and down the river, all of them crowded to the very funnel with well-dressed people. Moreover, both banks of the river were thronged to suffocation, from the railway bridge to far beyond the village of Frauensdorf. Stettin itself is a town of some eighty thousand inhabitants; but I was told, by persons able to judge of the influx that had taken place from all parts of the province, that more than twice that number were assembled on either side of the Oder to welcome their beloved king. And what a welcome they gave him! never, even in Italy, during the time when men's passions were at their wildest, have I witnessed so exuberant a manifestation of popular rejoicing and good-will as that aroused on Wednesday evening by the appearance of the King on the deck of the gayly adorned steamer that bore him slowly along the river's breast, under a cross-fire of acclamations that must have been heard many miles off. As soon as he stepped on board the firing of cannon and mortars commenced, and was kept up without intermission all along the line until his arrival at the landing-place; the ships, the houses and founderies on the river quays, the row-boats, wharves, and barges were all decked out in flags, and swarming with life. Strange allegorical devices, containing appeals to his Majesty's grace, with respect to the fortification question—which at Stettin, as at Mayence, absorbingly occupied public attention—had been set up in prominent situations, where they could not fail to meet the King's eye. A steamer full of bandsmen, preceding the royal boat, gave forth one national air after another in harmonious strains. The cheering was taken up, and bandied backward and forward from shore to shore with deafening energy; in short, the scene was animated and exciting beyond measure. Arrived at Frauensdorf, all the guests invited, except the members of the royal family and their immediate *entourage*, preceded the King to the summit of a small hill, upon which an enormous wooden building, terminating at one end in a circular pavilion which commanded a view of Stettin and the adjacent country, had been erected, and completely lined with moss, flowers, and banners of all sizes and colors. Not a glimpse could be obtained of the wood-work, every atom of which was artistically concealed under a veil of green leaves or bright-hued bunting. Tables covered with good things were spread, in niches of evergreens, along both walls of this huge apartment; and in the pavilion, raised as it were upon a dais a few feet above the general level of the floor, was a splendid buffet, heavily laden with plate and exotics; and near it a round table laid out in readiness for the royal family to "take tea"—as the cards of invitation stated—which being interpreted into the English of plain facts, meant *terrines de Perigord*, cold pheasants, Irish salmon, mammoth lobsters, and every variety of French and German vintage, not to mention iced beer, seltzer, and "bowl," a beverage of excellent differences. This "tea-drinking," or *goûter*, was in reality a luxurious supper for about a thousand people; and I may mention, as a proof of the King's robust health and exceptional digestive powers, that though his Majesty had dined *en roi* at three o'clock, and the *goûter* commenced at a little past seven, he ate an excellent meal, and remained at table for more than an hour. The ancient noblesse of Pomerania came to the front in great force, some of the older gentlemen arrayed in uniforms of curiously antiquated cut and stiffness. Out of the whole company scarcely half a hundred wore the civilian's evening dress, and not more than twenty ladies leavened the assembly with their graceful presence. Viewed from the pavilion platform, the room appeared to be filled with kaleidoscopic matter—ever moving, changing form and grouping, and heaving to and fro in glittering waves. The English scarlet and gold, as usual, killed everything near it, and was immensely admired by the natives.

At nine o'clock we descended to our boats through a large wood lighted up from end to end with torches and lime-lights of all tints. We got on board with some little difficulty, on account of the overcrowded state of the river-bank, and then moved slowly towards Stettin, in the same order as before—a steamer leading with the band, then the royal boat and its three puffing adjutants, and a tail of some thirty or forty steamers crowding on behind. And now began a series of magical pictures to which only the pen of a Ruskin could do justice. The whole river, its banks, the adjoining hills, and every house within sight of the water were illuminated with such a profusion of lamps, torches, bonfires, and caldrons of pitch that we seemed to be gliding down a stream of fire between the walls of a burning city, and towards the flaming gate of Acheron. Hundreds upon hundreds of small boats, each adorned with a dozen or twenty colored *lampions*, were creeping noiselessly up and down, across and across the placid Oder, every glimmer from their jewel-like lanterns reflected faithfully from its even surface. All the ships and steamers were covered with lights, the cordage of the former defined with tinted *lampions;* bouquets of

rockets and fiery serpents, enormous Catherine wheels twelve feet in circumference, a rain of falling stars, blue, green, and deep pink, great frames or forms of fireworks, and transparencies symbolical of all sorts of regal, military, and civil virtues were blazing away around us in all directions; cannon firing, squibs crackling, trumpets blowing, drums beating, a hundred and fifty thousand people shouting at the top of their voices, the fierce hissing of countless *feux d'artifices*, the braying of brass bands in different keys, and an indefinable substratum of noise, made up of all sorts of elements, not to be separately picked out of the mass and catalogued—in short, a *tohu bohu* or hurly-burly such as it is given to man to hear but once or twice in the duration of his natural life—such was the crowning jubilee of the welcome given to gallant and good King William by his loyal subjects of Pomerania.

The vigor and endurance of King William, then well advanced in his seventy-second year, during the autumn manœuvres of 1869 were an inexhaustible source of wonder and admiring comment to the foreigners temporarily attached to his staff. Day after day his Majesty ate and drank nothing but a biscuit and a glass of claret from seven in the morning till four of the afternoon. In addition to this privation—a serious hardship to a man of his age—the weather in East Prussia was distressingly capricious, the country in a hideous state for man and horse. Yet, under these infelicitous conditions of the soil, the King averaged, throughout a week, six hours per diem in the saddle, often bucketing about as recklessly as the youngest "galloper" on a divisional general's staff. The blazing heat and suffocating dust of Pomerania, the drenching rain and bleak wind of Ostpreussen, the getting up by candlelight and going to bed at cock-crow, the heavy banquets, heavier municipal addresses, and, heaviest of all, long-winded speeches, all cast upon the same model; the tearing and galloping about over all sorts of country during the day, and being pent up in steaming hot rooms of an evening—all these *Anstrengungen*, which pretty well wore out a good many of the strong men whose privilege it was for three weeks to do as the King did, made no more impression upon the fine old gentleman than if they had been regular incidents of his every-day life. And it must not be forgotten that, save and except during the autumn, when he invariably went in for a big round of military inspections, the King scarcely got across a horse throughout the course of the year. For eight or nine months he drove and walked, taking just sufficient exercise to keep himself in *moderate condition*; then suddenly he called for his Master of the Horse, had his war-steed saddled, and rattled off to the tented field as recklessly as if he were an English ensign out for an off-day with the hounds on a friend's horse. Once started, those about him got an infinitesimal amount of rest, no end of good living, and as much as or perhaps rather more exercise than they could possibly want. Whatever a man does in the King's service, he must do it as if Loka—a polite Scandinavian name for the God of Flies—were at his heels. Nobody thinks of skulking, for that is what the King will *not* have. Besides, who would have the moral courage to attempt shirking his work with such an example before his eyes?

There are a hundred reasons why King William should be popular; but I think one of the strongest, although not so outward and visible as many others, is that he has no favorites, is influenced by no one in particular, and never talks to the persons of his executive, either military or civil, about anything that does not especially concern their immediate functions. Nor do such persons, however highly placed at Court, ever venture to broach a new topic in conversation with his Majesty. Every man has his groove, from which he does not attempt to depart, and in which the King expects to find him, ready for use whenever wanted. It is very certain that, although perfectly good-humored and *bon seigneur*—gentlemen closely attached to his person have told me that during their many years of service they have never heard him utter a rough or bitter word—his Majesty is endowed with a loftiness of character and punctilious personal dignity that inspire every one round him with awe. No man ever yet took a liberty with him, or presumed to overstep the boundaries defined by the Court etiquette—one of the strictest in Europe—and by his own impressive behavior. He has no preferences—at least none made apparent—and no confidants. He would as soon think of turning Catholic as he would of talking about politics to one of his generals, or about army matters to his Minister of Justice. He is perfectly well informed about everything that goes on in his kingdom; and his views upon all questions brought under his notice are dictated by the strongest and most direct kind of common-sense. At all times he would rather grant a favor than refuse it; but having once made up his mind upon a course of action, he is not to be moved from his decision. He is essentially a just man and tenacious of purpose, believing himself sincerely to be intrusted with a mission of paramount importance, which he conscientiously strives to carry out. If he is possessed by any one passion more intensely

than another, it is by love of glory; and with this is necessarily bound up his predilection for all that appertains to military science. He really loves soldiering. Most men become ardently attached to any science with which they are profoundly acquainted, and the King has studied matters military until, in that branch of knowledge, there remains nothing for him to learn. He is so thoroughly imbued with the feeling that he is, *avant tout*, a soldier, that of a morning, when he is sitting in his pleasant corner room under the Linden, with his uniform coat thrown open, reading, or talking to one of his ministers, he will, hearing the band of one of the Guards' regiments playing as the soldiers are marching by his palace, always turn hastily to the window to look at the men; never forgetting, however, to button his tunic up to the throat, and pull out the cross of the "Ordre pour le Mérite," always hanging round his neck, so that his troops may see him *parfaitement de rigueur*.

Some years ago one of his favorite generals was conversing with his Majesty when the sound of drums and fifes afar off signalled the approach of "grand guards," whereupon the King rose hastily from his chair, went through the "rapid act" above alluded to, and walked to his study window. General von Z—— plucked up his courage, and asked his Majesty why he was so particular about this matter, adding, "The Guards, sire, see you every day, and I should hardly have thought that your Majesty would have deemed it necessary to stand upon ceremony with them." "That is not it," replied William I. "As the head of the army, I am bound to show my soldiers an irreproachable example in the way of *terme*. They have never seen me with my coat unbuttoned, and I do not intend that they ever shall. For let me tell you that *it is the one button left unbuttoned that is the ruin of an army!*" (Es ist der eine Knopf der nicht zugeknoepft ist, welcher eine Armee zu Grunde richtet!)

The féte given by the town of Elbing to its royal guests was far more splendid and complete than might have been anticipated from so small a place. It was held in the casino, a large straggling building, containing some fine rooms, in the largest of which (the ball-room) the King was received by the municipality, the magistrates, and the parliamentary representatives of Elbing, and subsequently himself held a levée, during which some fifty or sixty persons of local importance were presented to him. Before his entrance the *invités* were ranged in two compact bodies on each side of the room—to the right the ladies, all *en grande toilette*, and to the left the gentlemen, mostly in uniform, and profusely decorated. The King's approach was heralded by a flourish of trumpets from the military band stationed in the casino gardens; and as he passed up the room with the Crown Princess on his arm, and attended by the heir to the throne, the Prince Albrecht, junior, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and a brilliant staff, both lines greeted him with deep inclinations. The Crown Princess left him as soon as he reached the steps leading to the garden, and proceeded to the ladies' side of the room, where she remained, conversing with the fair dames and damsels of Elbing for about half an hour. Meanwhile the King, after a certain number of gentlemen had been presented, proceeded to stroll up and down the centre of the apartment, singling out on his way several persons of both sexes, to each of whom he addressed a few courteous words. The royal buffet was laid in a square apartment of great size, tapestried with flags and lined with exotics. No "circle" was formed, nor was there any formality or stiffness whatsoever. The King and princes supped *en camarade* with the other guests of the town, and the conversation round them was as lively and *sans gêne* as it would have been in any private gentleman's drawing-room. During the banquet—I can call it nothing less, although it was partaken of *en pied*—a very interesting little scene took place. Two old Waterloo heroes, who had also fought at Ligny, were brought up by General Manteuffel, and presented with *empressement* by that officer to his Majesty, who shook them both cordially by the hand, and remained in conversation with them for some minutes. These venerable warriors were in full uniform, although bent with age and infirmities. Both were compelled to support themselves on sticks, and could move even with that assistance but feebly and slowly. They happened to be men of low stature, and it was pleasant to see the stately King bending down kindly to them as he listened attentively to their souvenirs of "auld lang syne." The elder of the two—in his eighty-fourth year—to whom I was introduced, spoke to me with, as it were, the ghost of a dead enthusiasm lighting up his worn and wrinkled lineaments, about Wellington and Lord Anglesey. "Those *were* soldiers," he said—"men of iron, indeed—*alle Ehre!*" and he raised his trembling hand as if to the salute. "And what troops your Englishmen proved themselves—for standing fast to the death there is nothing like them. Our army is a fine one, but you English at Waterloo—ay, and at Quatre Bras—you were immovable!" It was like talking to an embodied chapter of history; I defy

the most rabid utilitarian to help feeling a certain thrill of emotion while listening to the words of one who fought in that greatest of fights, when this century was still young, and men now far advanced in age were yet unborn.

CHAPTER II.

The Emperor's Military Career.—His Majesty at Home.—Babelsberg Castle.—The Palace "under the Linden."

It cannot be denied, even by the sternest republican or most iconoclastic democrat, that the German Emperor occupies in contemporaneous history a position at once so conspicuous and majestic as to invest his every action and attribute with unique interest and significance. He has been a soldier and a Tory ever since he could spell; he was a lieutenant in the Guards before Charles Louis Bonaparte was born, and is the oldest as well as the first officer of the Prussian army. Fifteen months before the battle of Waterloo set the seal to the death-warrant of the First Empire, he received from the Czar Alexander Pavlovich the Cross of St. George of Russia for personal valor in action—a decoration more rarely given by the Muscovite emperors than is our own Victoria Cross by its royal namesake, and intensely coveted even by the Romanov princes; for the claims of every aspirant to the paramount honor of its possession must be submitted to a Tribunal of Valor, composed of illustrious Russian officers, upon whose decision the conferment of the distinction by the Emperor himself absolutely depends. There are but three men living who wear upon their breasts the star denoting the first class of this exalted order, bestowed only upon general officers who have victoriously commanded an action of the first class. King William entered the thin ranks of its chevaliers no fewer than seventy-three years ago, when, at the battle of Bar-sur-Aube, he displayed a cool intrepidity and intelligent bravery that excited universal admiration. Nor was this the only honorific distinction won by the royal lad at point of sword in the memorable year 1814; for on the 10th of March of the same year, the anniversary of his mother's birthday, he received from his father's hand the Iron Cross, highest reward of Prussian military derring-do—except the "Ordre pour le Mérite," which was conferred upon him thirty-five years later by his brother, Frederick William IV., for the successful campaign in Baden. Thus, at the age of seventeen, when most youths, even of royal blood, are pursuing their studies at school or university, the young warrior had earned two of the proudest decorations that can adorn a soldier's breast; and to the career for which he then displayed so distinct a vocation he has ever since, without an interval of relaxation, devoted himself with a concentration of energies and an exclusiveness that have enabled him to surmount countless difficulties, extreme unpopularity, and bitter disappointments; to create one of the finest armies in the world; and to transform his realm from a kingdom of the second class into an empire of supreme authority in Europe. I doubt whether it be yet generally and clearly understood that the Prussian army, as it exists at the present moment—*i.e.*, perhaps the most perfect and formidable machine ever organized for good or evil—is really the work of the King, upon which he has been engaged for nearly three-quarters of a century, and which he has brought to completion despite the stubborn opposition of a dozen parliamentary generations, the painful sparseness of the means afforded—because the chronic poverty of the country necessitated a restriction of the army estimates to the very minimum of expenditure—and the violent jealousies with which his untiring efforts have ever been assailed, both at home and abroad. Regardless of factions, of revolutions—it may even be said of the national Constitution, so far as it might be assumed to fetter his action—he has proceeded steadily onward to the realization of the programme he adopted before many of his bitterest opponents were short-coated; and, however gravely we Englishmen may deprecate his lofty disregard of the remonstrance repeatedly urged upon him by the national delegates, and his almost awful assumption of an infallibility that we know to be inconsistent with the principles laid down for the guidance of erring humanity by the Author of our religion, we cannot refuse to recognize the fact that the events of the last twenty-three years have proved the King to have been wiser than his adversaries, and have demonstrated irrefragably the justness of the plans which, matured long ago in his mind ere he was enabled to realize them, he has so triumphantly put into execution since his accession to the throne.

That the King is a thorough soldier—I

will even say a great soldier—there can be no doubt whatever. In September, 1869, I enjoyed the privilege of seeing his Majesty almost daily for a period of three weeks actively engaged in the pursuit that has engrossed the greater part of his life, and have feebly endeavored to portray in the foregoing chapter the astonishing energy, endurance, and perspicacity which the venerable monarch brought to bear upon the military manœuvres submitted to his inspection and judgment. Day after day did the picked officers of a dozen armies find their physical energies put to the severest test by the mere effort to keep up with the inexhaustible "staying" powers of the King, whom neither battle-field nor ball-room, want of sleep nor long intervals of fasting, could fatigue or depress; day after day did the officers and men of his splendid legions receive fresh proof of their sovereign's exhaustive knowledge of their profession, and keen perception of every detail or specialty of the various episodes in which the troops were successively engaged; day after day new anecdotes illustrative of his activity, benevolence, and generosity were poured into my ears, as well by Prussian officers attached to his person—every one of whom adored him—as by my own countrymen and the foreign officers attending the manœuvres.

On returning to Berlin, therefore, after the closing act of the interesting operations in the province of East Prussia, it can scarcely be wondered at that I took an early opportunity of visiting his Majesty's pet residence of Babelsberg. There he enjoys, as often as he can tear himself from the importunities of public business at Berlin, not rest or relaxation—neither of which he ever seems to require—but entire seclusion, undisturbed by the troublesome formalities of a court, and comfortably ensconced in a simply furnished room, on the second story of a square castellated tower, from the windows of which he commands a view of his well-beloved Potsdam, with all the fanciful *entourages* of parks, fountains, rococo palaces, vineyards, English and Italian gardens, *baroque* villas, and other architectural eccentricities with which it pleased Frederick the Great to surround the city that he conjured into existence by the mere expression of his royal will, conveyed in the laconic sentence, "Es muss da eine Stadt werden!"—There must be a town here. On a bright autumn morning, therefore, under the guidance of a kind and accomplished friend, Privy Councillor Louis Schneider, who volunteered to act as my cicerone for the occasion, I drove out from Potsdam across the Havel, which spreads out just under Babelsberg to the dimensions of a lake, and past Prince Charles's pretty villa, through a long leafy avenue flanked with picturesque little cottages of the genuine Swiss pattern—built by his Royal Highness on his extensive property, and let to none but the *crême de la crême* of Prussian society—to the park surrounding the King's castle. Arrived within the gates of the demain, we alighted in order to visit a spot of historical interest, with which the very *raison d'être* of the Schloss itself is closely bound up. This is an earthwork, which represents an engineering achievement performed by the King in 1811, when he was only fourteen years old, at the order of his royal father. Babelsberg (the mountain of Babel) was then almost entirely covered with forest, and happened to be comprehended in the range of ground upon which some divisional manœuvres were held in the famous comet year. Prince William was told off to attend these operations, and during their course, it being considered necessary to cover by a field-work the passage from Glienicker Werder to Nowawess, the youthful officer was directed to trace out an earthwork on the Babelsberg, and superintend its construction for the purpose indicated. This he did, in the presence of Frederick William III. and the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; and when the mountain subsequently came into his possession by inheritance, he ordered that this earthwork—the outline of which could still be clearly perceived in 1859—should be restored to its original condition of efficiency, and preserved in good condition, as a memento of his first appearance in the character of a "pioneer," as engineers are called in Prussia. In the fifty years' interval that had slipped away between his superintendence of the work in question—executed in 1811 by a company of the First Grenadier Guards—and his coronation at Königsberg, big trees had grown over the surface of the "Schanze;" these he forbade to be disturbed, and there they are at the present moment, projecting from the slope of the neatly-finished earthwork, and cropping up from the bottom of the deep trench surrounding it.

The castle itself, to which we proceeded after inspecting this grassy monument of the King's precocious military capacity, is a small but handsome structure, externally mediæval in form, while punctiliously nineteenth century in finish and keeping, and internally arranged and furnished with all the quiet taste and abundant comfort that characterize most English country-houses. It stands on the summit of the hill from which it takes its name, and is approached by terrace gardens full of lovely flower-beds set in mosaic frames, and plashing fountains shaped

rystal water-lilies. On the northern
: the upper terrace, into which several
ground-floor rooms lead, and which is
ing's favorite haunt on cool summer
gs, is a pigeonry, roofed and walled in
wire net, and filled with rare pouters
mblers, that coo and chuckle insipidly,
he abominable perseverance and self-
on that characterize their kind. The
and in front of the castle has been
l, so as to leave a bright green broad
enclosed between two deep belts of
over, and sweeping down in a graceful
o the river-bank. Cordially welcomed
portly castellan—an old soldier who,
is family, takes care of the royal re-
nd attends exclusively upon the King,
ever brings any suite whatsoever with
Babelsberg, when his Majesty allows
f a brief space of *villeggiatura*—we pass-
ler a low arch, simply roofed, as well
short corridor to which it leads, with
azed brick, into a small baronial hall,
incipal ornament of which is an enor-
polar bear's snow-white skin, stretched
front of a curious carved chimney-

Out of this somewhat dusky and
ious-looking hall a massive oaken
se leads up to the suite of reception-
, in the first of which, a luxurious ante-
er well garnished with good pictures,
a table by the window, the most won-
portrait of the King, painted on glass,
had hitherto seen. It differs from
eat majority of his Majesty's likenesses
ng palaces, public buildings, and sta-
' shop-windows in one very important
t; namely, it is taken *en bourgeois*, and
to hint to the visitor that military eti-
, coats buttoning up to the jawbone,
e stock of preternatural stiffness may
pensed with at the King's country
rs, although nothing less than a cata-
could occasion a suspension of the
ng order which prevails with regard to
ee in the Palace unter den Linden. In
easant anteroom there is also a striking
it of the Grand-duchess Louise Marie
len, unfortunately hung in a bad light.
xt apartment—morning drawing-room
ains a delightful likeness of the Crown
ss in her wedding-dress, with "For my
r's room—Victoria" written under it
princess's hand; a group of the Eng-
yal family, every figure in which—
he exception of the late Prince Consort
unlike the person it purports to rep-
as may be conceived by the most fer-
agination; and a picture of the Duke
inburgh when an infant in arms, ac-
g to which our sailor-prince must have
perfect type of baby beauty. A gay-

ly furnished tea-room occupies the corner of the main building, and leads into a *moyen âge* library, with heraldic chairs, carved book-cases, and one or two choice works of modern German masters. Apropos of this library, let me tell my readers a little trait of the King, related to me *in loco* by one of his best friends and most devoted servants. The King, unwilling to disappoint any sight-seers who may desire to go over his castle, kindly permits them to be conducted through the principal apartments, even when he happens to be staying in the Schloss. One day he was engaged in the library with an officer of his household, who had presented himself for the purpose of submitting some important documents to his Majesty, when suddenly both gentlemen became aware of a large party of visitors from Berlin, who were ushered into the next apartment by the castellan, all unconscious of his royal master's unwonted presence in a part of the house he seldom pitches upon for official interviews. M. de —— was for hastily closing the door of communication, and keeping out the unwitting intruders, but the King would not allow his subjects' pleasure to be interfered with, and, turning to a side door, let into the oaken panelling, said, gayly, "Let us go in here, and wait till they have seen the library—as soon as they have passed on into the other apartments, we can come out and resume our conversation." I went into the chamber, where the King patiently waited for five or six minutes in the dark, while the party of tourists was engaged in contemplating the curiosities of the library. It is a mere slip of a room, used for storing superfluous old china and glass, crowded with odds and ends of all sorts, and as gloomy as a dungeon of the Inquisition. Does not this authentic anecdote bear convincing testimony to King William's thorough good-nature and amiability? How few *grands seigneurs*, let alone crowned heads, would think of penning themselves up voluntarily in a sort of magnified china closet, in order not to deprive a few strangers of ever so small an item in the programme of their day's amusement! But I heard a dozen such instances of the kindly monarch's goodness from the castellan, who seemed to love the King much as a faithful old dog adores his master, and who could never tire of singing the "Hoher Herr's" praises. "There is nobody so easily pleased, so gentle in his address, and so forbearing to all his people as our king," said he, while guiding us to the upper rooms. "When he is here, he will have me give him whatever he wants. My wife must make him his coffee, and I am ordered to keep a little stock of the things he is accustomed to ask for; but

sometimes he comes unexpectedly, and my store is out. Perhaps he wants a glass of Madeira after he has been writing for two or three hours, and tells me to fetch it for him. I am obliged to say, 'Majesty, there is no Madeira!' So he laughs, and says, 'No? Well, then, bring me a glass of water—there is plenty of that, I suppose?' And I have never had a rough word from him in all these years. He always forgives neglect, for he knows it is not meant. Who would intentionally displease such an angel of a man?"

Reverting to my attempt at a description of the interior of Schloss Babelsberg, let me ask my readers to follow me from the library to the banqueting-hall and the great reception-hall. These are two noble rooms, the latter crowned by a lofty dome, the base of which is a gallery, lined with trophies of arms, and communicating with the Queen's and the Princess Royal's apartments. The banqueting-hall is an oblong square, panelled half-way up its walls, the remaining half of which is dazzling white, prettily ornamented with lozenges and stars. Along either wall, at a height of about seven feet from the ground, are fixed long broad shelves, laden with a priceless collection of old German drinking-glasses, covered with brilliant blazonry and quaint devices. Some of these—which had of yore to be emptied at a draught—must have been terrible tests of men's capacity for sustaining the ordeal by wine. There is one portentous beaker, about four feet six high, of the old champagne glass form, that holds a dozen of wine. One would have to pray for the unlucky wight condemned by courtesy to do it honor, *rubis sur l'ongle*. Close upon his "miraculous draught" would surely follow extreme unction, and his dirge should be "Deus sit propitius huic potatori!" Leading to the tower, in which are the King's private study and bedroom, is a corridor full of spoils of the chase — antlers, heads, stuffed birds, and *ferœ naturæ* of all sorts. Not a trophy among them but owes its presence there to "Father William's" gun. Emerging from this museum of comparative zoology, you cross a carpeted passage, open a door, and stumble up the very crookedest, awkwardest little breakneck staircase that ever a short-sighted person came to grief over, into a large airy, cheerful room, selected by his Majesty for his sanctum sanctorum. The first thing that strikes your eye on passing its door-way is the portrait of General Von Steinmetz, suspended on one side of the arch pierced through the thickness of the tower wall, and crowning another nasty drop that lands you *in the King's bedroom*. Round the study *walls hang engravings of* famous Prussian warriors — Keith, Ziethen, Blücher, etc.— and over against the writing-table, which is covered with military works, maps, and papers—the paper-weights, *par parenthèse*, are splinters of shell from Düppel and Königgrätz, tiny piles of mimic cannon-balls, etc. —are suspended two signed portraits of Lady Clementina Villiers and the Marchioness of Waterford, reminiscences of his Majesty's last visit to London, in 1853; commemorated also in his sleeping apartment by an *aquarelle* representing the group formed round Queen Victoria at the grand review held in his honor at Cobham. The pendant to this is a vigorous painting of the Balaklava charge; and between them hangs a sketch of a Guard inspection in St. Petersburg, at which the King was present some years ago. In the bedroom is a bust of the Prussian Queen who was the proud and happy mother of two such remarkable men as Frederick William IV. and William I., taken from a cast made after her death; close to it is a spirited likeness of the present Crown Prince. The King's mother—whom both he and his elder brother worshipped during her life, and mourned bitterly when she died—wrote to his grandfather, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, about him in the year 1808, "Our son William will turn out, unless I am much mistaken, like his father, single-minded, honest, and intelligent (*einfach, bieder, und verständig*). In his outward appearance, too, he most resembles him, but will, I fancy, not be so handsome. You see, dear father, that I am still in love with my husband!" Her prophecy, save in one respect—for the King is a magnificent man —has been fulfilled in every particular.

Every article of use or ornament in his Majesty's private apartments is stamped with a military character; even the sofas and chairs are encumbered with framed sketches of battles and skirmishes, charts, plans of fortifications, army regulations, brochures, exercise manuals, *que sais-je?*—so that there is really no resting-place available without sweeping off an armful of war material into some corner. Ranke's "History of the Servian Revolution" and a ponderous Psalmist were the only two absolutely non-professional books I could catch sight of. In an octagon room, above the King's head, in the turret, are about thirty oil paintings illustrative of episodes in the campaign of 1866, and some of them very good, among others the portrait of his favorite black mare, Sadowa, which he rode throughout the glorious 3d of July. These the King often lingers over with evident delight, as he also does over his rare glass beakers in the banqueting-hall, every one of which he has arranged in its place with his own hands. Fisher's famous

bronze group of St. Michael slaying the Dragon occupies a conspicuous position in a raised gallery leading out of the reception-hall. It was presented to the King — then Prince of Prussia — by his elder brother in 1849, to commemorate the successful campaign of the Palatinate and Baden; and at the same time was erected at Sans Souci, by Frederick William's orders, the most hideous trumpery and contemptible triumphal arch ever inflicted upon suffering humanity, on the inside and outside of which the Lord's Anointed, disguised as a Roman consul, and mounted upon a choice selection of deformed steeds more like nightmares than war-horses, is made to prance feebly about with dislocated joints that crave, as plainly as if they could speak, the solace of a field ambulance, a water bed, and a skilful surgeon. How often the King, while contemplating this vile monstrosity, must have wished that his brother had been anything but a *dilettante* in art!

In the park, some little distance from the castle, has been erected by the King's command a monument commemorative of two campaigns in which the Prussian army was engaged—1864 and 1866. On the river lake, at the foot of the royal demain, lie a smart little steamer, used for lionizing foreign guests born in the purple, and a miniature frigate, presented by our Queen to her "good brother" for a pleasure yacht. The whole neighborhood belongs to the royal family, every member of which has a palace within easy reach of Babelsberg, leaving some four or five over—unoccupied, and likely to remain so. The King does not care much for Sans Souci—as how should he? It would certainly carry off the greatest number of marks in a competitive examination for sheer architectural ugliness; and he never goes near it if he can help. The Crown Prince and Princess occupy a gigantic sort of red and white mausoleum, just facing a thing that looks like a cross between an Italian cathedral and an Indian temple, but turns out to be an infantry barracks. Prince Albrecht has got a *palais de* something or other all to himself; Prince Karl a delightful villa, guarded by gilded lions not devoid of a certain fierce paganism, reminding one absurdly of Nebuchadnezzar, and the nonsensical notions that ultimately brought that monarch to a protracted vegetable diet; to the Queen is assigned a stately pile, which she carefully avoids; and there are, besides, a Palais de Madame, a Palais de Monsieur, and, for aught I know, a Palais de Bébé, to make up Gustave Droz's triad. All these are, so to speak, in a ring fence, and supply a perfectly appalling amount of sight-seeing to people who go in for that sort of thing. For my part, I venture to assert that not one nor all can offer any attraction of equal interest to that afforded by the two plain, frugally furnished rooms in the main tower of Babelsberg, wherein a great king, who is, *mirabile dictu*, also a good man, seeks every now and then to subtract himself from the wearisome routine of courts, councils, and camps, and steep his tired soul in grateful seclusion, not in organized idleness. Ever working to the utmost of his ability for what he solemnly believes to be the good of his native land, never doing an unkind action nor uttering a harsh reproof, upright in mind as in body—surely this grand old soldier and true-hearted gentleman deserves, in his quiet retreat, to sleep the sleep of the just!

The King's palace Under the Linden is a large square building of unpretending architecture, massive in construction and somewhat gloomy in color, but well situated and proportioned. It is separated from the Crown Prince's town mansion by a spacious square or piazza, upon which stands the Opera-house, a marvel of inconvenience and bad taste. From its front windows can be seen the statue of the Great Frederick, the University, the severe and heavy "Zeug-haus," and the commencement of the long quadruple alley of lime-trees, flanked with dull and common-looking white houses, that constitutes the one street in which all the vitality of Berlin appears to be concentrated. Take away "Unter-den-Linden" from the German capital, and what would remain, I should like to know, to mitigate the sadness of a protracted sojourn within its walls? The dullest capital in Europe, life in it is just rendered bearable by the lively shop-windows, gay dresses, and throngs of *flâneurs* to be inspected at all hours of the day in its renowned promenade, which is furnished with a decent pavement, a double drive, a miniature Rotten Row, and a fine broad middle walk, shaded by the lime-trees from which the *ensemble* takes its name. It reminds one of the far larger, gayer, and brighter Rambla in Barcelona, the perfection of a city lounge; compared with which, however, the Berlin promenade is but pale, silent, and insipid. It seldom hums and buzzes with animation as does that glorious thoroughfare, never more delightfully noisy than at two o'clock in the morning, when the Linden is as empty as a city church on a summer Sunday afternoon. Its semi-stillness —I mean when it is, according to local notions, most uproariously lively—is never rent into tatters by the vociferations of fruit-sellers, lemonade-venders, water-purveyors, and most persistent and ear-piercing of all, news-

paper-boys—those clamorous and importunate political propagandists, *insouciants*, troublesome, unconscious pioneers of civilization. It is always calm, proper, slightly stiff, and emotionless—a place that should be pre-eminently delightful to Englishmen, who, if report speak truth, always take their pleasure sadly. Still it is a good and handsome street, worthy of brevet rank among the leading lounges of Europe; nor have we anything strictly urban in London that can compare with it. The approaches to it at either end are unquestionably fine and impressive, especially that which leads you between the stately Schloss and the colossal museum, over a broad stone bridge spanning the Spree, and garnished with statues after the manner of the Ponte di Sant' Angelo, to a wide space fringed with palaces and monuments, from the centre of which the long columns of lime-trees stretch away for the better part of a mile to the Gate of Brandenburg and the Thier Garten. It is on the left side of this space, just where the trees commence, that the King's palace is situated; it commands an *emplacement* about as large as an average London square, in which many a grand parade of historical interest has taken place. It was here that the famous Anspach-Bayreuth Dragoons, whose chief was Queen Louise, the present King's mother, marched past Frederick William III., on their way to take the field against Napoleon in the year 1806; and King William, with his late brother, watched the regiment defiling from the corner window of the first floor of the palace, arrayed in the full uniform of the Leib-Husaren, which he had already worn for three years! Think of eighty-four years having elapsed since the venerable warrior first donned regimentals! It was here that he set the seal, as it were, upon the new organization of the Prussian army, by attending in person the grand ceremony of inaugurating the flags that he presented to the supplementary regiments, created at the commencement of his reign by his order. It was here that his Guards greeted him as they left Berlin in 1866 for the Bohemian battle-fields, where they won themselves undying glory. And it is in a corner room of the ground-floor, from which he can see everything that goes on in the chief artery of his capital, just under the window at which his dying father sat on the first of June, 1840, to contemplate the uncovering of Frederick the Great's statue, that the King spends the greater part of his time when he is in Berlin.

Turning to the left out of the great entrance-hall, which is decorated with statues and pictures of the King's ancestors, the visitor is conducted into a large panelled anteroom, fitted with shelves of dark wood, upon which are arranged a large number of spirited models, about eighteen inches high, representing the soldiers of the French, Russian, and Austrian armies. There they are, Zouaves of the Guard, Preobajinskis, and Kaiser-Jägers—Chasseurs d'Afrique, Chevalier Guards, and Windischgrätzers—all arrayed in full regimentals, correct to the life in attitude and tenue. This room contains also one or two fine old carved cabinets, some admirable bronzes—military subjects—and a few battle-pieces, in which the Pickelhaube is triumphantly conspicuous. An oaken door in its panelling leads to a second antechamber, full of pictures, busts, statuettes, and engravings of Russian reviews, well worthy of examination, but so badly lighted that it is with difficulty they can be perceived. Next to this comes a small, narrow, melancholy-looking apartment, still darker and more gloomy than the anteroom in question; and this is the King's sleeping chamber. It is hung with dark green silk, the furniture, bed-curtains, etc., being of the same color and material; utterly devoid of luxury, liveliness, or ornamentation, looking out upon a blank wall of bilious hue, and provided with a solitary long window, on a wardrobe near which is perched a bust of Bismarck, while two six-inch vignettes of Queen Victoria and Czar Nicholas adorn a sort of toilet cabinet that is half buried in obscurity near the King's bed. There is a large cheval-glass, a stand of swords, two or three *garderobes* full of uniforms line the walls, a couple of chairs, a washhand-stand, and a boot-rack—that is all. With this austere room and its simple appurtenances two quaint anecdotes are associated in my memory. They were related to me by the venerable monarch's trusted body-servant, who accompanied Privy Councillor Schneider and myself during our visit to the private apartments. We were looking with pardonable curiosity at the combs and brushes, shaving apparatus, etc., laid out on the semicircular dressing-table by the window, when the worthy old attendant said, "One morning, gentlemen—it was quite early, and the *Kœniglicher Herr* had only just gone into his study—a great lady asked to see these rooms. She had a permission, and one of Majesty's aides-de-camp came with her to tell us that *der hohe Herr* wished everything to be shown to her. I brought her in here, and she looked at Majesty's toilet things just as you are looking at them now. I had been combing my master's hair, and had not had time to set everything to rights; so there were still a few gray hairs left between the teeth of the comb. Would you believe it, gentlemen?

before I could put my hand out to stop her, she had snatched up the comb, disengaged the stray hairs from it, and hid them away in the bosom of her dress. And she a princess, too! I exclaimed, 'Highness, that won't do; nobody must take my king's hair without his permission!' But the aide-de-camp said, 'Let be, Majesty will be flattered; besides, you know that he never refuses anything to ladies;' so what could I do? When I told the *hohe Herr*, he only laughed and said, 'Thou art like thy old master — thou canst not say No!'" And then the aged *Leibvalet* went on: "Think, gentlemen, what once happened — there, just where you are standing! The King was nearly dressed— he had only his coat to put on—and I, unlucky wretch, thinking he had done with his chair, on which he had sat while I shaved and brushed him, took it away. He did not notice that I had moved it, went to sit down in front of the glass, and fell backward, bump! upon the floor. I thought I must have died where I stood. However, I helped him up, and then, bursting into tears, knelt down at his feet and sobbed out my entreaties to be forgiven. All he said was, 'Get up and don't be frightened; it is nothing. Thou wert not to blame at all, but only my own carelessness in not looking behind me before I sat down.' *Ach, liebe Herren!* he is just the best man in the world! make no mistake about that!"

From the bedroom, through a short dark passage, we enter the library, from the western end of which springs a light spiral staircase conducting to the Queen's apartments, immediately above his Majesty's. This library is a large and well-proportioned room, somewhat dark, and crowded with books, maps, plans, war-trophies, statuettes, votive offerings from provinces and towns—in short, innumerable odds and ends having a personal or historical interest for the King, whose favorite amusement it is to look over the treasures amassed throughout long years in this family museum. The most perfect order reigns over the whole collection, which at first—so artistically is it disposed—conveys the impression of being in a state of picturesque confusion; but the *genius loci* knows where to lay his hand at a moment's notice upon any particular object he may wish to refer to; and some of them are curious enough to interest the most unimpressionable of *pococurants*. For instance, there is the war of 1866, contained in five portfolios, which may be classified thus: 1. Maps, charts, plans of towns, statistics, sketches of fortifications, etc.; 2. Types of people in different countries and provinces comprehended in the field of operations; 3. The battles themselves, illustrations collected from every possible source, native and foreign; 4. Consequences; *i.e.*, pictures of hospitals, monuments commemorative, trophies, field lazarettos, funerals, triumphal entries, comic caricatures of the King, etc.; and 5. Portraits of all the officers who in any way distinguished themselves during the campaign. The gem of the room, however, is the King's album, consisting of carefully executed water-color drawings of every event in his life to which he attaches exceptional importance. It commences with a family picture, representing Frederick William III. and Queen Louise seated on a sofa, and surrounded by their children; the Queen has the Princess Charlotte, afterwards Empress of Russia, on her lap; the Crown Prince, afterwards Frederick William IV., is standing with a book in his hand by his father's knee; and King William, who has climbed upon the sofa itself, is waving a toy flag in his left hand, and drawing a terrible wooden sword with his right. The next picture represents the young princes, dressed for the first time in uniform, being presented by their papa to the Queen; and the one following shows them, in one of the palace drawing-rooms, being instructed in the mysteries of the goose-step by their military preceptor, Sergeant Bennstein (anno 1803), while King Frederick William III. peeps delightedly at their performance through a half-open door, close by which hangs the portrait of the Great Frederick. Then comes the march past of the Second Dragoons, witnessed by the royal lads from the palace above mentioned; then the presentation to the King of his first commission, as officer of the Life Guards, by his father, in 1807; and several other incidents of his early youth, faithfully and vividly portrayed by competent artists. The episode of the earthwork at Babelsberg, described in a former paragraph, is among these; as is the passage of the Rhine in 1814, when he accompanied the King and the Crown Prince in an open boat across the river, under a heavy fire from the French batteries. The next picture exhibits his exploit at Bar-sur-Aube, for which he received the Iron Cross and the Order of St. George; this is followed by two very interesting designs, one representing the Supreme Council of War that took place on a height outside Vitry (24th of March, 1814), between the Emperor of Russia, King of Prussia, and Prince Schwarzenberg, in the presence of the following officers: Radetzky, Wolkonsky, Toll, Diebitch, Rauch, and Thile, and the two Prussian princes. At this council the fate of Europe may be said to have been decided upon; for its result was the march upon Paris. The other aquar-

elle of this suite illustrates the crowning moment of victory in the next day's battle of La Fère Champenoise, when General Pactod (commanding the French army) offered to give up his sword to the Emperor Alexander, who refused to accept it, saying, "He who has fought so gallantly must not be deprived of his sword!" Prince William and his brother, the late King, are riding close behind the Emperor, and the field is strewn with dead, wounded, and the *débris* of action. The next is a touching little episode of domestic life. Returned to Potsdam late in the night of the 3d of August, 1814, the King and princes were welcomed with rapture by their relatives, and we are shown the former overwhelmed by the embraces of his younger sons and daughters; while the Crown Prince points out to the Princess Charlotte the two well-won decorations that adorn the breast of his brother William. At the time this picture was taken, the present King, who as a child had been weakly and delicate in health and appearance, had developed into a tall, robust youth, with bright fair hair, and a frank, open countenance, giving ample promise of the strength and endurance that distinguished him in after-years. It would take me four or five chapters to chronicle, one by one, the contents of the album; so I confine myself to signalizing a few of the most striking among the sixty or seventy paintings of which it consists, to every one of which, I should mention, is attached some explanatory note in the King's own handwriting. Three or four refer to Frederick William IV.'s last illness and death; one represents his abdication, which took place in the presence of only the widowed Queen and the Crown Prince (King William). The King, in a dressing-gown, is seated at a table, upon which is spread out the Act he is about to sign. Upon his arm-chair leans the Queen; and before him, with his back turned to the spectator, stands William, helmet in hand, with his head bent in an attitude of profound respect and attention. By the half-open door are two of the then ministers, furtively contemplating the all-important act. Another contains an admirable portrait of the present King, standing by the open coffin of his dead brother; and a third exhibits him passing through a corridor to the *chapelle ardente*, and receiving the first salute rendered to him as King by his Garde du Corps, the officer commanding which—a detachment—lowers the regimental standard till its spike touches the floor at the King's feet; a few sketches illustrative of his Baden campaign, and some incidents of his life during his brother's reign, *follow these;* and then we come to a graphic *sketch, simple, but highly* effective. The scene is a small room in the Schloss at Königsberg, with a window looking out upon the court-yard of the castle. The picture is divided into two sections, under one of which is the date "1811," and under the other "1861." In both halves of the drawing we see the King looking thoughtfully out of the same window: to the left, as a beardless lad in lieutenant's uniform, contemplating the drill of a few soldiers in the enclosure; to the right, as a gray but stalwart monarch, clad in gorgeous coronation robes, and watching the finishing touch that is being given to the splendid tribunes and galleries erected for the ceremony of his coronation. The contrast is one especially thrilling to the King himself, who loves to look upon this picture; for he never, till within a year of his brother's death, conceived it to be likely that he would one day ascend the Prussian throne. Indeed, in his earlier years, it was scarcely hoped that he would attain maturity, so feeble was his boyhood. His coronation was immediately preceded, too, by a most alarming omen: all the standards of the army, which had been arranged in the form of a trophy in the throne-room, fell down with a tremendous crash, and were found by the alarmed officials supine upon the floor. This incident was kept a profound secret, I need scarcely say, until the favorable result of the Danish war had nullified the significance of the evil augury it conveyed. The rest of the album is devoted to family events—in which the Crown Prince and princes play a prominent part—and to episodes of the '66 campaign; such as the King's ride to the front on the rainy morning of the 3d of July, the bursting of the first shell fired at his staff by a busy Austrian battery—it exploded within a few yards of his horse, and he sent the over-numerous staff, which had attracted the enemy's attention, promptly out of fire, though he absolutely refused to change his own position—the gift to the Crown Prince of the order "Pour le Mérite" on the battle-field, etc.

From the library it is but a step through a side door into the famous "corner" room, where the King may be seen from the street, sitting at his writing-table, any morning when he is in Berlin. This room, crowded with paintings, statuettes—one among others, by the Crown Princess, of her husband, grasping a torn flag and cheering on his men—busts, etchings, miniatures, and countless other objects of art, is remarkable for one odd peculiarity; it does not contain a single seat of any sort, except the King's arm-chair, and a kind of stool like a saddle upon supports, without any back, upon which his Majesty mounts when he has to read certain documents of paramount importance. Among

the numerous curious and interesting trifles —every one of which is rendered precious to its illustrious owner by some personal or historical association—that adorn the writing-table of the German Emperor, is an old cavalry helmet, the special use and function of which is one delightfully illustrative of the inimitable kind-heartedness that has so deservedly endeared William I. to his people. Ever since he has ascended the throne he has invariably manifested an insurmountable disinclination to affix his signature to sentences of death, and indeed to any penal decrees of unusual severity. Whenever, therefore, such documents are laid before him by his Ministers of State, he is accustomed, after perusing them, to hide them away under the helmet above alluded to. It has frequently occurred that exalted officials, anxious to obtain his Majesty's sanction to the pronouncements of the law, but not venturing to remind him of his omission to sign these papers, have availed themselves of his temporary absence from his study to lift the casque and move the documents in such way that their edges have slightly protruded from under the helmet's brim. In ten cases out of twelve, however, this gentle and respectful hint has proved unavailing, for the Emperor, as soon as he caught sight of the detested papers peeping out from the place of their concealment, has quietly pushed them back again and forborne ever thereafter from making any allusion to the incident. In such cases, as might have been expected, the obnoxious documents have been discreetly abstracted and destroyed, it being obvious to the most pertinacious minister that his Majesty would never be induced to sign them.

Whosoever is received in this apartment has to stand while talking to the King, who rises from his chair at the writing-table, turns his back to the window, and hears, in that position, whatever his visitor may have to say to him. Leading out of the "corner" room is the council-chamber, in which his Majesty presides over the councils of his ministers; a noble apartment, richly decorated, and hung with costly pictures by modern masters. The last room of the suite is a sort of reading-room, filled with military sketches—some splendid water-color drawings of camp scenes in the French and Austrian armies—huge maps, sea-pieces, pamphlets, and souvenirs of the tented field. There are the standards of all the Guard regiments and the drums of the Garde du Corps, always in the King's keeping, save on extraordinary solemn occasions, when they are fetched by *compagnies d'élite*, and delivered over with impressive formality. I wellnigh forgot to mention two curious objects in the library: one is a "progressive" map of the Prussian kingdom, starting with the "Mark" of Brandenburg, in dull brown, and showing every successive acquisition in a different color; the other is a sort of memento "diary," arranged for the King by one of his most trusted servants, every day of the year registered upon a separate sheet of card-board, whereon are recorded the several events in the King's life of which that day is an anniversary. This "diary" is a monument of loving labor and thoughtful devotion on the part of its compiler; and his Majesty constantly refers to it. I noticed that the "*Cahier*" for October was represented by a gap in the chest containing the whole series; and, on inquiring what had become of it, was told that the "King had taken it with him to Baden." Were I to recount all the anecdotes of the venerable sovereign's goodness and amiability that I heard while visiting his apartments, this letter would swell into a volume; suffice it to say, he is the best-served king in Europe, because he is one of the best men that ever wore the purple, or any other costume whatever. Those who, like the writer, have been fortunate enough to learn the true story of his life, and see him live, can fully understand how and why it is that he is so deeply loved by his people.

During the last three months of the investment of Paris, I saw the warrior-monarch almost every day, and was privileged to speak with him on several occasions. At three of the most important historical ceremonies held in his honor I received his permission to be present, special facilities being accorded to me to witness all that took place. On December 18, 1870, a deputation of the Reichstag presented to him, in the Salle Centrale of the Versailles Prefecture, an address, entreating him to assume the rank and title of German Emperor. On January 18, 1871, he was proclaimed Kaiser in the Salle des Glaces of the famous palace built by the Grand Monarque; and on March 1, 1871, he reviewed 30,000 German troops on the Longchamps race-course, the greatest siege of modern times having concluded with the surrender of two enormous French armies, and the occupation, for the second time this century, of the capital of France by a victorious German host. With regard to the first of these three occasions alluded to, I will only describe in this place what actually took place in the Salle Centrale when the Parliamentary deputation was admitted to his Majesty's presence. The King stood in the middle of the room, near the fireplace—the Prussian princes and one or two reign-

ing grand-dukes on his right, the rest of the "Hoheiten" to his left, his great officers of state behind. As the deputation, twenty-eight strong—two short of its full number—entered the room, Generals Von Moltke and Von Brauchitsch—members of the Reichstag—and another officer of high rank, joined the body. President Simson spoke a preliminary address, in which he referred pointedly to the fact that this great achievement of German aspirations was taking place in the very town which had been the nest of those plots through the fulfilment of which Germany had been robbed and mutilated, and near the spot (St. Germain) where a peace had been concluded that confirmed the illegal acts by which her enemies had despoiled her. He then read the address voted by the Reichstag. The King replied at considerable length; but he utterly broke down when he came to speak of the losses sustained during the war. The tears rolled down his venerable cheeks, and the struggle to subdue his emotion lasted several seconds ere he could trust his voice to continue his discourse. Of course, he could not accept the address as more than a congratulatory expression of sympathy, for which he was grateful; before he could do more he must await the decision of the German people, through its Confederate and United Parliament, about to be assembled; but he had just received a letter from the King of Bavaria, conveying to him the satisfactory assurance that all the kings, princes, and dukes of Germany, without exception, joined in requesting him to become "Deutscher Kaiser." As soon as the King had concluded, the deputation withdrew, and visited the Crown Prince. It dined with the King at six, very simply and shortly. There was no toast proposed, and no music during the meal, the Court being in deep mourning. Prince Luitpold of Bavaria, although in Versailles, was not present at the ceremony, because the address emanated from only the part of Germany comprehended in the North German Confederation. The royal and serene personages who attended were as follows: the Crown Prince, Princes Karl and Adalbert of Prussia, the Grand-dukes of Baden, Saxe-Weimar, Oldenburg, and Saxe-Coburg, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, the Hereditary Grand-dukes (heirs apparent) of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Saxe-Weimar, and Oldenburg, Prince William of Würtemberg and the Duke of Würtemberg, Princes Leopold and Frederick of Hohenzollern. Ribbons were not worn, as the King and Princes of Prussia were "en campagne." The *tenue du jour* was therefore mitigated "gala," and the Gardes du Corps were on duty. All commanding generals were, of course, invited to be present.

The ceremony of his Prussian Majesty's proclamation as German Emperor was a singularly imposing one. In the superb Salle des Glaces fifty-six regimental colors had been set up in such way as to form the backing and frame of a crimson dais, upon which William I. took up his stand, after bending his head to an extempore altar erected on the southern side of the glittering hall. Around this altar six army chaplains were grouped. A choir of strapping artillerymen, selected from three regiments of the Versailles garrison, having chanted a fine old German choral, the strains of which brought tears to many an eye, service was read, and Dr. Rogge, the King's Leib-Kaplan, preached an appropriate sermon to such a congregation of princes and warriors as had probably never theretofore been gathered together in any impromptu place of worship. Then another choral was sung by all present—boom! went Mont Valérien's "Grande Catherine" just at the close of the final chord—and his Majesty, standing well forward in front of the colors, read aloud a declaration announcing the re-establishment of the German Empire, and the vesting of the dignity thus revived in himself and his lineal successors for all time to come—"such being the express and unanimous desire of the German peoples, transmitted to him through their respective governments and legislatures."

The Realm-Chancellor then read the royal proclamation addressed to the German nation. As he concluded, the Grand-duke of Baden, who was standing at the foot of the estrade, on his Majesty's left hand, and exactly opposite to the Crown Prince of Prussia, advanced two paces, raised his white-plumed helmet high above his head, and shouted, "Es lebe der Deutsche Kaiser Wilhelm, hoch! hoch! hoch!" The illustrious assembly, in number some six hundred of the Fatherland's elect, took up the exultant cry as one man. Boom! went "la grande Catherine." A military band in the palace court-yard struck up "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz" (the Prussian version of "God save the Queen"), and the jubilation of the Kaiser's older comrades in arms, many of whom were present, fairly broke bounds, finding vent in a tempest of cheering. Again and again France, little witting what was taking place in the very sanctuary of her once glorious monarchy, lent the thunder of her cannon to swell the salute with which Prussian artillery greeted a Hohenzollern's accession to imperial rank, and sullenly muttered vanquished France's "Ave Cæsar!" to her triumphant conqueror.

While deafening sound-homage was thus being paid to him by friend and enemy alike, the newly proclaimed Emperor, his eyes dropping tears faster than he could wipe them away, was fervently embracing his son, brothers, and near kinsmen, gathered round him in the act of heartfelt congratulation. Then all the officers and invited guests defiled past his Majesty one by one, each in his turn being greeted by some word or gesture of kindly recognition. The "gratulations-cour" at an end, Kaiser Wilhelm strode proudly forth from the Hall of Mirrors, in which German unity — mainly through his direct instrumentality, and embodied in his person—had on that memorable day become an accomplished fact.

Six weeks later I rode in the suite of the German Crown Prince from Versailles to Longchamps, where the Kaiser reviewed a force equivalent in numbers to an army-corps *en pied de guerre*, but composed of troops selected from all the Teutonic contingents placed under his command as supreme head of the German national army. By a happy chance, which furnished me with one of the proudest memories of my life, I crossed the pontoon-bridge at Courbevoie between the heir to the German throne and Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, whose candidature for the Spanish crown had led to the quarrel that plunged France and Germany into a war the closing episode of which — the triumphal entry of a conquering host into fair Paris — I was even then about to witness. A few minutes later, standing in the shadow of the well-known windmill that overlooks the prettiest of Parisian race-courses, I saw the grand old Kaiser, mounted on a superb charger, and followed by a hundred German princes and generals of renown, gallop down the rigid line of weather-beaten warriors drawn up for his inspection within gunshot of the Arc de Triomphe. What a cheer then arose from those serried ranks! The dreadful winter months of the siege, with their sanguinary combats, harassing outpost duties, and innumerable privations, were all forgotten for the moment in the crowning glory of that sunny March morning, when the first soldier of the Fatherland greeted his brethren in arms, to whom he and Germany owed the splendid achievement of his stupendous life-task.

With one more personal reminiscence of the German Emperor—supplemented by an anecdote or two, the authenticity of which I can absolutely guarantee—I will terminate this already somewhat lengthy chapter. On St. Hubert's Day, 1871, I was bidden to the royal boar-hunt annually held in the Grunewald on that particular anniversary; and enjoyed an opportunity, long desired but unhoped-for, of seeing the Kaiser follow the hounds in full hunting array. The morning was so exceptionally bright, crisp, and cool for the time of year that the chances of a run seemed to me to be but slight, and those of a kill infinitesimally small—especially as at the Hubertusjagd, from time immemorial, the pig gets ten minutes' law, the dogs being only laid on when, if he be a wise porker, he is at least a mile and a half well away from the *Saubucht*, or preserve, in which his Majesty's *Schwarzwild* enjoy a peaceful acorn-abounding existence, until such time as the order comes down from Potsdam to the chief forester of the Grunewald that one of their number is to be penned off for "special service." As he is not hunted with boar-hounds, but with an ordinary pack *comme un autre*, he is subjected to the painful operation of tusk extraction, or rather breaking, before he is turned out to run for life, and therefore has not the least chance of saving his bacon by a gallant defence when brought to bay; nor can he hope to get away from his pursuers on a nice soft day, when a red herring is a fool to him in the matter of scent. But a cold dry wind sets the odds slightly in his favor; and his best friends are the rabble of Berlin, who throng the woods on the Hubertustag, rush wildly between him and the hounds, and frequently throw the latter completely off the little scent that such a wind leaves on the earth ten minutes after his boarship had scuttled over it.

The rendezvous for his Majesty's guests was a village called Zehlendorf, close to the forest, whence I was driven by a member of the household to the meet at the royal Schloss —a spectacle of great interest, from which the public is entirely excluded. At mid-day, after traversing a large tract of forest, we reached the quaint, old-fashioned hunting-lodge, in and about the huge court-yard of which fifty or sixty of his Majesty's *invités* were already assembled, all attired in orthodox scarlet, cords and tops, and, for the most part, excellently mounted. Over the Schloss door-way is a curious colored bass-relief, representing episodes of the chase, and in the centre of the Hof a spirited bronze group by Wolff, of a boar striving to rid himself of three fierce hounds. To the left of the main entrance was stationed the horn band of the Guard Jägers; to the right, a section of Hof Jägers in green and silver—splendid-looking fellows, who, by the way, act as Cabinet couriers for the German Foreign Office, performing the functions of our Queen's messengers. We had not long joined the gay party in the Hof, whose numbers increased every minute until, shortly before the Emperor's

arrival, it numbered more than two hundred men in scarlet, when Prince Albrecht the younger drove up, his arrival being greeted with a cheerful *fanfare* from the horns. The next member of the "Hohe Herrschaften" who put in an appearance was the Crown Prince, closely followed by Prince Karl in pink, the solitary exception to the scarlet rule of the meet. Princes August and William were already on the ground; and the Princesses Karl and Friedrich Karl, with one or two of the junior members of the Imperial Family, preceded his Majesty, who, having been detained a little beyond the time appointed for his arrival by the transaction of important business with the Minister of War, came up at a rattling pace, accompanied by Captain de Winterfeldt, and, throwing off his wraps, jumped out of his carriage as lightly as though he were seventeen instead of seventy-five. I had seen the German monarch in a dozen different uniforms, including Russian and Austrian; in plain morning dress, which becomes him exceedingly, and in the social harness of the night; but never to such advantage as in the perfectly fitting scarlet swallow-tail, white cords, dark buff tops, and black hat that he wore that day. Dress him as you will, he is always the handsomest, noblest, and kindliest-looking gentleman of his company; but in the hunting-field he is not only all that, but the perfect picture of a sportsman to boot. My readers may fancy what a reception he had from an assemblage composed of the very flower of his warrior-nobles, and with what a beaming, genial smile he returned the greeting of his *Getreuen*.

So soon as he had entered the Schloss we made for the spot where our horses were waiting, and got away to the second rendezvous—a large circular space of cleared ground in the centre of the forest, close to the Saubucht and surrounded by deep dells, exhibiting some of the most remarkable up and down cover-riding that I had ever set eyes on since I left Lesser Wallachia: where, *par parenthèse*, boar-hunting is a very serious piece of business indeed, not performed on horseback, with fox-hounds and harriers, and all the luxuries of the season, but on foot, with enormous dogs of great power and ferocity, a rifle, a hunting-sword, and the risk of your life. Presently the head of the procession, ordered according to ancient rule and usage, became visible at the farther end of a broad green glade, leading up to the rendezvous; and a prettier sight than this *festlicher Zug*, as it came into full view, could not be imagined. First came the chief forester; then the first huntsman, or *piqueur*, with his two *acolytes*, enveloped in horns, and followed by the dogs—twenty-two couples, well-bred and handsome enough, but somewhat low and light to an Englishman's eye; then Hof Jägers and others, the Grand Veneur, and one or two other high officials; then the King, next to whom rode Prince Karl (Master of Hounds), immediately followed by the Crown Prince and the other members of the reigning house. In an enormous variegated group, indescribably picturesque in their disorder, threading their way through the high cover, and dotting the whole woodside with bright stains of scarlet, came on the members of the Hunt, over two hundred strong, and scarcely a screw among the lot, although many of the horses were far lighter than I should have expected to see turn out on such an occasion and in such a country. When the Emperor had seen that all the ladies were placed so as to be in a position to see the hounds take off to advantage, he gave the signal for the opening of the enclosure, and a fine full-grown boar broke away from the Saubucht, crashing through the underwood, into the thickest of which he vanished with discreet celerity. Ten minutes' anxious waiting by Prince Karl's stop-watch, and, the dogs being laid on, away is the word!

Down, forty feet or so at an acute angle, into the depths of a timber-encumbered dell; up again the other side—here an over-hasty Lancer came to grief, o'erthrown by his own ambition; down again, into another gulf of the same pattern, and so on, the Emperor, magnificently mounted, leading the field. Presently, some two or three thousand people having headed the pack, the hounds were at fault, and his Majesty, with about fifty horsemen, came to a stand-still, while Prince Karl rode on, in the hope of sighting piggy, who had made off in the direction of the Havel, between Pichelberg and Schildhorn. After an ineffectual cast or two the chief huntsman rode up to the King, and reported the melancholy tidings that scent was lost. "Fehljagd!" was the word; and his Majesty, unwillingly turning his horse's head towards the Schloss, gave up all idea of killing for the day, and rode easily back to Grunewald, with hat forlorn of the *Schmuck*—a spray of green—that betokens a successful chase. Not so, however, Prince Karl, who followed on until he came upon the boar close to the Havel, where he was fortunately rejoined by the piqueurs and the dogs. Hardly pressed, the boar took to water, and swam gallantly out to mid-stream; but two of the foremost straightgoers, Messieurs Von Lilienkron and Von Schlegel, springing off their horses, got into a fishing-boat or *Kahn*, swiftly unmoored it, and rowed out after the hapless porker, which they headed and turned, driving him towards the shore. He got, how-

ever, "mixed" among some boats, and his pursuers, not to be denied, after a hard and uncommonly splashy struggle, actually dragged him out of the water into their skiff, and brought him triumphantly to land, where they set him free. But before he had gone fifty yards the dogs ran into him, and his troubles were soon over, the Crown Prince giving him the *coup de grace* with his hunting-sword. All this took, with the return to the Schloss, more than an hour and a half, during which time the King was waiting patiently in the court-yard, chatting with those who had shared his ill-fortune, and paying courteous tribute of attention to the ladies, who, like himself, had long since returned from the scene of action. Meanwhile, sections of Guardsmen, gravely and stiffly bearing platefuls of opened oysters, defiled with military precision across the court-yard into the portals of the hunting-lodge, where they were relieved of their charge by the Court footmen. All this was irritatingly suggestive of dinner. Everybody was sharp-set enough before the march-past of the mollusks; but the sight of those succulent bivalves converted appetite into ferocity, and I kept my eye steadfastly fixed upon the *coutcau de chasse* of Baron de Korff, who was standing by me, not knowing what might happen, and desiring to be prepared for the worst.

At a few minutes before five Prince Karl and his following, all decked with the forest badges of victory, rode into the Hof. Dismounting, his Royal Highness approached his august brother, to report the successful termination of the hunt; and his Majesty laughingly turned his back on the lucky Master of Hounds, protesting against "such an outrageous piece of good-fortune." Piggy followed in high state, and then everybody went joyfully in to dinner, which was spread over nine rooms, two hundred and odd sitting down to the excellent repast offered them by the Emperor's hospitality. Not every *cordon bleu* can make such white soup as the imperial *chef:* that is all I shall say respecting the *menu.* During dinner the Jäger band played "appropriate music;" and before dessert Privy Councillor Schneider read aloud the protocol—a humorous composition of his own—of the previous year's Hubertusjagd, which did not come off, for reasons that will be easily apparent to my readers; its Royal President, Master of the Hounds, and members having been, in point of fact, "in another place." After his Majesty's health had been drunk with "Hip, hip, hurrah!" the party broke up, and we all started homeward, reaching Berlin about nine, dead tired and done up, but having had a famous day in all possible respects.

I had been campaigning in the Herzegovina for some three months of the year 1875, summer and autumn, first with the insurgents (of whom, from my own private and personal point of view, it would have been base flattery to speak as brigands of the deepest dye), and then with the gallant, sober, truth-telling Turks under Hussein Pasha, when I received a peremptory summons to Milan, where Victor Emmanuel was then awaiting the visit of his venerable friend and ally, the German Emperor. At all the ceremonies, entertainments, and festivities which took place in honor of the graybeard Kaiser during his sojourn in the splendid capital of Lombardy I was the Honest King's guest, received by him whenever I sought an audience, and privileged to attend the more "intimate" *réunions* to which few foreigners save those of high official rank were bidden. It was from his Majesty's lips that I heard the following little anecdote, pleasantly illustrative of the affectionate veneration with which he regarded the German Emperor, and of the delicacy of feeling by which he himself, despite his forbidding exterior and rough *brusquerie* of manner, was characterized in a very remarkable and eminent degree.

The Emperor, for a year or two before the date of his visit to Italy, had experienced considerable inconvenience in mounting on horseback; to obviate which a broad horse-block, or raised stage, level with the stirrup, was invariably set up for him in Germany wherever he might have occasion to take horse—which, indeed, as he disliked exhibiting this slight infirmity, he generally did in a court-yard or other enclosed space, out of his soldiers' or the public's sight. This peculiarity of his was made known to Victor Emmanuel by the Master of the Horse; whereupon the King had erected in the private court of the Palazzo Reale not only a mounting-stage for the Emperor, but also *one for himself*, side by side with that destined to the use of his imperial guest—though the Ré Galantuomo could swing himself into his saddle as vigorously as ever. When giving the order he observed, "There can be no better way, assuredly, of mounting a horse than that adopted by so great a soldier and glorious a monarch as the Emperor of Germany."

The first meeting between the venerable Kaiser and the Prince of Naples, Italy's future king, took place one dismal rainy morning, when his Imperial Majesty drove over to Monza, one of the royal country-houses a few miles from Milan, for the ostensible purpose of shooting pheasants in the woods surrounding that picturesque chateau. The weather,

however, was so desperately inclement that the "big shoot" had to be given up; so the royal party breakfasted very gayly, and played cards during the afternoon. To the Emperor's intense delight, during breakfast the Prince of Piedmont's little son came running in, jumped on the Kaiser's lap, and began to question him, without a particle of ceremony, in the second person: "Come stai di salute? Ti piace Milano? Come ti diverti in città—bene, eh?" The *principino*, whose high spirits and resolution of character were an inexhaustible source of pride and gratification to his grandfather, was quite the hero of the occasion; he took an immense fancy to the venerable Emperor, who adores children and is adored by them, and was petted by the greatest of living monarchs to his heart's content.

A prominent feature in the celebrations organized for the entertainment of William the Victorious by his warrior-host was a military spectacle held on the huge Place d'Armes outside the city gates, and in which some twenty thousand troops of all arms took part. During the five years that had elapsed since the achievement of Italian Unity by the incorporation of the Papal States with the monarchy in the summer of 1870, sweeping reforms had been introduced into every branch of the national defences, and Victor Emmanuel was eager to submit the result of his innovations to the judgment of the German Emperor. It may interest some of my readers to learn what the latter thought of a system which has been steadily followed out in Italy from the time to which I am referring up to the present day. Before he left Milan to return to Berlin, his Imperial Majesty more than once, in the course of conversation with members of his own military household, expressed his hearty approval of the progress being made in the reorganization of the Italian army. He observed, on the morning after the review, "It is quite clear that a good beginning has been made; and a battle well begun is half won. There is still much to do; but the officers evidently work very steadily, and the material is excellent." It did not strike him as promising for the good of each corps that regiments were not, as in Germany, regularly recruited from particular districts—the practice being in Italy to mix in men from all parts of the country, so as to arrive at national homogeneity by means of the army; and he disapproved of the one-year volunteers being trained together in a special corps, instead of being disseminated throughout the national forces, the "tone" of which they certainly raise in Germany by the influence they obtain over their comrades through superior education, and by the example of good manners and gentlemanly conduct they hold up to the ordinary rank and file. I doubt not that his opinions, if he expressed them to his royal host—of which I am by no means certain—had great weight with one who, himself among the first practical soldiers of the age, entertained the highest respect and admiration for the military knowledge and qualities of William I.

With one peculiarly characteristic *trait* of the Emperor, aptly exemplifying the vein of genial humor that distinguished him from his sarcastic and not unfrequently ill-natured brethren, Frederick William, Charles, and Albert, I reluctantly bring this lengthy chapter to a close.

The state signature adopted by his Majesty immediately after his elevation to imperial rank took the following form: "Wilhelm, Imp. Rex," and the abbreviation promptly became the subject of comment and conjecture in Berlin Court circles. The official mind perplexed itself by vain attempts to guess or excogitate his Majesty's reason for refraining from either signing his title in full—"Imperator Rex"—or indicating it by the mere initials "I. R." I need scarcely add that nobody presumed to question the "hohe Herr," who, however, one day cleared up the mystery *motu proprio*. Some state document having relation to his imperial functions was submitted to him for his signature, which he inscribed upon the parchment, observing to the cabinet ministers in attendance, "I dare say you wonder why I only sign one syllable of my first title, but the whole of my second. I will tell you why. It is because I feel that I am only partly an Emperor; while I know that I am altogether a King!"

CHAPTER III.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary.—His Reconciliation with the Magyars.—The Coronation at Buda-Pesth.

ALTHOUGH I passed eight of the busiest *and most interesting years* of my life, before *I became a journalist*, directly and indirectly in the service of the Austrian Kaiser, and with sufficient utility to merit his Majesty's special recognition on two several occasions

my opportunities for personal intercourse with the head of the House of Habsburg have been few and far between. Twice has he granted me personal audience, in connection with the exalted decorations he has been pleased to confer upon me; half a dozen times, at state ceremonials and Court festivities, he has engaged me in conversation for a brief space; my immediate relations with him have this extent, no more. As far as I am personally concerned, therefore, I have only known Franz Joseph I. as a kind, generous master and most amiable, courteous gentleman. But in my journalistic capacity I have seen a great deal of this illustrious monarch, and that at times when he has played the leading part in historical events of the greatest moment and significance. I was a witness to his reception in Hungary when he visited the realm of the Five Rivers for the first time after his reconciliation to his Magyar subjects had been brought about by Deák and Beust after eighteen years of painful estrangement. I saw him crowned King of Hungary with all the quaint pomps and ceremonies hallowed by the traditions of a thousand years. I was present at his first meeting with the third Napoleon, when he welcomed that potentate to his imperial dominions as "friend and brother" in the ancient archiepiscopal city of Salzburg. When he opened the World Exhibition held in his own capital, when he received the Sultan of Turkey and the Shah of Persia, when he paid his first visit to Berlin after the great war that annihilated Austrian influence in Germany, and on many other occasions of European interest and significance I have been sufficiently near him to hear his words and mark his gestures.

In this chapter I propose to give some account of the chief events above alluded to, which I was privileged to chronicle, at the different periods of their occurrence, under circumstances exceptionally favorable to observation by eye and ear alike.

On the 12th of March, 1867, at an early hour of the morning, the sister cities of Pesth and Buda had completed the brilliant toilet in which they had for some days past been decking themselves to receive their sovereign. Every street, almost every house, in both burghs was tricked out with the national colors and the Hungarian arms; while the route selected for the King's transit from the station to his castle at Ofen was adorned by thousands of flags, numerous evergreen arches, and tall flag-staffs, painted tricolor, surmounted by massive emblazoned shields, and connected with one another by leafy ropes, from which again depended banners, graduated in size and varying in shape, but all red, white, and green, with the kingdom's escutcheon depicted on the central band of white. The suspension bridge was indeed a lovely object; its approaches and towers were surmounted by immense standards, and the chains, sloping down either way from the summit of their supports, were studded at intervals of a few feet with small tricolor pennons, producing an indescribably picturesque and gay effect. The railway-station, a large, low-roofed building, of no great architectural significance, had been entirely cleared of engines, carriages, and lumber—the space between the platforms covered with white sand; and a charming little retiring-room, with a tiny lavatory and a miniature conservatory filled with choice exotics attached to it, had been arranged by the railway authorities, who had laid down a splendid carpet from the line of rails upon which the royal train was to arrive at the entrance of the temporary boudoir. Purple velvet curtains gathered back by massive gold cord, and surmounted at their point of junction by a royal crown, Hungarian escutcheon, and the monograms of the Emperor and Empress intertwined, formed the approach to the so-called private royal apartment; through which, however, the ministers and great public functionaries followed his Majesty as he passed out of the station to his carriage, and in which a few privileged persons (among whom I had the honor to be included), viz., the members of the cabinet, the burgomasters of Pesth and Ofen, the Stadthauptmann, and the general commanding the garrison, awaited the King's arrival.

As—with the exception of Count Odön Szechenyi, who participated in the privileges kindly accorded me—I believe I was the only non-official person in Pesth who witnessed the entry of his Majesty into the station, his reception of the civic addresses, and his state entry into the Castle of Ofen, where the great magnates, ranged in double line along the magnificent suite of court rooms, greeted their monarch on his first visit to the capital of Hungary since the restoration of the Constitution, I shall endeavor to give my readers an account of what I saw in the order of its occurrence. At twelve o'clock I drove to the house of the Oberstadthauptmann, Herr von Thaisz, who not only furnished me with a document enabling me to pass all the military posts, etc., but offered to convey me in his carriage to the station, and to place me where I could witness at my ease the whole ceremony of the Emperor's reception. Herr von Thaisz was donning his gala costume when I entered; and surely, if a thing of beauty be a joy forever, this distinguished officer must have that morning been a source of eternal delight to every one who beheld

him. His dress consisted of a tight-fitting violet moire-antique frock slashed with gold, scarlet breeches, and gold-topped high boots; a deep brown velvet cap, from which issued a lofty white plume, fastened to the front of the cap by a jewelled aigrette and dead gold coronet. His heavy curved cimeter was supported by a gold chain girdle three inches broad, and from his shoulders hung a purple silk mantle lined with velvet, and clasped with precious stones. Being very tall and broad, with bold, manly features, and a very martial demeanor, the Oberstadthauptmann was one of the greatest attractions of the show. His body-servant was, if anything, a thought more gorgeous than himself, and was cast in the shade only by the wearers of Count Julius Andrassy's yellow liveries and huge white shakos, who literally "took the shine" out of all the "uniforms" of the *valet-aille*, although hundreds were congregated outside the station waiting for their masters' appearance, and any one of them would have made Lord Cardigan's "Cherubims" look pale and seedy by his side.

We arrived before one at the station, and, as the King was not to arrive till half-past two, had a good deal of time on our hands. Inspecting the local preparations, however, occupied half an hour, after which the ministers, Baron Eötvös, Counts Miko, Gorové, Lonyay, and Horvath, dropped one by one into the royal waiting-room, and the other hour slipped rapidly away in agreeable conversation. Meanwhile the guard of honor, a hundred picked men of the Mecklenburg regiment, headed by their band, had taken up their position outside the station entrance, which was lined by civic guards; this was the extent of the military element in the whole ceremony. The municipal deputations and the clergy had posted themselves in their appointed places, and between forty thousand and fifty thousand people had assembled round and near the Bahnhof. Suddenly a braided official entered the room, and informed us that the royal train had been signalled. Forth we sallied upon the carpeted rails, the ministers a little in advance, then the two mayors and their attendants, and lastly myself and Count Odön Szechenyi, both prepared to bolt through the waiting-room and rush to our carriage so soon as the Emperor should have commenced his reply to the civic addresses—a proceeding by which we should be enabled to precede his Majesty on his route, and reach Ofen in time to mix with the magnates in the castle before his arrival there. The train slowly glided into the station; and, standing on a small platform outside the royal carriage, alone, his handsome figure drawn up to its full height, the King of Hungary appeared to us more a stately picture than a living and breathing monarch. It was a magnificent *coup de théâtre*. As soon as the eager, swaying crowd got him fully before their eyes, such a shout of enthusiasm broke forth as I have rarely yet heard greet a monarch. A long shout—"Eljen!" that was half a sob, made the very roof and walls of the station quiver; and the Emperor's cheek turned very pale as he raised his shako in response. Francis Joseph appeared to great advantage in the splendid uniform of a Hungarian general of division—pale blue, scarlet, white, and gold; he sprang lightly from the platform, advanced, bowed repeatedly and deeply to the ministers, with whom he exchanged a few words, and then turned to the civic deputations in order to receive their royal addresses. Our time was up; so, darting through the state-room and guarded corridor, we jumped into Szechenyi's britzka and drove away through the thronged streets as fast as two spirited four-year-olds could gallop. And what a sight the streets presented! Every scrap of carpet, velvet table-cover, and bunting that could be collected had been hung out of the windows which were thronged by ladies and children in bright-colored dresses; two dense masses of people, divided by a thin streak of road-way, kept clear by citizens with drawn swords, and girt with tricolor scarfs, stretched from the very court of the Bahnhof to the chain-bridge, more than a mile of distance; clumps of dashing hussars, pulks of wild-looking uhlans, draped to their horses' feet in voluminous brown cloaks, scoured the open space, or sat like statues on their splendid chargers at the street corners; the sun shone brightly on the multi-colored costumes of the peasants and the *bourgeoisie;* and a certain barbaric element, exquisitely picturesque, pervaded the whole scene. On we go through the cavalry pickets—my pass is omnipotent—over the bridge we fly rather than gallop, and up the steep Ofen mountain leading to the royal castle. I have the satisfaction of believing that our "rapid act" rather astonished the multitude, which cheered us heartily as we galloped along. Arrived at the castle we mounted the broad stone staircase, lined with life-guards, leading to the state apartments; upon entering which, at a glance, could be seen assembled the whole of Hungary's and Transylvania's proud nobility in garments of such variety and richness that, in sheer despair, I forbear attempting to give anything like an adequate description of them. Diamonds, gold, furs to make a Russian Empress's mouth water, velvet mantles of triple pile and deep rich hues, jeweled cimeters, collars of noble orders in gold

and terminated his speech in the following words, raising his voice a little above its usual tone: "I count upon you to defend to the utmost, should circumstances render it necessary, my throne and my empire. On my part, I solemnly promise to maintain inviolate the rights of the nation and the boundaries of the Hungarian territory." In the passionate cry of loyalty that burst from his thrilled hearers, the Emperor must have comprehended that in that moment the dread past was buried forever, and that the great princes, counts, and barons of Hungary engaged their hearts and hands—their lives, if need be—to a monarch who had thrown himself upon their patriotism.

The Oberstadthauptmann, unwearied in his kind offices, informed me that he should be in command of the grand procession of torches arranged for the evening as an escort to the several choral societies of Pesth, which had amalgamated for the purpose of serenading his Majesty in his castle at Ofen with Hungarian national airs; and that if I would accompany him on foot from the Stadthaus I should witness, at great advantage, one of the most interesting sights ever seen in Hungary. Accordingly, about seven in the evening I called for Captain von Thaisz at the municipal palace, the grand square before which was lined by the civic guards, and kept clear for the assembly of the torch-bearers, who were pouring in from all quarters, each company headed by two standard-bearers, carrying the national colors aloft. The town captain strolled out with me to see how the arrangements were progressing. The scene was an imposing one, the four sides of the square being completely blocked with gazers, behind the lines of civic soldiery; in two corners of the cleared space were stationed Austrian military bands; a small compact body of hussars, splendidly mounted, sat like statues on their powerful chargers in the centre; staff orderlies were galloping perilously over the huge rough stones with which the Stadtplatz is paved; the tall, white Stadthaus looked unnaturally large and spectral in the bright moonlight; and black streams of citizens and students, streaked with white lines—the wax-torches with which the men were armed—were fast filling up the quadrangle. Presently the word was passed to light up, and in less than five minutes two thousand eight hundred blazing torches turned night into day. Captain von Thaisz took his place at the head of the municipality, tucking my arm under his; the flambeau-bearers formed up eight deep behind us; bang went a big drum, "March!" resounded along the column, the leading band struck up the "Rakoczy March," upon which a roar of "Eljen!" rose to the cold sky from the t sands assembled; and we effected a sta the quick step in a state of excitemen far removed from lunacy. I never saw a sight. The streets through which marched, three thousand strong, with a of ten thousand pressing close upon our h were illuminated; but our torches comp ly put the gas and oil lamps out. The dows were crowded with ladies in the na al colors; a forest of tricolors waved ove the whole town seemed to throb and l with loyal gladness. Half-way down Waizner Gasse we came to a transpar of the Emperor; the whole procession the crowd stopped short as if by magic gave forth a cheer that was heard ov Blocksberg. A few minutes more an were on the bridge, across it, and win our way up the circuitous hill-side road ing to the Burg. The view from this si the Danube of the procession during this of its progress was afterwards describ me as marvellously picturesque. The he of Ofen were blazing with Bengal fire; breasted the last bit of hill, a pretty stiff both our bands clashed and trumpeted the "Hunyadi March," a national air sc ly less exciting to the people than the " oczy;" and with these strains soundin our ears we swept round the corner o palace, through the great gates, and int principal court-yard, overlooked on o its sides by the throne-room, in the l balcony of which, wrapped in a white c a plumed shako on his head, and one lightly resting on the purple velvet han and drapery with which the stone pa was covered, stood the King of Hun Shout after shout of "Eljen a kira greeted him from the arriving cohorts, of which acclamations he acknowledge raising his hand to his shako *à la milit* At length the privileged three thousand filled the court-yard with a mass of y flame, and the singers were arranged r a small tribune erected for their leader, bareheaded and draped in a flowing c waved his *bâton* in the air, and gave th nal for the commencement of the seren Before it had come to an end his Ma sent down one of his aides-de-camp t quest that the leaders of the procession sh attend him in the throne-room to receiv thanks for the pleasure afforded him l splendid a display of patriotism. I hap ed not to be present at the delivery o royal bidding, but found myself sudd seized by my gigantic protector Von T and whirled off, I knew not whither. T surprise we entered the glass-doors le to the state apartments, mounted the

se, and before I had time to ask a less question, we were in the throne- and the Emperor, quitting his balcony, ed towards us. Of course I withdrew . the gentlemen whom his Majesty had oned to his presence, but remained near n to hear distinctly the thanks and ments addressed by his Majesty to f the notabilities. "I am sincerely il to you for the honor you have done aid the King to Dr. Havas, the repre- ve of the burgomasters; "I hope to be and often among you; the music is ex- ; pray thank the singers and the torch- heartily for me."

Captain Thaisz he addressed a hand- compliment (in Hungarian) upon the nce of his arrangements at the royal and with a few gracious words to the entlemen present, bowed us a dismissal. oon as we left the palace my mentor ie down a precipitous short-cut, which versed at a fast trot, thus enabling me the bridge in time to see the descent mountain by the torch-bearers. The of their zigzag line, resembling noth- much as the doubling of a mammoth ndowed with the faculty of leaving a us track behind it, was admirable. Af- ing upon this semi-supernatural pict- r a few minutes we crossed to Pesth, I parted from the Oberstadthauptmann hearty hand-grip.

se splendors of reconciliation were only ralds of far greater glories to come— emonial and festal magnificence of the tion, which came to pass with all the lious observance of precedent and ful- t of tradition to which such extraor- importance is attached by semi-bar- peoples. Having been specially bidden e celebrations by the august sovereign as their central object, I went down to in city, Buda-Pesth, a week or so be- he commencement of the coronation ties—in order, as an American friend ccompanied me graphically remarked, ug up the localities and get the hang programme"—and found the new rian ministers, with all of whom I had acquaintance during the "Ausgleichs- e," terribly exercised about the "In- al Diploma," "Form of Oath," and the reat Seal, not to mention the difficul- enacing them in connection with the Ban of Croatia, who was reluctant to the Reichsapfel, or orb, in the corona- rocession, and with the crown of St. an itself, which somehow or other could got to fit the head of the new King. ne 3d, however, the Diploma and Oath inished off *secundum artem* by Francis Deák himself, who showed me his drafts of both, and were "passed" by the Diet, which fixed the date of the coronation for the 8th of that month. But no sooner had this re- solve been adopted when other embarrass- ments arose—of minor importance, truly, but worth mentioning in a record of the greatest Hungarian national event of modern times, because they were all so conspicuously char- acteristic of the passion for running in old grooves that permeates the stout, stanch, loy- al, and singularly narrow-minded Magyar nature. Imprimis, it is necessary, according to Hungarian traditions, and therefore con- stitutional, that the Inaugural Diploma should be engrossed upon the skin of a dog, espe- cially prepared for that purpose. To the observance of this custom, established by precedent, every true Magyar attaches incal- culable importance; the legitimacy of the whole coronation ceremony would be affect- ed by its omission, or by the substitution of another material for that prescribed by an- cient usage. Well, the ministers suddenly found out that they had forgotten all about the dog, which up to the second of June had not even been slain, much less skinned. This was terrible indeed. Should necessity have compelled the authorities to have recourse to calf or sheep's skin, I do not know whether the Hungarian Constitution would have sur- vived it. Again, the said diploma must be sealed with a great seal; there are "no two ways" about that. But, unfortunately, the only available great seal was one in which, among Francis Joseph's other titles, appear- ed that of "King of Lombardy and Venetia," and in the string of shields surrounding the central double-eagle were included the es- cutcheons of both those provinces which had utterly ceased to belong to the Empire of Austria. It would have been hideously un- constitutional to confirm a public document of such vast importance as the Inaugural Diploma by affixing to it a seal bearing upon its face statements at variance with truth, and heraldic insignia which had no business to be there; but, unfortunately, no seal en- graver in Christendôm would undertake to execute a new great seal in five days; so, to extricate themselves from this distressing di- lemma, the heads of the department control- ling such matters resolved to block out the words and shields in question on the old seal, so that there were, as a matter of fact, three formidable blanks in the impression set upon the King's solemn declaration.

In short, there were so many things to do, all impeded by technical obstacles, that my friends the ministers at one time seriously contemplated putting off the coronation until June 10th, or even later. With respect to

that particular date, however, an insuperable hinderance speedily presented itself. The 10th of June would be Whit-Monday; and a proverb as old as the mantle the King wore during the ceremony—a piece of work embroidered by the hands of a Hungarian queen in the twelfth century—exists in Hungary to the effect that any important business, nomination, or the like, transacted in Whitsuntide is sure to come to nothing. Francis Joseph dared not run the risk of being called "the Whitsuntide King," and so the 10th could not be thought of. The next even date was the 12th—some popular superstition prevails in Hungary as to the unluckiness of odd dates, the origin of which I was not able to ascertain — but from the 12th to the 16th private reasons connected with the imperial family itself stood in the way of the ceremony. Therefore, the coronation was bound either to take place on the 8th, necessitating a great scuffle to get everything ready, or we should all have had to wait till the 16th, when it might be hoped that every arrangement would be concluded, and the Emperor released from his fatigues.

To exemplify what those fatigues were destined to be, I may remark that the four acts of which the coronation was composed were timed to occupy eight hours in their performance, after which was to come the royal banquet to the magnates; and that nine hundred privileged persons, permitted to stand on either side of the road-way over the suspension bridge, were required to take their places at 6 A.M., and could not be let off the bridge till 5 P.M. They would see the procession twice, truly, but this recreation had to be purchased by the agony of standing eleven hours in the sun. Yet these places were ardently coveted and sought for.

On the day of my arrival in Pesth the coronation hill was just being completed on the Franz Josef Quay, opposite the Pesth end of Szechenyi's famous suspension bridge. Its constructors showed me the material of which it had been built—earth from every county in Hungary, the top layer of all coming from Tecza in Transylvania, where the Huns were first converted to Christianity. All this *humus* had been forwarded to Pesth in little square boxes by the Lord Lieutenants of the respective Comitats, and was receiving the finishing touch when I ascended the Krönungs-Hügel, upon which the King, mounted on a splendid charger, would have to make the four sabre-cuts emblematical of his determination to defend the integrity of Hungary against the four quarters of the globe. The hill itself was some twelve feet high; its summit surrounded by a white stone balustrade open at the four corners. An accidental arrangement of Pesth topography in connection with the four points of the compass obliged the Emperor King to aim his four sabre-cuts as follows: the first at the University, the second at the Exchange, the third at a celebrated church, and the fourth at his royal castle of Ofen. So that if these cuts be interpreted in a sense opposed to that in which they were intended to be taken, it may be said that his Majesty levelled four deadly blows: first at art and science, next at commerce, thirdly at religion, and fourthly at himself! The sword with which he was to execute this revolutionary and suicidal business is a very long one, formerly worn by St. Stephen. Fortunately for the Emperor he had a strong wrist. The different garments prescribed for his wear, all preserved from early ages, as well as the crown of St. Stephen itself, and the shoes of — Matthew Corvin, I think it was—all had to be taken in, so as to fit his Majesty, who is, nevertheless, a man of commanding stature and large frame. Those mediæval kings must have been tremendous fellows.

By the 3d of June the town decorations had got on superbly, a fresh impulse having been given to all hands by the definite fixing of Coronation-day. The decision put everybody in a great flutter, and, while it rejoiced the majority of the nation, brought sorrow, wellnigh despair, to many estimable individuals. For instance, several of the Banderiums—selected deputations of free horsemen — from Transylvania, the Banat, and the frontier counties, were not able to reach Pesth in time for the ceremony, although the great fact was telegraphed all over the kingdom on the evening of the 1st of June; for their villages and towns were far beyond the ken of railways, and in some cases at least ten days' journey lay between them and the capital. Again, some of the magnates who had ordered new costumes of unparalleled splendor were convulsed with horror at the thought that their respective tailors could not possibly finish their dresses in time for 7 A.M. on Coronation-day. One or two of the rich nobles arranged to come out in rather startlingly — and, I should think, inconveniently—gorgeous array; Count Bathyani, for instance self-doomed to be accoutred in solid silver plate armor, *cap-a-pie*, and therefore to run considerable risk of being baked alive *en bloc* in his shell. Baron Wodianer, the son of the rich Viennese banker, and a great land-owner in Hungary, spent 65,000 florins on his costume; and the trappings of a favorite charger, to be ridden by another wealthy peer, were incrusted with gold and turquoise, valued at 80,000 florins (£8000). Five days before the ceremony the Stadthau

was gayly surmounted by a huge crown, supported on a crimson velvet cushion fringed with gold; and the Lloyd, from the balcony of which the Empress subsequently witnessed one section of the ceremony, in which she was not allowed to take part, though she expressed a wish to do so—but where would have been the Constitution if she had?—was tastefully adorned with huge garlands, studded with small shields bearing the different emblazonments of the houses of Austria and Bavaria. One of the family escutcheons of the Habsburgs was obtained in a very curious manner, by-the-by, and is pictorially emblematical of the rough-handed times in which the ancestors of Franz Josef bore themselves bravely in fierce fight. During the earlier crusade the head of the noble family of Babenberger, from which the Habsburgs derive some of the best blood flowing in their veins, fought the Saracens throughout a long summer's day, from early morn till dusky eve. When he returned to his tent, and was about to wash off the marks of the fray, he found that he was completely steeped in blood from head to foot, save where his belt had been tightly drawn round his waist, and had left a white line clearly defined. In memory of that dreadful day, which left him exhausted and completely scored with wounds, his sovereign granted him leave to bear a shield emblazoned as follows—a blood-red ground,

ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

traversed by a horizontal white bar; and this shield has remained to the present day one of the four constituting the house escutcheon of the great Habsburg, now Habsburg-Lorraine, family. It may interest a few of my readers to learn that the present King of Hungary can prove his descent by the female line from the great Arpad, the founder of the Hungarian nation. Another descendant from Arpad, in an even more direct line, exists in the person of a French nobleman, renowned for his eccentricities and his odd notions about money, whose brother, however, lives a retired life in Hungary. The race of Arpad, which reigned over Hungary for five hundred years, was a short-lived one, the average length of each reign being only twelve years. Very few of its scions, however, died natural deaths.

On the morning of June 6th the Holy Crown of St. Stephen, which had been sent down the Danube from Vienna, was carried in state through the streets of Pesth and Ofen to the town church in the latter city, where it was placed on the altar, and left to be viewed by whomsoever would until the following night. The history of this crown presents such a series of extraordinary vicissitudes and adventures that I feel sure a short *résumé* of it will be acceptable. In the first place I must mention the fact that the "Sons of Arpad," as the Hungarians of yore were wont to call themselves, were professed and hearty pagans up to the end of the tenth century, when King Stephen (afterwards St. Stephen) went over to Christianity, and, like a good, fatherly monarch, insisted that his subjects should follow his example; which they very wisely did. Their reasons will be obvious to any person acquainted with the *modus procedendi* of kings towards their subjects in those glorious old times, and with the sort of alternative generally proffered in case the lieges should venture to prefer their own opinions—or, for that matter, their own anything else—to an implicit obedience when their monarch "graciously wished." Having thus summarily converted his people to the Catholic faith, St. Stephen resolved to petition the Pope, Silvester II., for his apostolic approval and benediction, and for a crown blessed by his Holiness wherewith to adorn his kingly brow; to which end he sent a deputation of magnates forward to Rome, with positive instructions not to return empty-handed. Now, about that time Silvester II. had caused a crown to be manufactured with the intention of bestowing it on King Lazlo of Poland, whose ambassadors were actually at Rome awaiting his Holiness's pleasure to receive the precious deposit and bear it to their master; but, on the eve of the day appointed for the ceremony of consignment, Silvester made a heavy supper and kept it up, on the whole, pretty late, so that when he retired to his apostolic couch two angels appeared to him, and addressed him, as I am informed, in a celestial two-part song, to the following effect: "Do not upon any account give that expensive crown lately made by your orders to those Polish gentlemen who will call for it to-morrow; for, a little later, you will receive the visit of a committee of savage men who have come all the way from Hungary—never mind not knowing where that is—on purpose to ask you for that very same crown; and they mean to have it too, or they will know the reason why." What was a poor pope to do? Of course next morning he put off the Poles with the best excuse he could invent, and in the afternoon the Magyar deputies arrived, had an audience, stated their object, and were despatched to Hungary in all possible haste with the crown and the required benedictions, etc. With this crown was St. Stephen crowned in the year 1000.

About a century later King Géza I. had a difference with the Greeks, and besieged Belgrade, which he captured; but, defying the military usages of that period, he did not put all the inhabitants to the sword, preferring to send them home to their friends in Constantinople; for which piece of magnanimity Nikolaus Dukas, then Emperor of Byzantium, sent him a splendid crown, made in the latest Byzantine fashion. Before Géza died he had the two crowns made into one—the present one—the upper part of which is the original work of Roman art sent by Pope Silvester to St. Stephen, and the lower that presented to King Géza by the Emperor Dukas.

At the commencement of the fourteenth century Otto I. (of Bavaria), then King of Hungary, who was in the habit of travelling about with the famous crown, so to speak, in his carpet-bag, started off to pay a visit to the Duke of Transylvania—I forget his name—who had a pretty daughter. The King's main object in undertaking so long a journey was to obtain this young lady's hand; and, of course, he took the famous crown with him, hoping, I suppose, to produce a favorable impression when he put it on to make his *visite de convenance*. It was enclosed in a wooden box and tied on to the back of his Majesty's carriage, but got loose—I don't wonder at it, considering what sort of roads there are in Hungary—and tumbled off. It was not recovered till some days afterwards, and when picked up was found to have sustained considerable damage, the double cross surmounting it being especially much bent. This accident is recorded to the

present day in the Hungarian arms, and the cross on the old crown itself is still all on one side. When the Duke of Transylvania found that Otto had not got his crown with him, he forthwith cast him into prison, and threatened to hang him. The crown, however, was subsequently brought to the Duke by its finder, and his Grace afterwards restored it to the Hungarians in the person of Prince Charles Robert of Anjou, King of Hungary by maternal descent. I believe that afterwards he released poor Otto, and made him his son-in-law.

In 1390, during the reign of King Lazlo (Ladislaus), Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, for personal reasons as well as on account of political animosities, stole the crown from the royal treasury by help of her confidential lady's-maid and a heavy dose of raw spirits to its guardians, and fled with it across the frozen Danube to Austria, where she gave it up to the Emperor Frederick, then at war with Hungary. This potentate, a few years later, after Lazlo's death, made peace with King Matthew Corvinus, and sold him his own crown for the moderate sum of 60,000 gold pieces.

In the year 1780 the Emperor Joseph II., son of Maria Theresa, and King of Hungary, took away the crown to Vienna, where he kept it for some years, but sent it back again before his death. But it was destined to undergo the greatest of all its adventures in 1849, when Kossuth, to save it from the Austrians, caused it to be buried under a tree in a field about a mile from Orsova, on the Austro-Wallachian frontier. There it remained *perdu* until 1854, when a Hungarian refugee, deep in Kossuth's confidence, and one of the three or four persons who knew where the crown was hidden, betrayed its whereabouts to the Austrian Government. The precious relic was promptly disinterred and conveyed to Vienna, whence, a few days before the coronation of Franz Josef, it was transmitted to Pesth under a strong guard, and consigned to the national authorities. Some months previously I had to wait four-and-twenty hours at Orsova for a steamboat to Servia, and drove out with some friends to inspect the place where the ancient emblem of Magyar sovereignty had been concealed. The Austrians have built a pretty little stone chapel over the spot, and in the centre of the marble floor is a cavity, upon the bottom of which is carved an effigy of the crown, with an inscription in Latin recounting the date of the discovery, and also, I think, that it was found by an Austrian engineer—thus conveying the idea of accident!

The old crown is pretty heavy, weighing between three and four pounds; yet King Ferencz Joszef was destined to wear it on June 8, 1867, for about ten hours without intermission; for, according to the statute in that case provided, he might not put it off after it should have been placed on his head by the Palatine and Archbishop of Gran—who are obliged to take hold of it at the same moment, lift it up together, and crown the King with it—until he should take his place at the royal banquet some ten hours later, when it would be his proud privilege to take it off, and to contemplate it, placed on a cushion in front of his seat at table. Ancient custom required that he should be served at this banquet by twelve magnates chosen from the whole body of peers, who must touch every dish and every bottle of wine furnished for the royal cheer.

Tradition also declared it to be necessary that the Emperor and Empress should fast strictly from Thursday night (the 6th) till Saturday morning (the 8th); and that his Majesty should be anointed on the forehead and the throat with sacred oil, after which the unctuous matter must be removed with a silk kerchief, and the crown put on his head in the manner already described. It was furthermore obligatory that her Majesty should be anointed by another ecclesiastical dignitary, but not in the same manner as her husband. The welfare of Hungary imperatively exacted that the fair Queen should be anointed under the right armpit, to which end she would be obliged to disarrange her dress; the crown would then be allowed to rest for a few minutes on her right shoulder, and she would forthwith retire behind the altar in order to restore her toilet to its normal completeness, then crossing the Danube in a steamer specially set aside for her use, and taking her place on the balcony of the Lloyd; while the King should ride down the hill to the bridge, the Minister of Finance, Melchior Lonyay, preceding him, and scattering gold and silver coins, struck for the occasion, broadcast among the populace, in the proportion of one gold to ten silver pieces. On the way from the palace to the church it was imperative that the King and his suite should ride over purple cloth; after the royal charger has passed, the populace have the right to cut up this cloth into pieces, which they keep as souvenirs of the great occasion.

As soon as the reconciliation between Francis Joseph and his Magyar subjects had made his coronation as King of Hungary a certainty, the Trans-Leithan Diet had voted a present of 50,000 golden ducats apiece to their Majesties. To contain this magnificent gift the Legislature caused two coffers of solid silver, richly chased, to be made, which were to be carried to the feet of their Majesties by

ten gentlemen, members of Parliament. The coffers and their contents weighed nearly three-quarters of a ton; and Franz Deák, to whom the selection of the ten was confided, picked out, with that almost boyish humor which was one of his especial characteristics, the ten smallest deputies in the House for the duty above mentioned; while to carry the crown in state through the street—a task also allotted to a chosen body of ten members of the Reichstag—he chose the ten biggest and strongest nobles to be found among the national representatives. Now, the crown only weighed between three and four pounds. The exceedingly limited number of gentlemen who were appointed to have the honor of serving the King at the coronation banquet was selected from among the handsomest young magnates. It was further set down in the ceremonial programme that, after the crowning itself, and the performance of a High Mass, written and conducted by the famous Abbé Liszt, the King should proceed to the garrison church in Ofen, and there knight about a dozen magnates. The Order of the Golden Spur is a very peculiar one in more than one respect. Imprimis, its possession is not signified by any cross, star, ribbon, or other outward and visible sign, save a golden spur, which must be worn on the left heel. Secondly, it is only conferred at the coronation of a king, so that there are seldom more than fifteen or twenty persons holding it at the same time, it being customary to create not more than twelve knights at each coronation; it may therefore be considered one of the most exclusive orders of chivalry in the world. The nobles who sent their names in for this distinction were, curiously enough, all Slovacks; not a single Magyar gentleman applied for it.

On the afternoon of the 6th (Thursday) the King signed the Diploma, and returned it to the deputation waiting upon him at Ofen for that purpose, signifying at the same time his consent to the coronation of his august consort as Queen of Hungary, and his approval of the choice, made by both Houses, of Count Julius Andrassy as the person elected by the nation to fill the office of Palatine at the coronation ceremony. In the afternoon the Hungarian ladies of rank paid their respects to the Queen, and crowds assembled along their line of route to admire the marvellous beauty and splendid toilets of these patrician dames and damsels, and the gorgeous equipages in which they sat enshrined, conscious of their charms, and by no means displeased at the loud approbation bestowed by many of the spectators upon their attractions. In the evening there was a great reception at Count George Karolyi's, to which all the ambassadors, ministers, State officials, magnates, and foreigners "of distinction" were invited. The count—one of the two noblemen elected keepers of the Holy Crown of St. Stephen—threw open a suite of thirty rooms on Thursday to his guests; so that there was no crowding, although a great many people were assembled. On June 7th, at 2 P.M., the crown was conveyed in state from the castle at Ofen to the Pfarrkirche (parish church), and I drove thither under a heat so intense that it is almost painful to think of it twenty years later. A double line of infantry was ranged along the streets traversed by the cortége, which consisted of two squadrons of hussars (König von Preussen), an open state carriage drawn by eight horses, in which the royal insignia, enclosed in a large chest covered with cloth of gold, were placed, a mixed escort composed of the Hungarian noble Body-guard and the Archer Life-guard, the bishops in their carriages, and a small number of young magnates arrayed in national costume. I followed the procession to the church, where it was received by the ecclesiastical authorities, and slipped round to a side entry, at which I obtained admittance just in time to witness the religious ceremony performed over the big chest, and its transportation into the sacristy, where it was placed under a guard of honor; after which the procession returned to the Burg, and left the church in possession of troops of artificers, decorators, etc., engaged in completing the preparations for the morrow's rite. The old church is a long, lofty, narrow edifice of stone, not remarkable for beauty of style or proportion; but its interior has been converted into a receptacle of banners, wreaths, creepers, exotics, velvet, gold, gobelins, embroidery, and tricolored cloth, forming an *ensemble* truly magnificent. About the centre of the building, midway between the altar and the great door, two pairs of thrones, covered with cloth of gold, had been placed; the one facing the sanctuary to be occupied by the King and Queen before crowning, and the other under a crimson velvet baldaquin on the left of the altar, for the accommodation of the royal pair after the solemn act should be completed. Having selected a capital place from among those set apart for the members of the Lower House, I returned to the precincts of the castle in order to be present at the reception of the diplomatic corps, the members of which were invited to dine with the King. While waiting for their arrival I strolled out on the parade, where I met Baron Beust in search of a cool place. His Excellency declared himself thoroughly satisfied with the state of the popular feeling in Austria, as

represented by the Reichsrath, and seemed to be quite confident of achieving the same success in Trans-Leithan reform as had attended his unwearied endeavors to bring about a satisfactory arrangement with Hungary. Sighing at the thought of having to exchange his cool summer morning dress for gala uniform, Baron Beust entered his palace in order to make the necessary alterations in his toilet, and five minutes later the Andrassy gala-carriage dashed up to the door, and the Hungarian Minister-President, attired in a splendid but suffocating costume of velvet, silk, and furs, sprang lightly out, disappeared for a few seconds in the wide gate-way, and then returned arm-in-arm with his renowned colleague, the Minister-President of Austria, who wore, among other decorations, the plaque in brilliants of Grand Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, sent to him some months previously by the Emperor Napoleon. A greater contrast cannot be imagined than that presented by the two great statesmen to whom the affairs of this dual empire were confided. Baron Beust's finely cut and delicate features bore a *cachet* of spiritual refinement. Count Andrassy's romantic physiognomy beamed with energy and resolution. The one was fair, closely shaven, save a narrow fringe of silvery whisker, blue-eyed, and smiling; the other dark as an Arab, with luxurious brown whiskers, hair, and beard, and flashing black eyes. The German faultlessly attired in the embroidered uniform of a modern diplomatist, the Magyar splendidly arrayed in a costume semi barbaric, wholly mediæval, in which the art of combining colors and setting off one description of fabric against another was successfully applied to producing a type of careless magnificence. It would have been difficult to find two handsomer men than Count Andrassy and Baron Beust, but still more difficult to conceive anything more dissimilar than their respective classes of manly comeliness. As they drove off they were loudly cheered by the crowd gathered round the canary-colored giants who had been awaiting their master's orders by the carriage door. Meanwhile the state coaches of the several ambassadors had already entered the palace court and discharged their diplomatic contents. The Duke de Gramont was the first to arrive, in an orange-colored equipage, which considerably astonished the natives; close upon his track came Lord Bloomfield, Count Stackelberg, Haydar Effendi, etc., and a mighty ruck of secretaries, attachés, and small envoys. The dinner was a splendid one, and the King particularly attentive to his guests, although compelled to fast. It is difficult to be hungry and polite at one and the same time, but his Majesty was both.

On the 8th of June, 1867—date ever memorable in Magyar annals—the actual coronation ceremony was performed without a hitch, without an accident. As a pageant it was splendid—far beyond my powers of description; as a political achievement it must be regarded as a triumph of right against might. Wearing the crown and mantle of St. Stephen, having complied with every traditional formality exacted from the sovereigns of Hungary upon the occasion of their recognition as such by the nation, Ferencz Joszef I., King of the Magyars, rode that morning through the streets of the royal sister-cities, accompanied by a train of nobles selected from the greatest families of the country, and took a solemn oath before "God Almighty, the blessed Virgin, and all the saints of heaven," to maintain the privileges and boundaries of the ancient Hungarian kingdom, and to extend the latter, if possible, to their former limits.

Early in the morning the few people in Pesth and Ofen who had not been up all night were aroused from their slumbers at the early hour of four o'clock by the discharge of twenty-one guns from the Blocksberg, announcing Coronation day. At half past five I drove over to the Pfarrkirche in Ofen, with the view of securing the place I had selected the previous day. Although nothing was to be done until seven o'clock, the streets were thronged to suffocation, and many of the seats in the tribunes were already occupied. The decorations lavished on the suspension bridge were marvellously rich and tasteful; so were those bestowed upon the Franz Deák tribune, half way up Buda mountain. Arrived at the church, and safely established in my place, I had an hour and a half of leisure to inspect the invited guests and the arrangements for the King and Queen's reception. First and foremost for splendor of attire were the archbishops, bishops, and patriarchs, of which latter two were present—he of Servia, Maschirievich, and his venerable colleague of Roumania. Purple, white, crimson, and cloth of gold, mitres, huge square crowns, crosiers, massive golden crucifixes and jewelled staves, were among the elements of gorgeousness, causing this venerable company to glitter like beetles in the sunshine. Next came the bearers of the ten banners, typical of the ten provinces into which this ancient kingdom was formerly divided—Hungary, Croatia, Dalmatia, Sclavonia, Servia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Galicia, Rama, and Lodomiria. These were all eminent noblemen; among them Count Emanuel Andrassy, the brother of the

Minister-President. The banners were stationed near the church door, in order that the King and Queen might pass under them on their way to the centre throne. Presently notabilities of both sexes began to fill the space allotted for spectators, all the ambassadors and their suites — Count Mensdorff Pouilly, F.M.L., Baron Gablenz, the lovely Countess Geza Szapáry, Henry Duke of Bordeaux, Princes Alexander of Hesse, Lippe Schaumburg, Bückeburg, and Fürstenberg, Dr. Giskra (President of the Reichsrath Lower House), Dr. Zelinka (Mayor of Vienna), Abbé Liszt, Captain Duberly (Grenadier Guards), Hon. Captain Stewart, in full Highland costume, two other English officers—one of Horse Artillery, the other of Dragoons—Countesses Majlath, Cziraky, Karolyi, etc., the two houses, a deputation from the Austrian Reichsrath, the Mayors of Pesth and Ofen, and other celebrities too numerous to name. At twenty minutes past seven exactly the King alighted at the door of the church amid shouts of "Eljen!" and waited there a few seconds for the Empress, who drove up in a carriage apparently made of gold, glass, and heraldry, so far as I could see; then the Primate Simor offered both royal personages holy-water and the crucifix, after which, preceded by the Archer Lifeguard, pages of honor, ladies-in-waiting, and ten archdukes, the King and Queen advanced up the central aisle until they reached the first-mentioned thrones, upon which they at once took their seats. The Queen looked inexpressibly lovely, although very pale. She was robed in white satin, embroidered with gold; the body of her dress was entirely covered with brilliants, a triple diamond necklace adorned her throat, and two enormous brilliants hung from her ears. On her head she had a crown of black velvet and diamonds. The King, who wore the uniform of a Hungarian general, walked bareheaded between the Primate and Archbishop Haynald of Kalocsa. The royal pair were also preceded by the ten banner-bearers, the royal chamberlains, the Knights of the Golden Fleece, St. Stephen and Maria Theresa Orders, the heralds, keepers of the crown, and the magnates bearing the insignia of royalty — Count Andrassy with the crown, Count Majlath with the sceptre, and the Ban of Croatia with the orb, or "apple." As their Majesties crossed the threshold of the church they were greeted by a flourish of trumpets and trombones, a peal of bells, and a series of crashing harmonies from the organ. As soon as this musical clamor was hushed the orchestra and court-singers commenced the Kyrie Eleison of Liszt's Mass, a movement in two-quarter time, evincing neither power nor originality. When the Kyrie had been brought happily to a close a great stillness came over the assemblage, and the clear voice of Archbishop Haynald was heard addressing the Primate in the following words: "Postulat Sancta Mater Ecclesia Catholica ut præsentem Serenissimum Franciscum Josephum ad dignitatem Hungariæ Regis sublevetis!" To which the venerable Simor replied: "Scitis illum dignum et utilem esse ad hanc dignitatem?" and received the reply, "Et novimus et credimus!" whereupon the Primate advanced to the King, and addressed to him a long exhortation in Latin, very little of which I could hear, owing to the restlessness of my neighbors. Then the King advanced to the altar, knelt down, and after kissing the crucifix pronounced an oath binding him to support the Church and the people; several bishops read bits of Latin prayers, two more movements of Liszt's Mass were executed by the orchestra and choir, and a long interval of nasal devotion resulted in ill-restrained fidgetiness on the part of the audience. Presently, however, the King retired for a minute or two into a side-room, and returned with his throat and right shoulder bared; whereupon the Primate oiled him between the shoulder-blades and upon the right arm, after which he again retired, and on returning to the altar was invested with the royal mantle, etc., and ascended the throne. Another interval of intoned service supervened, and then his Majesty walked to the altar, knelt down—this time a step higher than before — and received the naked sword of St. Stephen from the Primate, who accompanied the gift with a few appropriate remarks. After the conclusion of the Primate's speech the King faced the assembly, delivered three double cuts with the sword, returned it to its scabbard, and gave it to the Primate, who fastened it round the King's body, saying, "Gird this sword upon thy thigh, most potent monarch, and reflect that the saints did not conquer by the sword, but by faith!" Then Count Andrassy and the Primate took up the crown from the cushion on which it was lying, and placed it on the King's head, put the sceptre in his right and the orb in his left hand, and conducted him to his throne (the one looking sidewise), which he ascended, the Primate saying in a loud voice, "Occupy and maintain the place now occupied by thee as successor to thy forefathers according to the law of heirdom, a place which is delegated to thee by the authority of God the Omnipotent!" As soon as these solemn words had been pronounced, Andrassy stepped a pace forward, and raising his plumed coronet, shouted, "Eljen a Királyi!" three times, his voice, after the

first syllables, being, however, completely drowned by the formidable cry that burst from the whole assemblage present, renewed again and again, and accompanied by salvoes of artillery, flourishes of trumpets, peals of bells, waving of banners, feathered bonnets, handkerchiefs, swords, and partisans. The King bit his lip and raised his handkerchief to his eyes, while the Empress, sitting alone in the middle of the church, gave way altogether and wept abundantly. More incoherent music followed this explosion of enthusiasm, and after silence had been restored the Bishop of Vessprim proceeded to the coronation of her Majesty the Queen, which was effected by anointing her under the right arm and between the shoulders, and placing the holy crown for a few seconds on her right shoulder, whence it was removed by the Primate and given to Count Andrassy, who replaced it on the head of the King, the Queen's chamberlain meanwhile recrowning her Majesty with the diamond crown which she had taken off during the foregoing ceremony. The Queen was then conducted to the vacant throne beside her husband, and high mass was said by the Primate, lasting a great deal longer than anybody present desired, including the venerable prelate and his no less venerable coadjutors, all of whom looked utterly done up with the heat, excitement, incense, and bad music.

At about nine the category of prayers, responses, and orchestral *intermezzi* was fortunately exhausted, the procession reformed, and slowly quitted the church. The King now wore the crown and mantle of St. Stephen, and carried in his hand the sceptre and globe, while Count Edmund Zichy bore St. Stephen's sword before him. As the Empress passed me I was more than ever struck with her surpassing loveliness. Francis Joseph looked every inch a king, but Elizabeth made one think of angels. With what a grace she walked, or rather glided, down the aisle! How her proud and yet gentle beauty drove from one's mind all thoughts of the splendid scene, the rich dresses, the rivers of diamonds flooding her head and breast, the noise of the cannon and trumpets! She looked round her once during a short pause in the progress of the cortége just opposite my stall, and if she could read hearts in faces, as they say all kings and queens can by intuition, Divine right, or some gift equally inexplicable, she must have seen that every Hungarian present worshipped, adored, was ready to die a thousand deaths for her.

The passage of the King from the Pfarrkirche to the garrison church, where the next part of the coronation ceremony was to take place, was marked by a variety of incident more or less comic. In the first place, the interval of roadway between the two churches was covered by tricolored cloth, which according to ancient usage became the property of the people as soon as the hoofs of the King's horse had passed over it; so the assembled crowd fell upon it like wild beasts, cutting and tearing it to shreds with much struggling and confusion until the last thread had disappeared. Fortunately no serious accident happened beyond a few deep scratches, cuts, and hearty cuffs. Far more ludicrous was the effect produced by the distribution of money, effected by Melchior Lonyay, the Minister of Finance, aided by four stalwart gentlemen, each bearing a ponderous sack of coins, which were one by one handed by them to his Excellency, who, mounted on a splendid charger, cast the gold and silver in handfuls right and left among the people. One of the four gentlemen in question enjoyed the renown of being the strongest man in Hungary, and his reputation was based upon excellent grounds, as the following true story will testify. In 1849 he was set upon by a crowd of Wallach peasants — he was member for a Rouman burgh in Transylvania—who had resolved to murder him on account of his Magyar sympathies. M. Tulbas, finding himself hard pressed and surrounded on all sides, seized one of his assailants by the shoulders, and used him as a weapon with such fearful strength and energy that at the first blow he struck he laid two men dead on the ground—the peasant-weapon himself and the man felled by him—upon beholding which feat "the rest they ran away." There were one hundred coronation ducats and three thousand silver coins in the five bags emptied by Melchior Lonyay, and a fine scramble ensued upon the distribution, the funniest feature of which was that the soldiers on duty to keep the ground broke their ranks, dropped their rifles, and played at the great game of grab with as much and more *élan* than the people for whom the money was intended. Everything must have an end, however; and fortunately the distance is not great between the two churches, so that the whole rough-and-tumble did not last more than twenty minutes. The King dismounted at the door of the garrison church, his stirrup being held by Count Cziraky, and traversing the central aisle, mounted a throne in front of the altar. After a short—very short Laudetur Deus—religious ceremony, the gentlemen nominated to receive the honor of knighthood at the King's hands were called forward one after the other by Counts Andrassy and Festetics alternately, and kneeling down at the foot of the throne, each

candidate for the Golden Spur exclaimed, "Emeritus sum!" upon which the King struck him on the shoulder with the Holy Sword of St. Stephen, and he rose a knight of the most exclusive and inconvenient order in Europe. When King Ferdinand, good man, was crowned at Pressburg, on the 30th of September, 1830, it happened that one of the gentlemen recommended for knighthood was a person whom the Emperor exceedingly disliked, and of whom he entertained a decidedly bad opinion. When it came to this gentleman's turn to kneel down at the King's feet, he uttered the customary formula, "Emeritus sum," whereupon Ferdinand, who strongly resembled a late member of the English royal family in the vehemence of his "asides," exclaimed aloud, "I know that very well — very well, indeed — and I only knight you for the sake of your family, not because I think you worthy of it," hitting him at the same time a tremendous slap on the shoulder with the sacred glaive, and smiling the stereotyped smile of a sovereign acting a part. The following peers and nobles were knighted on Coronation-day, 1867, by the King's hand, being nearly twice the usual number: Counts Bánffy, Esterházy, Lazansky, Nakö, Pejacsevich, Szapáry, and Teleky; Barons Apor, Mednyánszky v. Megyes, Nyary v. Nyáreghyáza; Messrs. Almásy v. Zsadnáy, v. Frideczky, v. Huszár, v. Kaãdos, v. Latinovics, Melczer, Németh v. Dömötör, Reviczky v. Revisnye, v. Semsey, Szitanyi v. Torkos, Vietoris v. Vaska, and v. Vojnics.

This batch of knights having received the royal accolade, the King left the church, and mounting his horse—a splendid gray, trained by one of the Counts Batthyany for this special occasion—rode down to the suspension-bridge, where he was joined by the Banderia and mounted magnates, who accompanied him on horseback throughout the rest of the open-air ceremonies taking place in Pesth. I was fortunate enough, through the great kindness of Counts Andrassy and Szechényi, to be invited to the splendid steamer stationed at the Bomben Platz, for the purpose of conveying the diplomatic corps, court ladies, and high officials from Ofen to Pesth, in time to witness the remaining two acts of the grand spectacle; and I enjoyed the privilege of witnessing what took place from galleries set apart for the ambassadors, etc., so that nothing, I believe, escaped me.

Let me here interpolate a curious anecdote, related to me at the time by one of the imperial chamberlains, and pointedly illustrative of the vigorous directness with which Francis Joseph, having resolved to grant the fulfilment of Hungary's wishes, put down all factious opposition raised by her many enemies. That the royal mind was made up was plainly manifested by the dissolution of the Agram Diet and the dismissal of the obnoxious Smaich from his functions in Fiume. The Croats, however, it appears, would not take the strong hint given them, and although their Ban, Soksevich, obeyed the summons sent him to attend the coronation, he did so with the intention of not taking any prominent part in that ceremony. Now, the traditions of ever so many hundred years render it obligatory upon the Ban of Croatia to carry during the royal procession the golden apple, or orb, upon a crimson velvet cushion. The Emperor was duly made acquainted with Ban Soksevich's state of mind, and wrote him an autograph letter, which was delivered to him in Agram on the 5th of June. Its contents were as follows: "Ofen, etc.—You are to be on Thursday in Pesth. —Francis Joseph." Accordingly, the Ban arrived on Thursday morning, and in the course of the day paid his respects to the Emperor, who bowed, but did not speak a word to him. When he returned to his lodging, after this somewhat discouraging audience, he found a second autograph letter awaiting him there, containing these words: "Ofen, 6th June.—You are to carry the apple.—Francis Joseph." And carry the apple he did, as I can testify, though he must have done so with feelings of no small displeasure and anxiety as to what his troublesome Triunes would say to him on his return to his seat of government. Against the absolute will of the Emperor-King, however, thus peremptorily expressed, of course he could do nothing, but was compelled to obey without a murmur; and so the Triune kingdom, after all, confirmed through its representative the ritual sanctification of Hungary's rights and privileges.

The scene on board the *Conte Szechenyi*, in which luxuriously appointed express-boat the diplomatic corps, Austrian Reichsrath, and a few favored *invités* crossed from Buda to Pesth, was both picturesque and amusing. In the first place, everybody, save, I think, seven gentlemen, among whom I noticed the Mayor of Vienna and the President of the Austrian Lower House, was in full uniform, and, with a few exceptions, covered with stars, crosses, and broad ribbons of varied hues. General Gablenz wore twenty-six decorations —he had received over thirty, but could not get the rest in anywhere, *faute d'espace*; the Duke de Gramont, the Netherland minister, and Haydar Effendi were positively faced with *crachats*, and even my gigantic compatriot, whose kilt and feathered bonnet attracted universal attention, wore several military

medals. In the next place, everybody was starving and athirst, more than half our number not having had time to snatch a mouthful of breakfast, owing to the cruel earliness of the hour appointed for rendezvous in the coronation church. I suppose the committee of magnates which provided the steamer for the occasion must have been impressed with the belief that diplomatists and Austrian Lords and Commons were ethereal beings, gifted with superhuman capabilities of abstinence, or untroubled by the grosser attributes of humanity, for no orders had been given to the officers to prepare refreshments. When this was discovered an *émeute* broke out, which was only calmed by the announcement that the Department of the Interior would strain every nerve to afford us the means of allaying our hunger and quenching our thirst. In a few minutes all the ship's provisions were produced, consisting of sardines, cold ham, tongue, and sausage, brown bread, and cheese—not so bad, after all. Of wine, beer, and seltzer there was plenty, but unhappily it was all lukewarm, not a kreuzer's worth of ice having been laid in. One of the grandest, most instructive sights I have ever seen was presented in the after-cabin of the *Szechenyi;* for the whole company, perhaps as select a one as could have been brought together in any European kingdom—princes and dukes being a mere drug, and diplomatists only to be reckoned by the dozen — fell to, strictly speaking, tooth and nail, and executed feats of devouring and absorption worthy of the good old times when heroes swung bulls round by the tails, *jusqu'à extinction de chaleur naturelle*, then roasted, and finally ate them up, horns and all. To get a plate was to be the chosen of fortune, and more envied than the possessor of a Grand Cross. Serenities, excellencies, and transparencies drank warm beer and tepid claret out of the same glass, and liked it too. I watched a statesman of European renown as he ate cold tongue dipped in sardine-oil, brown loaf, and horseradish, washing this appalling meal down with "half-and-half," composed of Schellenhofer and Somlauer! In ten minutes all was over, and the ship's larder eaten up to the last cheese rind; a cloud of perfumed smoke arose from the poop deck, and we began to steam slowly across the river. Alas, that I have not the Ruskinian power to describe the wonders of the double view seen from our station on board the *Szechenyi!* The two tricolored towns, the tricolored suspension-bridge, the fleet of gayly dressed out steamers and barges, the grand, broad, swollen Danube glittering in a flood of sunshine, and the expectant multitudes crowding the tribunes along the river quays—all these, and many other picturesque features of the astonishing spectacle offered by the sister cities, made up a bewildering but entrancing panorama long to be remembered by those lucky enough to gaze upon it from the breast of the river.

The King rode over the chain-bridge to the Pfarrkirche of Pesth, attended by a brilliant cortége nearly a mile in length. First came a division of Hungarian Hussars, then two large bodies of free horsemen—Kúns and Jaszes, stalwart fellows, darker than mulattoes, commanded by Count Radáy, who wore round his body the celebrated horn of Lehel, with which a son of Arpad, in the ninth century, slew the enemy from whom he had received his death-wound. Next followed the Banderia of Pesth and Ofen, arrayed in blue and white, the colors of the Empress, and splendidly mounted. After these came the Banderia of about fifty counties, each group clad in brilliant national costume, and no two alike; the most remarkable dress being that of the Somogy Banderium—brown velvet, black kucsmas, and bear-skin mantles spread out to their horses' tails. Another group was attired in scarlet velvet tunics, grass-green moiré breeches, gold-topped boots, and white fur cloaks and shakoes. A finer display of horseflesh could not have been made, I am sure, in any country in the world. After the last free horseman had passed, the flower of the Hungarian nobility, about sixty influential magnates, rode by, each cavalier attended by two squires on foot in the colors of his house. Every magnate's mantle was clasped with a gold and jewelled chain; many of the horses' trappings were incrusted with precious stones. Not a few of their riders were clad from head to foot in cloth of gold; and Count Gustave Batthyany made a great sensation, being arrayed in silver chain-armor, solid silver gorget, gauntlets, and leg-pieces, and attended by two tall retainers in polished plate-armor, with huge vizored helmets crowned with nodding white plumes. After these gorgeous patricians came the ministers and magnates, bearing the coronation insignia, some by hereditary or official right, others, as Counts Andrassy and Karolyi and Baron Vaij, by national nomination. Baron Beust followed alone, mounted on a magnificent gray charger, which he bestrode with equal grace and ease. At the sight of the "wonderful German," as the people call him, popular enthusiasm could no longer be restrained, and a stentorian shout of "Elgen a Beust!" ran along the double line of spectators, caught from tribune to tribune, and was echoed from windows and balconies. Next came a handful of archdukes in the uniform of Austrian generals, and lastly the King, on a thorough-

bred gray stallion, the holy crown on his head, the embroidered mantle of St. Stephen flowing from his shoulders, and his feet encased in the coronation sandals. His Majesty drew rein at the foot of the steps leading up to the rich dais erected in front of the Pfarrkirche, dismounted, and ascended to the throne, upon which he seated himself, the Primate Simor and Archbishop Haynald, of Kalocsa, standing on each side of him. The lower steps of the throne were occupied by the eight ministers, the Ban of Croatia, Counts Majlath, Karolyi, Zichy, Szechenyi, and Cziraky, and the hereditary banner-bearers, or "gazlos urok," about twenty in number. After a minute or two of rest, amid loud acclamations the King rose, and raising his right hand aloft, repeated after the Primate the oath. When he came to the passage, "I swear to maintain inviolable the rights, the constitution, the legal independence, and the territorial integrity of Hungary and its appended countries," his voice was drowned in a storm of eljens; and at the end of the oath the cannon thundered from the Blocksberg, trumpets sounded, and the cheering was clamorous and protracted. I had been all day anticipating that some of the bishops would come to grief, though they had managed to secure pretty steady mounts, and had a couple of men apiece to hold their reins, and my expectations were realized in front of the Pfarrkirche, where Papp Szilagyi, Greek bishop of Grosswardein, went a cropper, and was luckily snapped up by his ecclesiastical varlets ere he had time to hurt himself. The good bishop, however, declined any further exhibition of his horsemanship.

Talking of bishops, I must not forget to mention that as the cortége passed the Greek church on the Danube quay the whole priestly staff turned out in gala uniform, their flowing beards looking very patriarchal, and stretching out their hands armed with crucifixes, blessed the whole company as it rode by. Besides Papp Szilagyi, two other cavaliers were thrown during the procession—one of the numerous Counts Zichy, of whom there are forty-nine, and an Austrian general officer.

As soon as he had taken the oath, the Emperor-King remounted his gallant gray, and preceded always by the entire cortége above described, rode along the Waizner and Dorotheen streets to the Franz Josef's Quay, where the most curious ceremony of the whole day was to be performed on the coronation hill. Mounted on a chair in the right gallery of the Lloyd, next to the Empress's gallery, in the front of which her Majesty was seated with the imperial children, I saw this, the fourth act of the coronation, to the greatest possible advantage. The Banders and magnates formed two sides of a square in front of the hill, and his Majesty rode out into the middle of the Grande Place, attended only by his ministers and coronation officials. When he was within fifty yards of the hill, he took from Count Edmond Zichy's hands the sword of St. Stephen, and putting spurs to his horse, galloped up to the top of the Krönungshügel, where he pulled up his fretful and impatient steed, and facing the Academy, delivered cuts Nos. 1 and 2 in the direction of that edifice. "Eljen!" from fifty thousand throats. Wheeling round, he aimed two similar cuts at us of the Lloyd. "Eljen!" At this moment the King broke a rein; he managed, however, to pull his horse round, so as to face the new cathedral again, at which he directed a couple more swift slashes, and finally, wheeling round once more, he flashed his sword twice through the air, aiming these last figurative blows at his own royal residence. Then turning half round to the left, he galloped down the hill, was immediately joined by the magnates, etc., and cantered off to Ofen over the suspension-bridge, this time alone, at the head of the whole procession. No sooner had he quitted the hill than the people, excited beyond all control, burst through the line of soldiers keeping the ground and stormed the Krönungshügel, from which in a minute every morsel of velvet, silk, and cloth was rent and pocketed as a precious souvenir.

The coronation banquet at the Burg went off very well. The King and Queen entered the banqueting-hall together, and took their places at the small table set out for them, upon which water in a golden ewer was brought by two pages of honor, and poured into the basin by Count Andrassy. Their Majesties dipped their fingers into the scented liquid, and received each a napkin from the hands of the Prince Primate, who then pronounced a blessing, and the meal was commenced. Neither the King nor Queen ate anything. The crown was taken off the King's head by the chamberlain, and placed on a cloth-of-gold cushion before the first course was served; but Francis Joseph, raising high a cup filled with red Hungarian wine, stood up, and after exclaiming, "Eljen a haza!" (long live the country) emptied the goblet and set it down. Three courses in all were served—two by a deputation from both houses of the Parliament, and the third by the Truchsess. Their Majesties then withdrew, and another deputation from the Diet received the coronation insignia, which they at once transported to St. Matthew's Church, where they will be shown to the public during several days.

e veneration entertained by the Hunga- people for these ancient relics, especial- r the crown of St. Stephen, is some- marvellous. Here is a quaint little *apropos* of the latter: About six hun- years ago a very young king—one of lelas, I think—was crowned with the formalities, but he turned out to be we in our more emphatic than refined rn English familiarly call "a duffer." faithful magnates took a long time to this out, but when they did it struck that they might as well get rid of incompetent monarch, and substitute a er sovereign in his stead. A chosen ıpplied to Count Erdoedy, the richest nost powerful magnate of his day, and . him to lend them a hand in upsetting ›yal coach, observing that the King was *too* stupid to reign over so intelligent ntry. But the count flatly refused his ıdding, "And if it were an *ox* upon e head the crown of the holy Stephen ıet, I would kneel before him, pay him ge, and die for him, my king." The ıiracy came to nothing, but the King quently heard what his loyal peer had ›n the occasion in question, and instead ing grateful for his fidelity, was furious e meaning implied in his words, and d Count Erdoedy to be murdered short- terwards. The fact is, however, that Iagyars, always a suspicious race, have at deal more reverence for the crown for him who wears it. With them it ; merely a symbol of royalty, the value ıich is enhanced by the virtues of the idual monarch upon whose head it is ith so much pomp and ceremony, but ›her believed to carry within it the es- of government, and to invest its wear- th all the cardinal virtues, and a few besides.

the morning after Coronation-day the received deputations from Moldavia, achia, Servia, and others of the nomi- *artes adnexæ*, conveying congratulations e event of his coronation. His majesty n excellent spirits, and returned cordial ıs to each deputation in succession. At o'clock in the afternoon the great pub- ›ronation banquet took place in the Re- ›n Saal. I was present at this huge which was in many respects a mag- ›nt entertainment. Nearly a thousand ›men and gentlemen sat down to din- Wine at the rate of four bottles per was provided for them. The food was dant and pretty good, the Zigeuner mu- nimitable, and the costumes *de toute é;* but the whole spectacle was spoiled ıe by the disagreeable impression I re- ceived from observing the treatment accord- ed to hundreds of lovely and titled ladies to whom tickets had been given for the gal- leries and boxes overlooking the great ban- queting-hall. It was a very hot day, all the windows were of course shut, and three times as many tickets had been issued as there were places. The doors of the stair- case leading to the galleries, etc., were fool- ishly kept closed until a large crowd had as- sembled round them, so that when they were opened a furious crush ensued; dresses were torn, old ladies squashed and young ones ex- tricated by force—only, however, when they happened to be remarkably pretty. In five minutes all the galleries and boxes were fill- ed to overflowing; ladies stood on bad emi- nences and in impossible positions in order to secure a good view of the feast; and I cannot attempt to tell what confusion, quarrelling, and all uncharitableness reigned around. No wonder the dear souls were cross and snappish; for, incredible as it may seem, those great gormandizing Mag- yars allowed their sweethearts and wives, sisters and daughters, to suffocate for three hours in an atmosphere of soup and entrées, with the thermometer eighty-eight degrees in the shade, without sending them up so much as a tray of ices, far less a glass of sparkling—although every man that is a man knows how dearly ladies like a small irregu- lar refection at forbidden hours. No; the gaudy, selfish, patriot Magyar nobles dis- tended their velvet or moiré doublets with a long and succulent dinner, floated their Constitution in *crême de Bouzy*, and made refrigerators of their insides with ice pud- ding, but never a biscuit, a sorbet, a fruit, or a drop of congelated grape-juice did they spare to the thirsty, fainting ladies ranged above their heads. To watch the noble ani- mals during feeding-time was a privilege valuable enough to repay Hungary's beau- ties amply for the heat, thirst, and reeking atmosphere they had to endure. Why did they come? it may be asked. Why, indeed? But there was no excuse for manifesting such an utter want of gallantry—nay, of common manly consideration for women—as those begilded and bevelveted magnates showed towards Magyar ladies at the coronation banquet.

At about four o'clock the King and Queen entered the banqueting-hall arm-in-arm, and walked up the room to a divan which had been prepared for them, and upon which they seated themselves. The Queen looked lovely. She was dressed in white silk, silver em- broidery and diamonds, and wore a light diamond crown. The King was in uniform —that of a Hungarian general. Both were

very well received, and appeared to be in excellent spirits. The Queen chatted gayly with the venerable Prince Primate, while Franz Josef talked to everybody in his immediate vicinity. After about half an hour's stay they rose to depart; but before leaving the room passed up and down between every two rows of tables, thus contriving to exchange salutations with every gentleman present. Loud, long, and hearty were the cheers which greeted them; deep the draught in which their healths were drunk as they drove away. The rest of the banquet was uninteresting enough, save for an excellent speech of Baron Beust. Every Hungarian likes to hear his own voice in preference to that of the greatest orator, statesman, or poet; so in about half an hour one gentleman out of every three was delivering his soul of superabundant patriotism, mostly in the Magyar tongue. The galleries emptied fast, so did the champagne-bottles; and as vinous excitement, although asserted to be an incentive to truthfulness, is not an edifying condition to contemplate in broad daylight, I slipped quietly out and went home.

In the evening the sister cities were brilliantly illuminated, and the most magnificent display of fireworks I ever witnessed was made from the centre tower of the suspension-bridge and the tunnel at Buda. Pyrotechnics defy description, but one item of those marvellous contrivances I must mention. The stone balustrade of the bridge had been lined with fireworks, which when ignited poured forth a golden rain upon the river. The effect produced was that of a burning Niagara. From time to time small globes of red, green, opal, and amethyst light rose from the fiery cataract and dropped gracefully into the cold, black stream. At ten o'clock the King drove over from Ofen to inspect the illuminations, and might, I verily believe, have passed—horses, carriage, and all—over the heads of the people, so dense was the crowd on the Franz Josef's Quay. The number of persons actually in Pesth streets was estimated at about four hundred thousand, and yet nobody was killed, wounded, or missing.

On the morning of the 10th the one hundred thousand ducats were presented to their Majesties by a deputation from both Houses, and were graciously accepted. The King and Queen devoted this sum to a fund for the benefit of the widows and children of the 1848 Honveds. The general amnesty, published on the same day, was framed in such terms as to include everybody compromised in the civil war and its consequences.

Later on, the presents offered by the town guilds, etc., to the King and Queen were carried in procession to Ofen. Pyramids of bread, piles of cake, snow-white calves and sheep, sacks of flour, cart-horses, a splendid ox decked in tricolor ribbon, two enormous live fish borne aloft in metal rings on the top of poles, baskets of fruit carried by pretty peasant-girls, wagon-loads of vegetables, choice wines in huge polished casks with silver hoops, implements of husbandry, cages of white doves, and a host of other gifts, were deposited in the castle yard by picturesque lads and lasses dressed in every variety of national costume. The imperial children, who viewed this part of the coronation programme from a window overlooking the great court of the palace, were immensely excited and delighted. When the fish were gravely brought forward, executing wild and fruitless gambades, the Crown Prince fairly jumped for joy.

My attention was called during the coronation feast to a curious circumstance, through which a link may be said to have been forged, directly connecting the two momentous epochs of 1848 and 1867. When the martyred Batthyany, after vainly endeavoring to anticipate his executioners, was led out to be shot by a party of Austrian soldiers, the last words he spoke before the word was given to fire upon him were "Eljen a haza!" (*Vive la patrie!*) The first words spoken by Francis Joseph after the completion of the coronation ceremony on the evening of the 8th were "Eljen a haza!" to which patriotic wish he drank as deeply of the good red wine of Hungary as the soil of the fatherland had drunk eighteen years ago of Batthyany's heart's blood. Between these two ejaculations intervened a generation of misunderstanding, obstinacy, tyranny, and misery; but prince and people at length fraternized, and it would be difficult to say which was the more enthusiastic for the reconciliation. Batthyany's dying breath spoke from Francis Joseph's mouth, and eighteen years of suffering were blotted out from a page of Hungary's history, written in the blood of her bravest and best.

On Coronation-day Deák gave another proof of his romantic disinterestedness. Shortly after the conclusion of the Ausgleich, or convention recording the Hungarians' reconciliation with their king, the latter had offered a countship to Francis Deák, and the Grand Cross of St. Stephen, as well as an estate chosen from among the Crown lands, and a handsome donation in money, besides expressing the wish that the great Magyar patriot should perform at the coronation ceremony the important functions afterwards actually fulfilled by Gyula Andrassy. Deák refused hereditary rank, dec-

on, lands, and gold alike, declaring him-
sufficiently rewarded for his services to
ountry by their happy result. Then the
' and Queen took steps to demonstrate
gratitude and regard to him in a man-
which, as they believed, would leave him
lternative but to accept the proffered
s of their favor. His Majesty got him-
ainted life-size by a famous native artist,
he portrait splendidly framed, and caused
rame to be enriched by the inscription,
ancis Joseph to Francis Deák"—a dedi-
n conceived in perfect taste; while the
y Empress, with her own delicate fin-
had worked a pair of slippers for the
old Magyar. Both of these charming
nts, as rich in good feeling as they were
in intrinsic value, it was the desire of
Majesties to give personally to Deák,
Coronation-day was selected for that pur-

Deák, however, heard of the royal plan,
ieve, from Count Andrassy, and begged
Minister-President to intercede on his
lf with their Majesties that they might
ask him to accept *anything whatever*,
should feel himself compelled to de-
whatever they might offer. According-
ie Emperor very unwillingly consented
spect his sensitive horror of anything
reward for the invaluable service he has
ered his country; and the Empress ought
ve been very angry with the immaculate
atriot, but was far too good and amiable
displeased with anybody who did even
agreeable thing from a sense of duty.

ie of the quaintest incidents of Corona-
day was an exploit performed by the
of the Extreme Left, which, under the
rship of their chief orators, Messrs. Mad-
and Boszormenyi, went out for a trip
ew Pesth, in order not to be anywhere
in reach or hearing of the coronation,
ield a mourning feast, consisting of black
, black sausage, black bread, and black
e. Everybody present was dressed in
black, and the merriment was of a fu-
al and ghastly character.

ie effect produced by the amnesty, and
enunificent gift of fifty thousand pounds
ie widows and orphans of those gallant
redoubtable Honveds who inflicted so
y defeats upon the armies of his Imperial
sty the Emperor of Austria, was scarcely
than magical. The latter act especially
a triumphant evidence of the genuine,
felt desire entertained by Francis Jo-
to make ample amends to his Hungarian
ects for the sufferings inflicted upon them
time when he was unfortunately under
influence of those who thought the ex-
ion of Magyar nationality the essential
lition for the consolidation of the Aus-
trian Empire, and accordingly the heart of the nation throbbed with a great and overwhelming joy. Not only the nationality itself, but virtually the inherent justice of the cause on behalf of which they rose in arms against their once hated, now adored, monarch was fully recognized; the balm of a gracious charity was poured into thousands of lacerated breasts, and the heroic leaders of no less heroic legionaries were rescued from the long mortification caused by the suppression of that rank which they had won in arms for freedom and for fatherland. A cry of gratitude and devotion re-echoed throughout the country, from the Carpathians to the Adriatic; the crowned King of Hungary inaugurated his reign by a noble, generous action, and gave a substantial hostage for a just and chivalric reign. What wonder if a singularly impulsive people passionately affirmed its love for a sovereign capable of such a royal deed!

The amnesty too, without counting that part of it affecting the non-Hungarian provinces of the Emperor, was the grandest and broadest ever pronounced by a king. Not only was re-impatriation accorded to every exile and political offender, without exception or proviso, save that those who have renewed their attacks upon the Government *since* the reconciliation with Hungary were required to give their word to be faithful subjects to the crowned King and re-established constitution, but all confiscated property was restored to them and theirs. Thenceforth Hungary was attached by almost indissoluble bonds to Francis Joseph and his fortunes. Not a Magyar but would lay down his life for his chivalrous, generous, high-spirited, handsome King; and as for the lovely Queen, she was, and still is, worshipped by the sunburnt sons of Arpad. Moreover, she deserves this intense and concentrated affection lavished upon her, for her gentle voice has ever been uplifted in Hungary's cause—ay, at the time when she was quite alone in her advocacy.

Pesth was brilliantly illuminated on the evening of the 12th of June, as a parting compliment to the royal pair, who left it at 10 P.M. for Vienna. At the station about thirty of the genuine old Honveds of '48 had assembled to testify their gratitude for Monday's benefaction. I do not know who was the more affected, the Emperor and Empress, or the bronzed, weather-beaten old soldiers. Tears rolled freely down many a furrowed cheek—tears which must surely have exhaled a grateful incense to the King's heart, so few of *that* sort had theretofore been shed during his nineteen years of disastrous reign.

CHAPTER IV.

The Emperor Francis Joseph.—Visit of Abdul Aziz to Vienna.—Napoleon III. at Salzburg.—His Austrian Majesty at Berlin.—The Vienna Exhibition.

AT the commencement of the last week of July, 1867, I was in Florence, taking a brief rest from the fatigues of the Roman Tercentenary, which had all but brought my mundane career to a premature and permanent close, when I received a peremptory summons to Vienna, there to be present at the festivities organized by Kaiser Francis Joseph in honor of Sultan Abdul Aziz—then "on tour" through Europe—and to accompany the latter monarch during his return journey to Stamboul. As the episode in question will be embodied in a later chapter of this work, having for its subject the unfortunate Padishah who, not very long after I made his acquaintance, was barbarously done to death with his own mother's scissors, I will not dwell upon it in this place. After seeing the Commander of the Faithful "safe home," I betook myself from Constantinople to Belgrade, where serious difficulties were gathering round Prince Michael, and the conspiracy was being hatched which culminated in his assassination a year later. In the Servian capital I was at that time a welcome guest. The prince honored me with his friendship, and the most comfortable quarters imaginable were always at my disposal in the house of my lamented friend Mr. Longworth, then her Majesty's diplomatic agent in Servia. I had just settled down, as I fondly hoped, for a fortnight's pleasant sojourn in a cosey little pavilion attached to the British Agency, had breakfasted with his Highness, and paid a round of ceremonial visits to several old acquaintances of the Foreign Diplomatic Corps, when destiny, in the shape of a telegraph official in green and silver, ran me down at the Austrian Legation, imparting to me the vexatious tidings that I was "under orders" to start at once for Salzburg, on the extreme western frontier of the Austrian Empire, where the Emperor of the French was expected three days later on a visit to the head of the House of Habsburg. Ninety minutes after receiving my *feuille de route* I had taken leave of my kind host and hostess, turned my back on the grim old fortress-city that frowns over Danube and Save alike, and started on my long and tedious way "Westward Ho!" Even twenty years ago, thirty-six hours of hard travelling sufficed me to traverse the enormous Austrian Empire from its south-eastern to its north-western frontier; but this feat could only be accomplished twice a week, *i.e.*, when special express services were arranged to correspond with the arrival at Basiasch of those swift boats by which Oriental diplomatists, Rouman boyards, Russian nobles and grain merchants, Servian senators, Greek brokers, and cosmopolitan card-sharpers, were conveyed from the lower Danube to the terminus of the Banat railway. Leaving Belgrade on a Friday morning, I was fortunate enough, by executing a cross-cut from Pançova to Verschetz in one of the most villanous vehicles ever contrived to rack the human frame with pains and aches, to catch one of these bihebdomadal expresses, and so arrived in Vienna betimes for the afternoon Paris Schnellzug, reaching Salzburg at midnight. I found the town full to overflowing; every hostelry was crowded, and some of the more speculative landlords had taken up the spare bedrooms of private houses in different parts of the picturesque little city for the benefit of those guests who had not taken the precaution of bespeaking their accommodation a week or so beforehand. Half official Vienna was on the road during my journey from the Kaiserstadt, Baron Beust taking his chance among the rest. It would have been imprudent to ask any stranger for a light without prefacing your request by the formula, "Herr Hofrath." The journey itself was a delightful one. Nature has lavished her most lovely gifts on Upper Austria and the Salzkammergut. Round Salzburg itself, which is situate, like Florence, in a huge amphitheatre, she has piled mountain upon mountain with picturesque recklessness, and clothed them with wavy woods, broken up every here and there by a rough, hard-breasted rock, scornful of kindly vegetation, and standing out from the mountain-side like a petrified protest against the ravages of time. The town has been so often and so well described that I need say but little about it. It may, perhaps, be of some advantage to those who wander over the Continent during the long vacation that I should inform them respecting one special characteristic of Salzburg, *i.e.*, the excellence, size, and comfort of its many hotels, most of which are even luxurious in their accommodation and exceptionally moderate in their charges.

It was on the 18th of August, 1867, the

Austrian Emperor's birthday anniversary, as it chanced, that the venerable archiepiscopal capital of the Salzkammergut adorned itself profusely with black and yellow and red and white bunting, evergreen arches, and garlands of fresh flowers, to do honor to its Kaiser's guest—the "Silent Man" whose legions had wrested victory from the gallant "Kaiserlicks" at Magenta and Solferino but eight years before. During the forenoon high mass was performed in the cathedral, the ministers, court officials, and staff officers appearing in full uniform, and the court mourning being suspended for four-and-twenty hours. Of course the mass selected for performance was one composed by Mozart, and the Hofkapelle was transported from Vienna to Salzburg to play and sing the well-known score as it ought to be played and sung, somewhat to the astonishment and altogether to the delight of the Salzburgers, who were accustomed to a very indifferent execution of their own divine maestro's church music. The streets were thronged with fashionably dressed visitors and Oberoesterreich peasants in holiday costumes, the denizens of the mountains being distinguished from those of the valleys by their bare knees, an interval of cuticle about ten inches long intervening between the tie of the breeches and the top of the colored stocking. At the Bahnhof the tricolor was liberally displayed, the central portico being festooned with flags and planted with banners. A rich carpet stretched from the grand entrance through the building across the platform, and over one pair of rails to the spot at which the imperial saloon-carriage was destined to stop. In the centre of the vestibule leading from the platform to the principal flight of steps, opposite which a state coach-and-six awaited Austria's august guests, a small square hall had been converted into a gorgeous waiting-room, its walls covered with exotics from the imperial nursery at Schönbrunn, among which glowed and glittered the many escutcheons of the Habsburg family, and the monogram N. E. in letters of gold. A statue, life-size, of the Austrian Empress, enshrined in a bower of tropical plants, occupied one side of this elegant apartment, five embroidered escutcheons depending from the crimson velvet canopy which overshadowed the marble lineaments of the lovely Elizabeth. The ceiling, dome-shaped, was hidden by French and Austrian colors intertwined; between each pair of flags the initial letter of the French Emperor's name was set in blue enamel on a dead gold ground. Inside the station a guard of honor, consisting of a picked company of chasseurs, was drawn up on the left of the platform, attended by the band of its battalion; two gigantic gendarmes stood on either side of the entrance to the vestibule; beyond this, and a squadron of heavies outside the perron, there was no military display whatever. Places had been reserved on the platform for about two hundred favored spectators, most of whom were firmly established in points of vantage an hour before the time appointed for the arrival of the imperial visitors. Shortly after four o'clock the high State officials began to drop in. First came the governor of the province, Count Coronini, then the chief of the police, the secretaries of the French Embassy, generals, court equerries, the Archduke Louis Victor, Count Crenneville, Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingfürst, and the Duke de Gramont, wearing the broad ribbon and star of St. Stephen. At half-past four precisely the Emperor and Empress made their appearance to the strains of Papa Haydn. The Empress, who looked lovelier, if possible, than ever, was dressed in blue and white (Bavarian colors), and wore a plain black straw hat, with a plume of black feathers. The Emperor was in the uniform of a field-marshal, relieved by the ribbon and *crachat* of the Légion d'Honneur and the collar of the Golden Fleece. He had assumed excellent spirits for the nonce, chatted with the French ambassador and several ladies among the spectators, and manifested remarkable graciousness to all those around him, except to his brother, whom he spoke to once rather sharply for not taking off his hat at the right moment. The Empress stepped down the lane of spectators, addressing a few pleasant words to every person she recognized, distinguishing especially Count Palffy, the Princess Schwarzenberg, the Princess Lobkowitz, and the Countess Crivelli, with which last-named lady she conversed in Italian for about ten minutes. Presently the train was signalled, and at five o'clock precisely it moved slowly into the station, the guard presenting arms, and the band striking up "Partant pour la Syrie." Napoleon and Prince Metternich, both in plain morning dress, were standing side by side at the central window of the state saloon, and as his Imperial Majesty came in sight of the brilliant group formed by the Emperor and his staff, the Empress and her ladies of honor, the Archdukes and the French Embassy, he raised his hat and bowed. Franz Josef and his beautiful consort advanced to the side of the saloon, from which Napoleon and Eugénie, followed by Prince Metternich and the Princess d'Essling, promptly descended. The two Emperors shook hands cordially, while the Empresses kissed each other on

both cheeks. After this preliminary greeting, Francis Joseph presented Napoleon to the Empress Elizabeth; and the Emperor of the French, after gallantly kissing his lovely hostess's hand, introduced his brother-monarch to Eugénie. The Empresses stood for some minutes together, conversing in a very animated manner, and the contrast between them was remarkable. Elizabeth of Austria was more than a head taller than Eugénie of France; the former was as lithe and slender as a young poplar; the latter had grown stout, which made her look shorter than she really was. She was attired in a short travelling-dress of black and white, while her august sister's flowing robes trailed on the ground as she walked. A thick black veil hid the Empress Eugénie's face from view; the spirited, refined countenance of Elizabeth no envious covering concealed. Meanwhile Francis Joseph had conducted Napoleon towards the guard of honor, which underwent a short inspection; he then introduced his brother and cousins to the Emperor of the French. Prince Metternich, the Duke de Gramont, and Prince Hohenlohe joined the imperial group, and after a few minutes' earnest talk the whole party walked slowly through the station, amid hearty cries of "Vive l'Empereur," and "Hourra," the Empresses leading the way, followed by the two Emperors and the imperial suites. As Napoleon passed between the giant guardians of the vestibule he stopped for a second to inquire of the Kaiser to what branch of the service these splendid men belonged, and smiled his surprise upon being told that they were gendarmes of the palace. On issuing from the station his Imperial Majesty of France was received with loud cheers by the crowd assembled outside. He stood for a moment on the perron, and bowed repeatedly in response to the enthusiastic greetings accorded to him, then got into the state carriage, in which the imperial ladies were already seated, and with the Kaiser by his side drove off at a rapid pace to the Residenz.

Although Napoleon was apparently in good health, bronzed by the sun, stout and upright, he moved slowly and stiffly, evidently with some difficulty. He seemed to have aged considerably within the previous eighteen months, and during the whole of his first interview with the brother of Maximilian his face wore a constrained, hard-set look, as though he were fulfilling a difficult task. Indeed the hosts were altogether gayer than the guests. Except for a few brief moments between the signalling of the train and its entry into the station, Francis Joseph's well-favored features were beaming *with smiles, and the Empress* was radiant with cheerfulness. It was a strange and agitating meeting too, one would think, with Magenta, Solferino, Villafranca, and the Mexican tragedy behind it!

But very few guests were invited to the imperial dinner-table. Besides the members of the reigning family, invitations were sent to the ministers actually in Salzburg, viz., Baron Beust, Counts Taaffe, Andrassy, and Festetics; to the Archbishop d'Arrozzi; the governor of the province, Count Coronini; the deputy-governor, Ritter von Weisz; Prince Metternich, the Duke de Gramont, Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingfürst, General Fleury, and one or two persons of less importance. The dinner, which was served *à la Russe*, lasted a little over two hours, and at half-past eight the imperial party, attended by a small suite, drove from the Residenz across the Schwarzbach to Hellbrunn, and through the Kaiser Allée, a long leafy avenue skirting the foot of the mountain-range environing Salzburg. The spectacle that greeted Napoleon's eyes, although not arranged in honor of his visit, was one of the most marvellous and beautiful ever seen, even by that man of extraordinary experiences. Salzburg, the most ancient city in Austria, is buried in a circular valley, completely surrounded by hills of considerable height, one or two of them attaining the altitude of six to seven thousand feet. One rugged rock springs, as it were, out of the city's breast, and is crowned by a splendid castle; the larger mountains are situate some small distance from the town gates, and assume the form of an amphitheatre, presenting a remarkable degree or variety in shape and size—a ruined, gigantic colosseum of nature. All these were starred with beacons, one or two in something like a regular pattern, but the majority studded the scene with flame at points where slight projections, natural platforms, or other accidental vantage-ground allowed of woods being piled up in sufficient quantity to burn brightly for a few hours. One broad-backed hill looked wonderfully like the Great Bear. At the top of another (the Stauff) a mimic Orion's belt glittered. But the *chef-d'œuvre* was the patriarch of the Salzburg range, the Untersberg, upon which much labor and fuel had been expended, so that it glowed from base to brow. Deep in this monster's bowels is a gloomy cave, dark, damp, and unfurnished, save for one massive stone slab supported by a round pillar, and a gray rock fashioned into a seat, upon which, his arms stretched upon the rude table, and his head buried in his hands, sits the deathless Barbarossa, plunged in a profound slumber which must have lasted a good many centuries; for see, his stiff gray beard has grown through the thick marble

NAPOLEON III.

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and spread itself out many feet upon the moist floor of the cave. There he sits in armor ever bright, his imperial crowned helmet close by his clasped hands, his terrible two-handed sword trailing on the ground behind him; and there he will sit, it is believed, unconscious of the ages, until the time shall come when Germany shall be united under one Kaiser. Then will he wake, wrench his beard from its stony setting, strike at the walls of his lair with his dread falchion, and show his features, expanded with satisfaction and benevolence, to his beloved Fatherland —then perish, vanish, and be seen no more.

The Flensberg, at whose lofty summit anybody insane enough to climb six thousand feet in broiling weather would be rewarded for his sufferings by a panorama of lake, river, forest, hill, and vale hard to beat in Europe, and might gaze far into Alpine Bavaria, was necklaced with fire. As the cortége came within sight of this, the pet mountain of tourists, a military band, stationed by the sortie from the Kaiser Allée, through which the carriages emerged into the open valley, struck up "Partant pour la Syrie." There were the majestic guardians of the frontier, arrayed by their children in gala jewels; there was the white moon, intensely luminous, enamelling the face of her mistress the earth; here were great silent woods, casting heavy shadows on the valley—a solemn scene of enchantment; and the fanciful scene was dashed by the musical memory of Queen Hortense. So we had "P.P.L.S." filling the illuminated valley with vulgar sound; and indeed I heard little else for four-and-twenty hours after Napoleon's arrival in Salzburg.

Their French Majesties retired early, being much fatigued with their journey. The first floor of the Residenz was given up to them, the Kaiser and his lovely Empress moving up-stairs. Next morning the two sovereigns held a long conference. About twelve the Emperor commenced a series of audiences, and there appeared to be every probability, when I left the Residenz, of their lasting till dinner-time (4 P.M.), so numerous were the applicants for presentation. After dinner the august company drove to Elgen, a picturesque spot about an hour's canter from Salzburg, and at half-past eight o'clock Friedrich Halm's comedy, "Wildfeure," was performed by the court actors to the imperial quadrilateral and a very select circle of persons invited by the authorities.

The *théâtre paré* in honor of the Empress and Emperor of the French was a terrible business altogether. In the first place, it was the cause of more cringing, meanness, ill-will, jealousy, heart-burnings, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness than fifty bad comedies were worth; and in the next pla the heat was stifling. If there had been su a thing as a thermometer in the house, t mercury would have bounced out of th tube like the cork out of a bottle of soda-water. It was acute misery to the ladies— though, Heaven knows (full dress being the rule), some of them had few enough clothes on; but what was it for the unfortunate officers, of whom at least half the audience was composed, buttoned up to their ears in gala uniforms stiff with gold and weighted with decorations? After the first act the gallery audience — no twenty-kreuzer assemblage, but people of wealth and note—*entre autres* I noticed Baron N. de Rothschild, Mr. Wodehouse, and dozens of counts, barons, staff-officers, and ladies of rank among them—began to melt way in more than one sense of the word. What wonder? They were all sitting, so to speak, in the chandelier! The two Emperors arrived at half-past eight, by which time there was not room for a flea to jump in the theatre, and took their seats— Napoleon on the right hand of his host, and the astoundingly plain Archduke Ludwig Victor behind them. Francis Joseph was in uniform, with only one cross, that of the Legion; Napoleon in plain black and white, without even a ribbon at his button-hole. It was a subject of general comment that all the French officers were in mufti, while the Austrians were attired in their gayest military apparel. Baron von Beust wore the broad ribbon and diamond star of the Legion, but was not in uniform. The performance was very bad, the actors having been evidently instructed to speak their words very carefully for the benefit of Napoleon, who, however, was as familiar with the German language as with his own. At half-past nine a short interruption to the business of the stage took place in consequence of the Empresses' arrival, the whole audience rising upon their entrance. They were both dressed in white and *décolletées*—the Empress Elizabeth particularly so —wore small bunches of diamonds in their hair, black fans, and no bouquets. It would be difficult to find two more charming women in Europe. Eugénie took the place of honor, the Kaiser sitting on her right and the Kaiserin on her left, the extreme left seat being occupied by Napoleon. Not a single cheer was uttered by the audience for either Emperor or Empress. How different from the Sultan's reception in the *théâtre paré* at the Hofoper in Vienna! I must do the imperial party the justice to say that they all appeared ineffably bored by the performance, and unfeignedly glad when the approach of the love catastrophe enabled them to rise and leave the reeking, malodorous house. Madame

Metternich's diamonds were the success the evening.

The Emperor Napoleon said something rather significant at Eigen, where, by-the-way, he appeared to be suffering during the whole excursion from a confluent attack of pain and ill-humor. The Princess Schwarzenberg, having been presented *al fresco* by her imperial mistress to the Empress and Emperor, the former asked her whether she had been to Paris this year, and received a negative reply. Napoleon joined in the conversation, and said, "Mais vous viendrez cependant voir l'Exposition avant qu'elle ne soit fermée, n'est-ce pas?" The princess hesitated for a second, and answered, "Je ne le crois pas, Majesté; je crains que je ne le pourrai pas." "C'est bien dommage; parcequ'elle sera la dernière!" laying great stress upon the last words.

When the Emperor first encountered Baron von Beust at the Residenz, on arriving thither from the station, he advanced to him, seized his hand, and shook it so long and so cordially that the Arch-chancellor, although not easily taken off his guard, was somewhat confused and embarrassed for words. By-the-bye, this great statesman had a narrow escape for his life at Gastein a few days before the imperial visit. Riding along the edge of a pretty steep precipice, in the company of one or two friends—among others Prince Schwarzenberg—his horse took fright, reared, and threw him so dangerously that his legs were hanging over the brink of the perilous declivity. His excellency held on fast by the ground, never losing his presence of mind for a moment, and contrived to struggle to his feet, remounted his horse, and joined his terrified companions. "C'est bien le premier faux pas que vous avez fait dans votre carrière en Autriche, cher!" said Prince Schwarzenberg. Lucky, indeed, for Austria that a premier of intellect, iron will, untiring energy, and steadfast loyalty should have been spared to her in such troublous times.

The Napoleonic visit lasted three whole days, and bore no political fruit whatever. In this respect it proved a deep disappointment to the Emperor of the French, who came to Austria bent upon contracting an offensive and defensive alliance with his "good brother," Kaiser Franz Josef, but found Hungarian influence sufficiently strong in the latter's councils to render his anti-Prussian projects nugatory. Baron von Beust was by no means disinclined to adopt a policy which might have brought about a reversal of the verdict of Sadowa; but Count Julius Andrassy, in whom his sovereign had learned to place implicit trust, would not hear of any perilous adventures which might endanger the recently achieved arrangement with Hungary—so advantageous to the Realm of the Five Rivers—and so Napoleon's attempt to conclude a secret understanding with the Emperor-King collapsed, never thereafter to be revived.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 23d of August, 1867, an imperial train was drawn up in Salzburg station, a guard of honor was detailed in line, with band and colors, opposite the state saloon, and the closing scene of a curious historical episode was enacted. The parting was a short one between the two Emperors; but Elizabeth and Eugénie kissed each other repeatedly, and shook hands over and over again. Just before getting into the carriage, the Empress of the French turned round again, went up to the Empress Elizabeth, and without raising the veil she had just lowered over her face, kissed her once more on the left cheek. This salute was received very quietly, and not returned. Francis Joseph bent his lofty head over the pretty little hand of the French Empress, and led her to the carriage, into which she sprang with the lightness and agility of a young girl. Napoleon (who wore the ribbon of the Golden Fleece) followed her slowly, ascending the steps apparently with some difficulty, and both took up places by the door, where they remained standing and nodding to their late hosts until the train was fairly out of sight. Not a single cheer was raised either inside or outside the station. Napoleon shook hands very cordially with Baron von Beust, and Counts Andrassy and Festetics; the Emperor of Austria took a friendly farewell of General Fleury and Madame d'Essling; Eugénie shook hands with the Princess Schwarzenberg and Lichtenstein, and with the Archduke Ludwig Victor. Although Napoleon's movements were as stiff and labored as on the day of his arrival, he looked very well indeed, but I remarked that he scarcely smiled once during the whole ceremony of his departure. His grave and impenetrable countenance seemed set in a look of studied gravity, and he spoke as little as he smiled. The Empress Eugénie, on the contrary, was all graciousness; her tight-fitting, low-bodied black travelling-dress showed off the luxuriant beauties of her form to great advantage, and her tiny feet and ankles were liberally displayed as she ran up the carriage steps, the said black travelling-dress being very short, and decidedly what I believe is called *bouffée*. And so they departed, and there is an end of my Salzburg story.

Three years later, in the smoke, clamor, and carnage of Sedan, the Second Empire collapsed, and with it the prestige of France

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

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litary nation. Thenceforth, as far as ability of her alliance was concerned, me a *quantité négligeable* for Austria, patriotic and amiable monarch, dis- all the projects of vengeance upon theretofore urged upon him by his hancellor, and renouncing the idea— ss one—of attempting to re-establish ience of Austria in Southern Ger- ought for a solid guarantee of his em- rritorial integrity in a league with t northern and eastern neighbors. ly the first step towards the effectua- is salutary arrangement was a frank iation between Austria and Germany, to intimate relations and an identity pean policy between those two pow- ilitary empires. With this object, n the initiative of Kaiser Francis Jo- gotiations were set afoot at Berlin in ng of 1872. The German Emperor d an eager desire to meet his imperial half-way, and, as soon as the wishes tter had been explicitly imparted to posed that Russia should be sounded spect to her disposition to join the n question. Ever since the leadership erman States had, at the close of the Days' War in 1866, been assigned by consent to Prussia, William of Hoh- n had yearned to revive the Triple of 1814, in which he recognized the ble assurance of European tranquilli- entertained no doubt that his nephew er Nicolaievich, whose affection and for him knew no bounds, would, at itation, enter with heart and soul h an arrangement; for the Czar was ly a man of peace, anxious to amelio- physical conditions of his subjects s to develop the natural resources of realm, and, moreover, a sincere ad- German culture, intelligence, and ad- tive ability. The only obstacle to the on of Kaiser Wilhelm's aspirations n the attitude of chilly reserve stead- aintained by the Austrian Court tow- t of Berlin subsequent to the events When, however, Francis Joseph eously stretched out the hand of good- ip to his whilom conqueror, and with straightforwardness gave the latter rstand not only that by-gones should ones, if he pleased, but that a close and political alliance between the f Hohenzollern and Habsburg would d with joy by the Austro-Hungarian the venerable German Emperor ac- his unexpected proffer of amity with- nstant's hesitation, and bestirred him- *propriâ personâ* to utilize it for the ment of his favorite project—the re- suscitation of the dead and buried Triple Alliance. To this end he invited his fellow-kaisers to meet in the German capital, and there confer with him, in conjunction with their and his most trusted advisers, as to the terms of a league which should bind the three mighty empires of the central and eastern continent together by indissoluble ties, enabling them to control Europe for Europe's good—and their own. Alexander Nicolaievich and Francis Joseph accepted his invitation with *empressement*, and in the second week September, 1872, the three imperial eagles foregathered in high council on the left bank of the Spree, where Elector Joachim's huge square castle frowns at the classic Temple of the Arts facing it on the northern side of the spacious Lust-garten.

To the Court entertainments and principal festivities held in honor of their Imperial Majesties by their august host I was graciously bidden. The visit of the Austrian Emperor to the victor of Königgrätz appeared to me fraught with special interest. I trust that my readers, while glancing over the ensuing sketch of Francis Joseph's reception in Berlin, will share that impression.

His Austrian Majesty arrived at the terminus of Potsdam railway late in the afternoon —from the German point of view, early in the evening—of September 6, 1872. Nothing could by any possibility have been more flattering in itself, and grateful in its impression upon the illustrious guest, than the reception accorded to him by the people of the German capital. The whole body of the fashionable and well-to-do citizens who had remained in Berlin during the holiday season, or who had returned to its unsavory precincts for the imperial *fêtes*, appear to have turned out in order to welcome the Austrian Kaiser. It is, no doubt, possible that the mere accident of locality may have caused much of the contrast between the popular reception of the Czar Alexander and that of Francis Joseph. The difference between the situation of the Potsdamer-Bahnhof, at which the Southern emperor arrived, and that of the Ost-Bahnhof, where the Northern potentate alighted, went for something to explain the fact that the Czar was greeted by crowds of Berliners, consisting almost exclusively of the working and shopkeeping class, and with but slight admixture of the female element; while the Austrian sovereign was enthusiastically cheered by tens of thousands of ladies and gentlemen, as well as by an enormous mass of the working population, all along the route from the Potsdamer-Bahnhof, which is situated at the west end of the city, to the Schloss, which stands in the very centre of Berlin.

The route which had been chosen by the authorities was across the Potsdamer-Platz, up the Königsgrätzer-strasse—so called in commemoration of the great Prussian victory which crowned the Seven Days' War—along the eastern side of the Thier-garten, through the Brandenburg Gate, and down Unter-den-Linden to the palace. The selection of a route, part of which was titularly coupled with the memory of Sadowa, was, to say the least, scarcely in good taste, and all the more to be regretted because, if the Court officials charged with this part of the arrangements had so chosen, they might have implied a compliment to the imperial guest by taking him from the Potsdam Gate through the wide and handsome Leipziger-strasse, recalling the memory of the days when Austrian and Prussian fought so gallantly shoulder to shoulder on the mighty field that witnessed Napoleon's fatal defeat, and confirmed the freedom of Germany. Possibly, however, no such happy thought entered into the minds of the officials, who believed that they were doing the Austrian monarch the highest honor in their power by conducting him through the historic Brandenburg Gate, and down the Linden, the best thoroughfare in the chief city of Germany.

If one might judge from the expression of thorough pleasure which the countenance of the Austrian Emperor wore as he rode along by the side of his redoubtable antagonist of 1866, no disagreeable associations of the route awakened painful memories in his mind; and I subsequently received his *viva voce* assurance that he really was, as he unmistakably seemed to be, delighted with the splendor of his official reception; perchance even more with the cordiality and enthusiasm of his welcome by the people of Berlin.

The scene along the line from the Potsdam terminus to the Brandenburg Gate was most exceptional and impressive. Both sides of the way were occupied by a double line of carriages, many of which were filled by elegantly dressed ladies; and the windows of the houses, which greatly resemble those in Pall-Mall and Piccadilly, were similarly occupied by a gay and fashionable throng. Even the road-way was densely crowded with people, a large proportion of whom were obviously proclaimed by the character of their dress to belong to the better orders of the community. Through this crowd — to a large extent composed of well-attired women, and easily kept in order by a strong but chiefly ornamental force of mounted police, armed with swords and revolvers—the Emperor William, the Prince Imperial, Prince von Bismarck, Count von Moltke, and other distinguished personages made their way towards the station to receive the Austrian Emperor. Loud and lusty cheering broke from the vast expectant crowds along the way as the famous men who had accomplished the unification of Germany passed along; and it was impossible for a visitor to the German capital not to recognize that the sentiment of the people in that city towards their emperor was something little short of idolatry.

By great efforts on the part of the *employés*, who had labored day and night, the new terminus of the Potsdam railway, with all its approaches and "parts adjacent," had been got ready for the day's great event. Indeed it may be said to have been opened by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and might, if the civic official mind were not so dense as it was shown to be by the choice of the route, have been aptly christened by his name. Spick-and-span new, clean and shining from the builder's hand, the station undoubtedly presented a great contrast in its cheerfulness of aspect to the dark and ugly edifice which on the previous day had witnessed the arrival of the Czar of all the Russias. The state entrance was decorated with flowers, and made gay by a bountiful display of bunting, but the interior of the station had no further ornament than the brilliant and illustrious assemblage which waited upon its platform, and the magnificent ranks of the sons of Anak who constituted the guard of honor. Those stalwart warriors were drawn from the ranks of the Kaiser Franz Regiment, and their bayonets were supplemented by the presence of the full regimental band, with its tossing plumes of red, and its fantastic chime of tiny bells decorated with horse-tails.

On the platform there were fewer ladies than even at the occasion of the Czar's arrival. The Countess Karolyi, with her husband, the diplomatic representative of Austria at the German Court, was among the first person of special note who reached the station; and there she stood for some time by the state entrance to the platform, as if receiving the *invités* of the day. Presently arrived Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, dressed in the white uniform, with yellow facings, of his famous cuirassier regiment, the Seventh Magdeburgers, and was followed at no long interval by Prince Leopold von Hohenzollern, the indirect and nominal cause of France's disasters and Germany's unity, although his handsome countenance and figure betrayed no evidence that the mighty conflict fought on his account had caused him either suffering or sorrow. After conversing for a few minutes with the countess, Prince Leopold made way for the Prince Imperial of Germany. "Fritz," handsome, stately, and

calm as ever, even as when he crumpled up the French left at Sedan, and cut Napoleon III. off from France, wore the uniform of an Austrian cavalry general, with the ribbon and star of St. Stephen, the jewel of the Golden Fleece, and the *crachats* of Maria Theresa and Leopold. Next arrived Marshal von Wrangel, in the uniform of his Austrian cavalry regiment, resplendent with all his great Austrian orders. Then the "Red Prince," Frederick Charles, the conqueror of Bazaine and Chanzy, strode into the station in company with the Grand-duke of Baden, both wearing the uniform of Austrian colonels. The Crown Prince of Bavaria, Prince Karl of Prussia, and Prince Albrecht of Prussia were the next arrivals; and then those privileged to hold a position within the terminus heard a mighty and impressive roar from without, proclaiming that the Emperor was near at hand.

William the First wore the full-dress uniform of a Prussian general of cavalry, over which appeared the broad ribbon of the Order of St. Stephen — a decoration, indeed, which most of the royal and princely personages present had donned to do honor to the occasion. The Emperor warmly shook hands with the Countess Karolyi, and passed on to inspect the guard of honor, greeting them with the salutation of "Guten Tag, Grenadiere!" to which they replied as one man, and with a deep, honest voice, like that which might be supposed to be employed by a good-natured giant, "Guten Tag, Majestät!" Then there took place a "wait" of a few minutes, in the midst of which Prince von Bismarck came up somewhat hastily, dressed in the full uniform of a general—in lieu of that long-familiar cuirassier garb that won for him an almost superstitious renown in France during the 1870–71 war—and shook hands with everybody about him, his face beaming with smiles, and his whole bearing as joyous as if that day were the very happiest day of life for him, and for all the others concerned in its proceedings. No members of the diplomatic body were on the platform of the terminus, save only the *personnel* of the Austro-Hungarian embassy.

At last the shriek of the whistle of the approaching train was heard in the distance, the drums of the band were beaten, the sound reverberating heavily along the station roof, and the music struck up Haydn's hymn as the train slowly entered the station. By a clever arrangement the saloon-carriage in which the Austrian Emperor had travelled was brought to a stand-still precisely opposite to the spot on which the Kaiser Wilhelm stood awaiting his august guest, and Francis Joseph was seen standing on the small platform at the end of the car, smiling genially, with his right hand raised at the salute to his plumed hat. The moment, I need not say, was one of supreme interest, when the vanquished of Solferino and Sadowa prepared to alight and receive the hearty greetings of the victor of Sedan. Every man in the station—soldier, statesman, or spectator —uncovered, and when the train drew up, the venerable King-Emperor stepped forward with manifest *empressement* to welcome his quondam foe. Francis Joseph hastily descended the iron steps leading from the carriage to the platform, and was received in the arms of the Emperor William. The salutation was evidently inspired by the strongest and sincerest feeling on both sides. The German monarch kissed his guest on the cheek twice or thrice with an evident emotion and affectionate feeling which perceptibly impressed the assemblage. When his Majesty had thus made his greeting, the Prince Imperial came forward, between whom and the Emperor a long and warm embrace was interchanged.

Having saluted in a cordial manner the other members of the royal family present, the Emperor of Austria was conducted by his Majesty of Germany along the front of the guard of honor, congratulating the officer in command as he passed upon the physique and the appearance of the men under his charge. Then the imperial visitor was introduced to the generals and other officers appointed to attend him during his stay, with all of whom he shook hands, as well as with Prince von Bismarck, Count Karolyi, and one or two other gentlemen who were already personally known to him. After a short pause, during which the two emperors, the Prince Imperial, and the Crown Prince of Bavaria engaged in conversation, the whole party quitted the station. Francis Joseph entered the carriage of his august host, and at that moment a shout of welcome arose from the vast and eminently respectable crowd gathered around the gates of the terminus — a salutation which the Austrian Kaiser repeatedly acknowledged by bowing and raising his hand to the salute. Then the cortége drove off to the royal palace, where Francis Joseph visited the Empress Augusta, and the illustrious guest was subsequently conducted to the Schloss, in which apartments had been provided for his Majesty, and where he dined in the evening with his imperial cousin of Russia at the Emperor William's table. Francis Joseph looked extremely well, and appeared to be in excellent spirits. The delight of the Prussian royal family at receiving the Emperor of Austria as their guest at Berlin was as gen-

uine and unfeigned as it was conspicuously evident.

On the morning of September 7th the imperial *fêtes* commenced, under climatic auspices which promised the most brilliant success for their sequel. A grand parade of the Guard Corps was ordered for ten o'clock at the Tempelhoferfeld, but as early as six o'clock many thousands of the inhabitants of the Residenzstadt had turned out of their homes, wending their way towards that point of attraction. At eight o'clock one dense line of spectators and one unbroken row of carriages extended from the top of the Friedrich-strasse, Unter-den-Linden, and throughout the whole extent of the Belle Alliance-strasse, to the review-ground. The equipages were filled with ladies in gay garb, and every window was similarly occupied. Everywhere the German, Russian, and Austrian colors were floating, and the people made most patent display of their enthusiasm. In spite of the enormous multitudes who were crowding to the scene of the parade, perfect order prevailed. Along the border of the ground on which the manœuvres of the day were to take place runs a wide public thoroughfare, and here the scene powerfully recalled the idea of a great English race-course. Cheap refreshments of every kind were offered for sale. Stands had been erected for spectators, and mounted police in considerable and somewhat needless force, aided in restraining the multitude—a comparatively easy task, as, notwithstanding the vast attendance, there was abundant room on the ground for all the spectators.

The Tempelhoferfeld is a vast plateau of sand, scantily speckled here and there with a feeble and unhealthy vegetation. It is situated about two miles from Berlin, and is admirably adapted for such military display as that which was witnessed on the morning in question. Having been furnished, by the kindness of the authorities, with a special *passe-partout*, I was enabled to secure a post of vantage on a rising ground at the extreme south of the field, commanding the entire scene of operations. Shortly after the illustrious guests of the day had been marshalled by the mounted police to their appointed places, the troops began to arrive from all directions. It had been prudently arranged that, even although at the cost of a long detour on the part of the men of the Guard Corps, the principal approach to the ground should be left entirely free for the advent of the Emperor William and his guests. At half-past nine the entire corps and the supplementary regiments were assembled in two broad and massive lines exceeding a mile in length. To the westward stood the infantry in battalion formation, about seventeen thousand strong. On the eastward were ranked the cavalry and artillery, numbering about nine thousand more. Before they took up their positions the corps belonging to the arms last named passed before us; and I, having witnessed the actual war performances of the German troops throughout the campaign in France, was greatly struck with the improvement in the quality of the cavalry movements—the Guard Hussars and the Second Guard Uhlans being particularly distinguished by the magnificent quality and condition of their horses. The artillery of the Guard seemed to me somewhat too lightly horsed, but the material had otherwise improved very much since the time of the war, and the *tenue* of the men was in every way unexceptionable.

The heat of the day speedily became terribly oppressive, and many men fell out, and had to be conveyed to the rear in the ambulance-wagons attached to the various regiments. Those men principally belonged to the engineers and the infantry, and had succumbed under the heavy weight of their packs and the force of the burning sun. When the troops had all been formed up, the Emperor William rode over the whole ground, and inspected them before the arrival of his imperial guests. His Majesty bestrode his powerful chestnut charger, Juno, and, dispersing to the winds all apprehensions founded on his recent accidental lameness, galloped over the sandy plain with as much energy and dash as the youngest officer of his staff could have displayed. Precisely at ten o'clock the Emperors of Russia and Austria arrived on the field, followed by their retinues, and accompanied by the Prince Imperial, by Prince Frederick Charles, Prince Albrecht, and the greater number of the princes and foreign officers who had been invited to witness the manœuvres. The august guests were received by the Emperor William, who placed himself between the pair of Kaisers, and rode up the front of the infantry line and down that of the cavalry and artillery. After having carefully inspected the troops, the three Emperors took up a central position facing westward in order to witness the grand *défilé*.

The spectacle presented by this march past was one of the grandest ever witnessed in Berlin, where military displays had for decades and even generations been brought to the highest point of magnificence and perfection. Every regimental band in succession, as it approached the position of the Emperors, wheeled off to the left, and taking up ground exactly opposite their Majesties, each played the Prussian parade march

every respective corps as it went by, with ited foot and splendid stride, like a liv- wall of sinew and steel, an irresistible e of giants. As the regiment came up of ch the Czar Alexander was honorary or inal colonel, his Majesty, bowing low to mperial host, rode out from his position he saluting-point, and putting himself ie head of the magnificent Grenadiers, them past their venerable monarch at alute. A similar compliment was paid e Kaiser Franz regiment as it went by Emperor of Austria looking every inch

making a glorious show with the gorgeous scarf attached to their *guidons*, which had been presented to them by the Empress of Russia. The ladies of the German royal family and of the Court were present in carriages-and-four, with splendid liveries, and there could not have been fewer than 300,000 people collected around the lines within which the review was held.

No sooner had the last battery of the artillery gone past at the trot than the Kaiser Wilhelm and his staff quitted the ground, with Alexander Alexandreivich on his left

ALEXANDER II. OF RUSSIA.

liant soldier and a good gentleman as he past the saluting-flag, heading the very who had fought so bitterly against him e defiles of the Erzgebirge. The Czare- also led his regiment past the saluting-, and the Grand-duke Nicholas did the for his "name regiment." Then an- regiment of foot, with a Russian "pro- ary" name, passed before us in what is d the Russian column; and after them id Brandenburg Hussars, who have also Russian title to their corps, came on,

hand and Francis Joseph on his right. Count Andrassy wore the uniform of a colonel of Hungarian Honveds. The Austrian Emperor drove back to Berlin along with the Prince Imperial, the Czar sharing the carriage of the German Emperor. Although their Majesties did not return to the city until half-past one o'clock, multitudes of the citizens and citizenesses kept their positions along the routes, and despite their fatigue cheered loudly as the Emperors drove homeward.

A few hours later it was my good-fortune to be present at the magnificent banquet given by William the Victorious to his imperial guests and kinsmen in the famous White Hall of the Schloss. This entertainment was attended by four hundred and fifty personages of distinction, of whom one hundred and twenty dined in the hall with their Majesties, and the rest had to be accommodated in the picture-galleries. So many imperial, royal, and princely guests were present that the cross-table at the top of the hall at which the Emperors sat was not sufficiently capacious to contain all the "Hohe Herrschaften," who, consequently, were spread out a considerable way down each of the side-tables. More than thirty pages, dressed in a gala costume of scarlet, trimmed with silver and lace, were in waiting on the host and the guests "born in the purple." The Empress Augusta occupied the central place at the head of the table. Immediately on her right were the Emperor of Austria and the Princess Charles; then came the Emperor of Germany, the Prince Imperial, the Grand-duke Nicholas, and a perfect host of princes, "tailing-off" with Frederick William and Henry of Prussia—the first dressed in the uniform of a Russian Lancer regiment, the second wearing the distinctive garb of a lieutenant in the First Prussian Foot-guard. Next to Prince Henry sat Count von Moltke.

On the left of the Empress sat the Emperor of Russia, the Princess Imperial of Germany—our English Princess Victoria—the Czarevich, whose coming to Berlin at all had been so much a matter of speculation, the Crown Prince of Saxony, the Grand-duke of Mecklenburg, the Princes Frederick Charles and Albert junior, the Grand-duke of Oldenburg, Prince Maximilian of Bavaria, and Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg. The Emperor William and the Prince Imperial wore the uniform of Austrian infantry colonels, while the sovereigns of Austria and Russia, by an inverse compliment, were dressed in the uniform of Prussian generals. Opposite to the Empress Augusta sat Prince von Bismarck, with Count Andrassy on his left hand and Prince Gortchakoff on his right. Besides these there were at the royal table M. d'Oubril, the Russian ambassador; Count Karolyi, the Austrian ambassador; Count von Roon, Minister of War; Marshal Berg, commanding in Poland; Prince Orloff, and General von Schweinitz. The repast was excellent, but the duration of the dinner was brief, lasting exactly an hour and a quarter, during which time the military band played selections from "Tannhäuser" and "L'Africaine," "Die schöne blaue Donau," and other pieces. Throughout the dinner Prince von Bismarck and Count Andrassy were engaged in an animated conversation, while Prince Gortchakoff was observed to talk chiefly with Count Karolyi and M. d'Oubril. All that could be remarked at the banquet led to the conclusion that the German and Austrian premiers were on the best of terms.

The third course having been removed, Kaiser William, rising, and lifting his glass on high, said, "I drink with deep feeling, and from the bottom of my heart, to my illustrious guests, for whose visit I experience the sincerest gratitude and delight. To the Emperors of Austria and Russia!" A flourish of trumpets followed, and the band played the Austrian Imperial Hymn. Francis Joseph then stood up, and proposed the health of the German Emperor, stating that he did so with profound joy and gratitude for the splendid reception which had been accorded to him in the Prussian capital. The whole company drank this toast standing. Shortly afterwards the Empress Augusta gave the signal to quit the table, and the band struck up the Russian national hymn, with a view to place on a par the compliment paid to each of the Emperors. Among the guests were to be noticed the Duke of Manchester, Major-general Beauchamp Walker, Counts Kutosoff, Bellegarde, and Pejacevich, Lord Strathnairn, Major Goldsworthy, Captain Russell, and several Russian officers of note.

The guests dispersed at half-past five, and at seven o'clock the Corps Diplomatique, headed by its *doyen*, went in state to pay its respects to his Austrian Majesty at the Austro-Hungarian embassy.

The party at the castle invited to witness the illuminations, and to hear the monster concert and grand tattoo, was a small one, and yet afforded the spectacle of an historical assemblage, wellnigh every name of which being inscribed upon the roll of fame. It was not till long past the hour of invitation that all the Kaiser's guests were assembled; for the approaches to the castle were so densely thronged that the carriages had to be forced through to their destination by mounted policemen. The Schlossplatz was fenced round by a hedge of soldiers and a trellis-work of lamps. Within this luminous enclosure were stationed twenty-seven military bands, which had marched to the spot, bearing torches, from the statue of Frederick the Great, and which were arranged in the form of a hollow square—1152 musicians in all. Saro, the conductor of American renown, was perched upon a high crimson tribune in the centre of the Schlossplatz, and led the huge orchestra with a wand tipped with flame. The twenty-seven band-masters were posted each in front of his band, and

followed Saro's movements with unerring touch. The concert opened with the Austrian hymn, and was remarkably good, terminating, as at the banquet, with the Russian hymn, after which the whole force performed a grand tattoo, ending with prayer.

As the "Gebet" commenced, the Museum opposite the castle began to glow with dusky red brilliance, and from the roof of the Schloss a powerful electric light shot out over the seething Platz, showing to those who were standing at the castle windows every lineament of the hundreds of thousands of spectators crammed together within the precincts of the vast Lust-garten. A few minutes before the performance, however, an appalling tragedy had been enacted. While the musicians of the Guard were preparing to delight our ears with one of the finest performances ever given in Europe, thousands of suffocating wretches were struggling for their lives and gasping out vain appeals for mercy within sight of the very windows at which the Emperors and those whom the King delighted to honor were stationed. I shall never forget that terrible scene. It had been announced that the space intervening between the castle and the monument of Frederick the Great under the Linden—as far, say, as from the Duke of York's Column to the Horse Guards, and as wide as Oxford Terrace—would be shut off by the police from the public, in order that the procession of torch-bearing bandsmen, collected together at the foot of the statue, might be able to march unimpeded thence to the enclosure in front of the castle, where the concert and tattoo were to take place. When the time came for clearing the space in question it was already blocked, and after an hour had been spent by the police in fruitless efforts to drive the ever-increasing crowds into the side streets, the enterprise was abandoned in sheer despair.

Consequently, when the order was given for the torch-bearers to march to the Schlossplatz, they found themselves in the presence of a solid mass of human beings, presenting not the least cranny by which they could penetrate. The mounted police were ordered to open a way for the bandsmen, and rode into the crowd, trampling men and women down, and striking right and left with the flat of their sabres; but to no avail, for the people closed round the horses as they forced their way through the mob, and wellnigh lifted them off the ground. Time pressed; the Emperors were waiting; orders must be obeyed; and so the bandsmen drove straight at the seething congeries of humanity before them, clearing a path for themselves with their blazing resinous torches, which they thrust right and left into the people's faces. It was heart-rending to hear the screams of agony! One could see human heads of hair flaring up like bunches of tow. With the convulsive strength that torturing pain and maddening terror impart to men, the crowd tore itself asunder, and opened out a lane along which the bandsmen hurried at the double; but the desperate wrench threw down many people, who were trampled into jelly under the feet of the swaying, yelling, panic-stricken thousands that filled the Lust-garten and Schlossfreiheit. Some of the dead bodies, disfigured in the most ghastly manner, were not got away for nearly two hours from the time of their fall, and must have been trodden upon by hundreds of people. When the Platz was at length cleared, it looked like a field of battle, bestrewn with dead and wounded, and wellnigh covered with *disjecta membra* of the fray—hats, bonnets, chignons, fragments of petticoats, cloaks, broken sticks and umbrellas, coat sleeves and tails, handbags, and tatters of all sorts. Fourteen corpses were subsequently identified by their relatives; the number of wounded I was unable to ascertain, as it was kept very close. One man was found trodden into an open street-sewer so violently that his body was more than half buried in the loathsome mud that used to lie festering at the bottom of those institutions in Berlin.

I never saw such a crowd, nor never witnessed a more appalling catastrophe. As an instance of the condition of the streets all round the Schlossfreiheit, I may mention that although I endeavored to approach the castle by a back way, where there was absolutely nothing to be seen or heard, the open space fronting the back of that edifice was so utterly choked up by a rough and dangerous mob that my horses would not face it, and half a dozen attempts to squeeze through by fair means failed miserably, despite the yellow and red cards with which my coachman had been provided by the police authorities. At length I was obliged to appeal to these latter; and two mounted *schutzleute*, putting themselves in front of my carriage, literally rode down the mob, and with the flat of the sabre hewed a way for me to the castle gates. So hideous a calamity as that of the Zapfenstreich, on the evening of September 7, 1872, would have thrilled London to the soul. It was scarcely noticed in Berlin, save in a short, dry paragraph or two, under the heading "Local Intelligence," in the chief Berlin newspapers. The "modern Athenians" were accustomed to scenes of violence and brutality; human life is not held in such account in Berlin as in England. The policemen in the German capital are

armed with sword and pistol; they think no more of killing a rate-payer than certain Africans do of eating their aged grandfathers. On the other hand, though heavily armed, they are too few in number to maintain order among the roughest and fiercest population of the Continent—a population bitterly hating them, savagely impatient of restraint, and untamed by centuries of stern control.

As might have been expected, this grew-some catastrophe cast a shadow of gloom over the subsequent festivities. Prince Gortchakoff, it will be remembered, during his sojourn in Berlin, sent forth a sort of manifesto to Russia's representatives abroad, assuming a patronizing tone towards Germany, and announcing that the peace of Europe had been assured by the intervention of the Czar, who would not permit it to be broken. This untimely outbreak of Russian rhodomontade gave deep offence to the German Chancellor, and practically frustrated the accomplishment of Kaiser Wilhelm's wish anent the revival of the Triple Alliance, which came to nothing more solid or durable than a temporary understanding of a secret character, to which the three Emperors verbally pledged themselves. On the evening of September 11th Francis Joseph quitted Berlin, and the following morning his example was followed by Alexander Nicolaievich. The Drei Kaiserbund was naught; but Prince von Bismarck had conceived the project of an Austro-German Alliance, which he realized seven years later, and which has endured from 1879 to the present day.

In the spring of the year 1873, some seven months after the imperial gathering above described, Francis Joseph I., "in All-highest own person" (to borrow a descriptive phrase from the florid vocabulary of the Austrian Court-newsman), opened the Vienna Exhibition, which drew to his capital many a crowned head, European and Asiatic, among the latter Nasr-ed-Deen, the Persian Shah-in-Shah, or King of Kings, to whose official experiences on the Continent, of which I was an eye-witness, particular reference is made in another chapter of this book. The occasion was invested with especial interest to civilized mankind in respect of being the first genuinely national rejoicing in which the peoples of the vast Dual Realm had indulged since their military calamities and financial reverses of 1866, shortly after which, however, the reconciliation of Cis and Trans-Leithania, and the thorough-going development of constitutional institutions in Austria proper, had imparted a lively stimulus to native industry. A widely diffused prosperity, gladdening the hearts of the Habsburg Kaiser's subjects, found outward and visible expression in the great World's Fair of 1873, at which Austrian products and manufactures held their own with those of foreign countries, opening up, by their excellence and cheapness, innumerable fresh outlets for native commercial and trading enterprise. The success of the Vienna Exhibition was unfortunately marred, some weeks after its opening, by summer heats of unprecedented fierceness, a sharp outbreak of Asiatic cholera in the Kaiserstadt, and a Stock Exchange cataclysm, brought about by over-speculation. But the mighty show rendered incalculable services to the manufacturing, trading, and working classes of the empire at large, and drew a large amount of money into the most stately and beautiful of continental capitals.

The day selected for the inauguration ceremony was one particularly dear to the pleasure-loving Viennese, to wit, the Praterfahrt anniversary, upon which the Kaiserstaedter invariably turn out in new clothes to witness the Corso performed by the Court and fashionable world in the main avenue of their splendid park in the Leopoldstadt. May morn, however, dawned somewhat inauspiciously for the Welt-Ausstellung. Overhead the clouds sped rapidly along, dark and gloomy, while heavy rains were driven at intervals by stormy gusts of wind, making the lookout altogether dismal. In spite of these discouragements, however, the streets were filled with people at a very early hour. Seven o'clock was the time officially appointed for the procession to form in Leopoldstadt, and from that hour till nine it continued to lengthen backward, stretching to the rear far into the inner town, until at length there was one uninterrupted file extending from the Grand Opera-house to the Palace of Industry in the Prater. The arrangements made by the police were so execrable that the actual transit from the city to the Exhibition occupied over three hours. No attempt had been made to keep clear the tram-ways leading to the Palace until within a few minutes of the time when the procession was due, and the inevitable consequence was that at several parts of the route blocks of nearly half an hour's duration occurred. Public and private buildings were not beflagged—indeed there was little stimulus to display in such weather; but, despite the rain and the bitter blasts of wind, all Vienna turned out, and for hours braved the elements, forming a dense, impenetrable phalanx on both sides of the long route, from the Aspern Bridge to the Prater Rondeau. The abstentions, however, from festive demonstrations were by no means universal. In the Prater-strasse some of the houses were decorated with flowers,

and at the house of Pepi Gallmeyer the famous light *comédienne*, armed with a bouquet as large as herself, sat at her window to greet the cortége The entrances to the Prater were also tastefully adorned with wreaths and banderoles, while the imperial palace itself was lavishly decorated with the bunting of all nations.

Precisely at twelve o'clock the Emperor and Empress arrived in their state carriage, drawn by six splendid horses, and closely followed by the German Crown Prince and Princess, also in gala equipage. Immediately after their Imperial Highnesses were the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur in a state carriage and pair; while following their Royal Highnesses came the other princes and their suites, forming a long and splendid procession. The imperial archdukes had already proceeded to the Palace in order to be present to receive his Majesty on his arrival, and together with Dr. Felder, the burgomaster of Vienna, his Excellency Baron Schwarz Senborn, and other distinguished members of the Commission, awaited the imperial and royal party at the grand entrance to the Central Hall.

On arriving at the Exhibition the Emperor gave his arm to the Crown Princess of Prussia; the Crown Prince led the Empress of Austria, while the Prince of Wales, arrayed in the full uniform of a British field-marshal, with the jewel of the Golden Fleece and the broad ribbon of St. Stephen, escorted the Countess of Flanders; and this order was preserved throughout the subsequent ceremonies. As the procession advanced to the scarlet-covered dais, on which a row of splendid *fauteuils* had been arranged, the drums beat and the military bands played the imperial anthem. The Emperor sat with the Crown Princess of Prussia and the Prince of Wales on his right, and on his left the Empress and the Crown Prince of Prussia. As the imperial ladies took their seats the music ceased, and the Archduke Charles Louis, as the patron of the Exhibition of 1873, stepped forward to read the address to the Emperor.

At this moment the spectacle presented was grandly imposing. Now, for the first time, when the Palace was filled with the representatives of every nationality under heaven, did the majesty of the occasion and the vast proportions of the great edifice at the same moment seem to crowd on the mind and overwhelm the beholder. Excepting only a small margin round the central fountain, and the four avenues of approach that were kept open—appearing like perspective lines drawn through the living masses for the express purpose of conveying to the imperial group from which they radiated an approximative idea of the numbers constituting that immense assemblage—the whole surface of that gigantic area was filled with serried crowds, representing the beauty, wealth, and distinction not only of Austria, but in a great measure of Europe and the world—all this, too, beneath a dome in comparison with which that of St. Peter's at Rome is relatively small. No terms could well exaggerate the impressiveness of this scene, nor is it easy to convey an idea of its beauty. I have incidentally alluded to the gathering of nationalities. Add to this that each of these was resplendent in its own colors; that the representatives of the various public bodies wore their official robes; that, in fact, stretching in all directions from the dais, the floor was covered with ladies and gentlemen all gayly dressed, with an infinite variety of costume, and some conception may be formed of the polychromatic effect produced by the *ensemble*. A country which is *par excellence* the land of uniforms certainly did justice to itself on that great occasion.

Oratory of a more than usually high-flown character—except in the case of the Emperor's utterances, which were laudably terse and to the point—occupied about half an hour, during which the ladies present had time to commit to memory every detail of the toilets worn by the imperial and royal dames seated on the crimson dais. Of the discourses delivered by his Majesty's brother, Erzherzog Karl Ludwig, by Prince Adolph Auersperg, and by the stalwart Burgomaster of Vienna, Dr. Felder, no one outside the charmed circle of the court could hear a word for the buzzing and whispering of the fashionable swarm filling the rotunda. All these distracting sounds were hushed, however, when Francis Joseph spoke, so that his answers to the official orations, pronounced in clear and mellow tones, were distinctly audible in the farthermost galleries of the huge hall. The address and speeches, as well as the imperial replies, were interspersed with various musical performances. When Dr. Felder had concluded, the orchestra and the members of the Vienna Choral Society thundered out the grand strains of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," at the termination of which Baron Schwarz Senborn advanced to the right of the dais, and bowing, stood in readiness to conduct the imperial procession through the building. The order observed in this part of the ceremonial was the same as that followed in the earlier proceedings. Following his excellency, the illustrious party visited first the foreign departments, passing down the right aisle of the

central transept through the German, Belgian, Swiss, Italian, and French divisions, to that of England, where they were received by the British ambassador (Sir A. Buchanan), Mr. (now Sir Philip) Cunliffe Owen, and the rest of the English, Indian, and British colonial commissioners, to each of whom the Emperor, the Archduke Charles Louis, and the Prince of Wales spoke in the kindest manner. Mr. Owen had the high honor of conducting his Imperial Majesty and the princes round our department. The Emperor expressed himself as highly delighted with the triumphs of British industry noticeable in the Exhibition, and was especially struck with the beauty and novelty of the Indian show, which the Archduke Charles Louis declared, in conversation with the royal commissioner, to be the best in the whole building. High admiration was expressed by his Majesty at the same time of the Minton and other British ware, and of Messrs. Hancock's magnificent display of plate and jewellery, which included the unrivalled Dudley heirlooms, and proved one of the chief attractions of the Exhibition. At a *soirée* given by the Emperor and Empress at the Hofburg during the first week of May, Lady Dudley wore the famous coronet, each of the five points of which consisted of a flawless emerald as large as a pigeon's egg—the five handsomest stones of their kind in the world—and effectually put all the great Austrian peeresses out of conceit with their *parures* of precious gems, despite the world-wide renown of the Liechtenstein, Dietrichstein, and Esterhazy family jewels. I remember well that the two most beautiful women in that brilliant assembly were the Austrian Empress and the English countess, upon whom all eyes were fixed in rapturous admiration.

Having left our department, and paid a visit to the Portuguese Gallery, the Emperor and his distinguished company went back to the former, and spent some more minutes in the Indian division. As they passed round, the British exhibitors and workmen assembled in large numbers and saluted them with three ringing British cheers. After passing through other foreign departments they returned to the central hall and crossed into the Austrian wing. When the visit to the latter division of the building was over, the ceremonies of the day were brought to a close by the Emperor and his guests leaving the palace, amid the thunder of cannon and the roll of drums, the bands playing the Austrian national air—Haydn's well-known "Hymn to the Emperor."

CHAPTER V.

The Shah-in-Shah.—His European Tour.—How he was Received and Entertained in Germany, Belgium, and England.—A Channel Passage.

DURING the early summer of the year 1873 it pleased his Imperial Majesty Nasr-ed-Deen, Shah-in-Shah of Persia, brother of the Sun and Moon, and, from a strictly Persian point of view, King of Kings, to make a tour through Europe, and pay a round of visits to a number of Western sovereigns, whom I have good reason to believe he regarded in some sort as vassals of his own. The reputation of this Oriental potentate as a despot of unique truculence, as one of the handsomest men of his day, and as the possessor of fabulous treasures, had gone before him, and aroused an almost unprecedented eagerness of public interest in his movements, sayings, and doings. As a matter of course, the great London newspapers took him in hand as soon as he came within convenient reach of their representatives abroad (among whom I was at that time numbered), and chronicled the principal events of his journey with praiseworthy exhaustiveness and accuracy. The task committed to resident and special correspondents in connection with Nasr-ed-Deen's European pilgrimage was no light one. My share of it commenced in Berlin and finished in Vienna, carrying me, unofficially attached to his Majesty's suite, through Germany and Belgium to England, where I quitted him for a while, committing him to the journalistic care of my talented London colleagues, one of whom subsequently accompanied him to Paris, and recorded his feats in that vivacious capital. Meanwhile I had been despatched to Vienna, there to await his advent, and to report upon his reception by the Emperor Francis Joseph, his visits to the International Exhibition, and the more conspicuous incidents, generally speaking, of his sojourn in the Kaiserstadt. On the eve of his departure for Constantinople I took leave of him, and have never set eyes upon him from that day to this. My experience of his "tricks and manners," extending over several weeks of a broiling summer, were curious and interesting, but I

was not sorry when they came to an end, for of all the "monarchs I have met," Nasr-ed-Deen was unquestionably the most objectionable.

The youth of this mighty potentate had been a stormy one, rife with danger and humiliation, and by no means exempt from physical privations. His father disliked and feared him too keenly to tolerate his presence in Teheran after he had arrived at man's estate; so, for some years before he succeeded to the Persian throne, he was "interned" in a frontier province, with the nominal rank of governor or vice-regent, but in reality without any power or authority whatsoever. His father's officials were instructed, on pain of death, to keep a strict watch upon his person, to isolate him from all social intercourse, and by no means to supply him with money for his *menus frais de plaisir*. His household consisted of spies, his table was poorly supplied with the merest necessaries of life, and he was made to feel that by reason of his father's displeasure he had not a friend in the world. A long course of this cruel treatment soured his disposition and imbittered his feelings towards his persecutors—the merciless implements of imperial malignity—to such a degree of intensity that his first thought on coming to power at his father's death was to take condign vengeance upon the servile wretches who had made him suffer. From an experienced foreign diplomatist who had passed many years of his official career at Teheran I learned how Nasr-ed-Deen punished his enemies. The initial act of his reign was a decree, in virtue of which the principal functionaries of the province above alluded to were tortured and put to death, the under-strappers—a host of petty officers and place-holders, who had contributed directly or indirectly to his manifold vexations—being blinded. The eyes of these unlucky people were torn from their sockets, conveyed to Teheran in a bushel measure, and poured out at the feet of the Shah, who, as I was assured, vindictively spurned them with his foot as they lay before him.

Nasr-ed-Deen started from Teheran on his European tour with an enormous following—princes of the blood, ministers, cooks, pipe-bearers, executioners, palace-guards, imams, ferashes, eunuchs, etc. A few of his wives also accompanied him, but only as far as Moscow—the first Christian monarch honored by the Shah's visit was the Czar of all the Russias—where a distressing *contretemps* befel the Persian harem. It had, of course, been intimated to the late Czarina that half a dozen sultanas were on their way to call upon her at St. Petersburg. Her Majesty, although the most patient and long-suffering of wives, and gifted with inexhaustible mansuetude for her own husband's flagrant infidelities to her, resolutely refused to countenance polygamy by receiving Nasr-ed-Deen's consorts as such at her Court, and plainly told Alexander Nicolaievich that, unless he would avert the threatened visit of "those persons" she would either go abroad or declare herself ill and invisible throughout the Shah's sojourn on the banks of the Neva. In deference to her resolve, therefore, the Grand-duke Michael, who was despatched to Moscow in order to meet his Persian Majesty in the old capital of Muscovy, and escort him thence to the new one, received instructions to privately apprise the Shah that the presence of his consorts at the different European courts would raise thorny questions of precedence and etiquette which could not but prove irksome to his imperial and royal entertainers as well as to himself; wherefore it would be advisable to leave them behind him at Moscow, where every imaginable attention would be paid to them by the Czar's representatives in that city. When this advice was tendered to him the Shah was at first highly indignant, and all but gave up his projected journey. He thought better of it, however, took leave of his wives with the calm of a true Oriental philosopher, and packed them off on their return trip to the land of the bul-bul under the guardianship of the chief mollah, to whom this change in the imperial programme was fraught with exceeding disappointment. This incident, moreover, somewhat clashed with the "King of Kings'" firm belief in his absolute omnipotence. He must have got over the shock during his stay in St. Petersburg, and settled down comfortably again in the conviction that he really was the "boss" of all mundane potentates; for having been entertained with the utmost splendor by Alexander II. throughout a week of reviews, *théâtres parés*, banquets, balls, illuminations, and fireworks, Nasr-ed-Deen made the following characteristic remark to his august host when taking leave of the latter at the railway-station, on the termination of his visit to Russia. After thanking the Czar for his magnificent hospitality, the Shah-in-Shah said: "I have noticed the way in which you govern this great country. I am well satisfied with it; you may continue to govern it, for you do so very well, and I am entirely pleased with you." After this address, for the accuracy of which I can almost vouch, the Shah gave to the Empress that strange little movement of the shoulder which appears to constitute a Persian's salutation to a lady, and stepped into his railway-saloon, leaving the Czar upon

the platform, transfixed with astonishment and amusement — the latter predominating, no doubt.

About half-past six on the evening of May 31, 1873, Nasr-ed-Deen arrived at the Berlin terminus of the Potsdam railway, and made his ceremonial entry into the German capital. The weather during the earlier part of the day had been singularly inclement, torrents of rain having fallen unintermittedly from early morning until three o'clock in the afternoon. Shortly after three, however, the clouds dispersed, and the sun shone out brilliantly. Welcome as this change was, it did not arrive soon enough for Berlin to assume a festive mien in the customary guise of bunting decoration, and only a few houses along the line of route chosen for the procession were beflagged; but in every other respect popular heartiness and interest in the reception of the Shah were displayed to the full. The people turned out-of-doors *en masse*, and lined the whole route—a distance of about two miles—densely on both sides. In front of the Potsdam railway-station the German colors were displayed on the flagstaff, but beyond this the exterior of the terminus was in no way decorated.

At half-past five the guard of honor, consisting of the Second Foot Guards, with their colors and band, paraded on the platform to the left of the royal entrance, which, as well as the saloon, was adorned with the German, Prussian, and Persian standards. The appearance of the guard of honor was the signal for the assembling of a brilliant company of princes, warriors, courtiers, and state dignitaries, among the very first to arrive being the venerable Field-marshal von Wrangel, quite recovered from his late dangerous illness, and resplendent in his uniform of a cuirassier. At five minutes to six the Emperor arrived, wearing the uniform of a Prussian general, the Grand Cross, and the broad amber ribbon of the Black Eagle. His Majesty advanced to the right wing of the guard of honor, and saluted the company with a hearty "good-day, Guards!" to which they replied, as with one voice, "Good-day, your Majesty!" The Emperor then inspected the company, and stood chatting with the generals for nearly twenty minutes until the special train bearing the Shah was signalled.

At seventeen minutes past six the train, an unusually long one, by reason of the numerous suite and ponderous luggage of the illustrious visitor, rolled slowly into the station amid the wild, clanging, and clashing strains of the "Persian March," the troops standing at "attention," with colors drooped. The car in which the Shah travelled presented a most interesting and striking tableau. In the centre stood the Shah Nasr-ed-Deen—a dark, determined, almost fierce-looking, but withal handsome man—and around him, in a half-circle, his attendant ministers and great Court dignitaries. The potentate of Persia stands about five feet nine, is squarely built, has a heavy coal-black mustache, and wore on the occasion referred to a dark frock uniform, his furred head-dress of black Astrakhan, widened at the top something like an artillery busby, being ornamented with a large *aigrette* studded with magnificent diamonds. With the exception of these brilliant jewels —the same which at St. Petersburg produced such an impression, and which shone at a distance like a single surface of silver—his Majesty's garb was remarkably simple and unassuming; while in dazzling contrast to that of their sovereign lord, the costumes and uniforms of his *entourage*, which included two or three princes of the royal house, were extremely brilliant, and all more or less bedecked with precious stones.

Before the train had come to a stand-still some dozens of dark, handsome faces, animated with interest and curiosity, and surmounted by the most picturesque of head-dresses, had been thrust out of the carriage windows. All eyes were of course turned towards the carriage of the Shah, and as soon as his Majesty came in sight a loud ringing cheer of welcome was raised by all present. The Shah responded by repeatedly bowing his acknowledgments, giving one at first sight an idea of dignity and grace in his manner, which appeared to be the immediate impression produced by it upon all observers. As the train stopped, the tapestried steps which had been prepared for his service in alighting were advanced to the door of the carriage. Before, however, the Shah had descended to the last step the Emperor hurried forward, and, both hands out-stretched, clasped those of the Shah, and held them for fully half a minute, while the two monarchs stood exchanging in French their cordial greetings. The Emperor next presented the Crown Prince and Prince Karl, and then placing himself on the left of the Shah, was about to conduct him to the front of the guard of honor. With a deep bow the Emperor's guest declined to take the place of honor, and stepping to the Kaiser's left, intimated that he was ready to commence the inspection at once. The Emperor yielded smilingly, and the brief ceremonial was proceeded with. At its conclusion both sovereigns left the platform side by side, and entered an open state carriage, drawn by six black horses gorgeously caparisoned. A procession was at once formed. First came a squadron of guard lancers; next a pair of two-horse carriages,

occupied by the Shah's aides-de-camp and officers attending his Majesty through the European tour; behind them two detachments of guard cuirassiers, headed by trumpeters; then their Majesties, in the gala state equipage, attended on the one side by General von Schwarzkoppen and the captain of the guard of honor, and on the other by the deputy Master of the Horse, Von Rauch, and the chief of police, Von Madai. After them came two other detachments of cuirassiers, followed by a two-horse carriage containing the Persian interpreter and the Master of the Ceremonies, Von Roden. To these succeeded six two-horse carriages, containing the fourteen principal members of the Persian suite, a squadron of dragoon guards closing up the rear.

Contrary to the general expectation that the cortége would proceed at a walking pace, the leaders started off at a good round trot, amid the stentorious cheering of a tremendous multitude which had collected on the Potsdamer-platz. Thence through the Thier-garten and Charlottenburger Chaussée the procession held its way at brisk speed, until the arrival on the Königsplatz, where twelve imperial cannon belched forth their six salvoes each in honor of the Shah. Before the echoes of these seventy-two rounds had well died away the bridge of the royal Schloss was reached, and at that moment four Persian, five imperial, and two Prussian royal standards were hoisted over the portals of the castle gates. The entrance was at portal No. 5, in front of which a company of the Emperor Alexander's grenadier regiment was drawn up. Within the castle the grand chamberlain and high Court officials were all in gala attire. Their Majesties proceeded through the Court of Arrows into the Throne-room, where took place the presentation of the distinguished members of the Emperor's court and of the Shah's suite.

A few words must here be devoted to the scene within the Potsdamer Bahnhof after the imperial cortége had driven off. Never before, assuredly, did a Berlin terminus present a similar spectacle. The platform was literally bestrewn with objects of the most attractive and novel character, shape, and color—highly burnished slender-necked coffee-pots, huge bundles of many-colored robes, prayer-carpets, and strangely formed coffers and receptacles for the bestowal of all these impedimenta; while moving among them were quaintly clad attendants of all shades of complexion, from delicate olive to hues that were nearly black, but all with eyes flashingly dark and teeth of dazzling whiteness. There they were, bustling about, not in confusion, but assiduously active and smart, and all the while maintaining perfect silence. I observed among the suite some splendidly handsome men; but decidedly the most remarkable physiognomy was that of the Shah himself. If character finds expression in the countenance, Nasr-ed-Deen is a man of stern courage, immovable resolution, and irresistible masterfulness.

The palace was reached a few minutes before seven, and then the vast crowds that had filled the streets and squares began to disperse.

At the Altes Schloss great preparations had been made for the accommodation of Nasr-ed-Deen and his numerous attendants. A splendid suite of apartments on the first floor of that gigantic building had been swept and garnished by the Emperor's orders; for its especial adornment during its occupation by the Shah all manner of Oriental vases, hangings, and knicknacks had been hunted up in the royal palaces of Berlin and Potsdam, and accumulated in the rooms affected to his Persian Majesty's special use. On the polished floor of the reception-saloon had been spread out a superb Turkey carpet, presented some years previously to the Kaiser by the Commander of the Faithful, and valued at six hundred pounds. In a word, no pains or expense had been spared to arrange the Shah's temporary domicile in such sort that he should feel thoroughly at home while sojourning under the German Emperor's roof. It was therefore a heavy blow to the court marshal's department when Nasr-ed-Deen, after the brief ceremony following his arrival at the castle, signified to the officials charged to conduct him to his apartments that he made it a rule never to sleep in an upper story of any house, and that they must therefore prepare for him a lodging upon the ground-floor. It was pointed out to him with agonized respectfulness that throughout the length and breadth of Christendom, the first floor, or *mezzanin*, was regarded as the *étage d'honneur*, and that to lodge so great a monarch on a level with the earth would be to offer him a slight that would reflect disgrace upon the Kaiser's hospitality. All reasonings and entreaties were in vain; the King of Kings was not to be moved from his resolve; and so the wretched officials had to put him up in a set of rooms *à fleur de terre*, altogether forlorn of any appropriate decoration, and await the first opportunity afforded them by his exit from the Schloss to pay his *visites de convenance*, to transfer all the Oriental objects adorning the apartments *au premier* to those which his Majesty chose to occupy a story lower down. This embarrassing incident was the first of a series of distracting annoyances inflicted by the Shah upon the officers of the royal household,

whose sufferings during his residence in the old castle entitled them to the compassion of every feeling heart. To what he and his did and left undone, in defiance of all Court decorum and ordinary decency, I shall allude more particularly after having described the leading incidents of his visit. Suffice it here to say that he broke every rule of Prussian "Hof-Etiquette" calmly and persistently, making the hair of chamberlains, pages, and Court lackeys to stand far more chronically on end than quills upon any fretful porcupine. On his arrival he produced a very favorable impression upon the "All-highest" circles, being a man of singularly handsome presence and great natural dignity; and the impassive Oriental reserve of his bearing, in which a touch of haughty *morgue* was distinctly noticeable, appeared at first by no means uncongenial to a Court so strictly trained to routine observances and so averse to innovation and demonstrativeness as that of Prussia. His august entertainers at Berlin, however, soon detected the savage selfishness and utter indifference to the feelings or convenience of his fellow-creatures that underlay the stately repose of the Shah's appearance and manner, and by the time he had spent forty-eight hours among them, looked forward to his departure as eagerly as, a few days before, they had awaited his advent in the German capital.

After breakfast on the morning after his installation in his ground-floor apartments, Nasr-ed-Deen, accompanied by his uncle and one or two other princes of his family, went by rail to Potsdam, seventeen miles from the capital, and paid a round of visits to members of the Prussian royal family, who were then residing there *in villeggiatura*. The day being Sunday, and Potsdam a favorite holiday resort of the Berlinese, the elegant squares and pleasing suburbs of the town were thronged with people; and as the Shah, passing from one royal or princely castle to another, drove along the broad rural roads and through the shady green lanes with which the picturesque country on either bank of the Havel abounds, thousands of the gayly dressed holiday-makers were gratified by the opportunity of seeing the Eastern potentate. His Majesty expressed much delight with the lovely, verdant aspect of the district, and with the exquisite manner in which the beds of flowers in the French, English, and Italian gardens that adorn the different chateaus he visited are laid out. He seemed, moreover, to be much struck by the solidity of the public and private buildings, and by the sturdy and well-to-do bearing of the people. The appearance of the *soldiers also, and of the infantry* especially, impressed him deeply, and elicited expressions of admiration. The Shah seemed to have at once the soldier's and the sportsman's eye. He possessed a thorough knowledge of horses, and showed an equally keen appreciation of the breed and points of sporting-dogs. Two of his own horses were paragons of strength and beauty. One of these was a magnificent white Arab, which attracted in an especial degree the curiosity and admiration of the public. It was noticeable that part of its long, flowing tail had been tinged with a reddish color, a practice not uncommon in the East. Among his animals the Shah had with him a number of exceptionally fine dogs, including a few wolf-hounds.

After seeing Potsdam in its gay holiday trim, and making a comprehensive excursion to the environs, the Shah returned to Berlin, and dined with the Emperor at five o'clock in the afternoon, in his apartments at the castle. The dinner was on a comparatively small scale, being attended by only about fifty distinguished personages of both households and ministries. After the banquet Nasr-ed-Deen accompanied the Kaiser to the Court opera-house, where a ballet representing the familiar story of Aladdin was performed. Their Majesties took tea in the antechamber of the state box, and separated at the theatre. The Shah was greatly interested in the ballet, and repeatedly expressed his gratification with the dancing and the tableaus.

On the following (Monday) morning, a few minutes before noon, he received the members of the diplomatic body in the grand saloon of his apartments at the royal castle. The circle was a full one, and did not break up till half-past one o'clock. First the foreign representatives were received by the Grand Vizier and Malkom Khan; and this preliminary ceremony over, the British, Austrian, and Russian ambassadors were admitted one by one in succession to the presence of the Shah, who received them very graciously. His Majesty wore a blue frock, with brandenbourgs of diamonds, intermixed with rubies, four rows in all, and containing thirty-four brilliants, each as large as a hazel-nut. On his shoulders were large epaulets of flat-set diamonds, with a centre plate, as it were, of enormous emeralds, and with fringes of diamonds *en chaton*. His high cap was adorned with a gorgeous *aigrette* of diamonds and rubies. Hanging from his button-hole was the celebrated "Sea of Light," sister diamond of the Kohinoor; at his side hung a diamond-hilted cimeter, and another striking ornament that he wore was the Star of the Persian Order of the Lion and the Sun, made of choice diamonds. During

he afternoon the Shah visited the Museum, nd drove thence to the Zoological Gardens ith a small suite *en petite tenue*. In the vening he dined alone in his apartments, hile his suite—about forty-five in number —was entertained at a Marschallstafel, or anquet, presided over by the Grand Mar- hal of the Court, and given in the picture- gallery of the castle. After dinner his Majes- y was present at a gala performance of a allet, and again took tea with the Emperor in the state saloon of the theatre, retiring immediately afterwards.

The Empress arrived in Berlin from Baden on Tuesday, June 3d, and received the Shah at noon in the Palace under the Linden, whence his Majesty drove to the Aquari- um, and subsequently to the Royal Arsenal, spending about an hour in each of those in- teresting establishments. In the evening a grand gala banquet in his honor was given in the White Hall of the castle. Over two hundred guests sat down to table, among them all the ministers of state, foreign am- bassadors and envoys, generals and officers commanding regiments of the Berlin gar- rison, and high Court officials. At this mag- nificent entertainment the Shah displayed himself in the full blaze and glory of his matchless jewellery, described in another part of this chapter. At the close of the state reception that followed the banquet the celebrated Berlin Fire Brigade went through all their manœuvres on the Schloss- platz, greatly to the diversion of Nasr-ed- Deen, who witnessed the performance from a balcony of the great picture-gallery that runs along the north front of the old castle. Next morning a grand parade of the Guard corps came off on the Tempelhoferfeld, where the Russian and Austrian Emperors, a few months previously, had led the splen- did regiments bearing their respective names past the gray-beard Kaiser, who on this oc- casion excused himself from conducting his Oriental guest to the ground on the pretext of slight indisposition. As a matter of fact, William I. had had more than enough of the Shah's discourteous unpunctuality during his four days' experience of that monarch's disregard of all social observances, and did not see fit, at his great age, to sit on horse- back, in full uniform and heavy plumed hel- met, under a burning sun for perhaps an hour, waiting for an ill-bred barbarian who, as his Majesty had been confidentially in- formed, made a point of breaking his appoint- ments with every sovereign whom he "con- descended" to visit, in order to make them feel their inferiority to himself. It was just as well that the Kaiser stayed at home on the morning of June 4, 1873, instead of re- viewing his Guards, as he would have dearly liked to do; for though the hour of inspec- tion had been fixed for 10.30 sharp, and the Empress, Crown Princess, Princess Frederick Charles, and one or two other royal ladies were on the ground punctually at that hour, the Shah did not make his appearance until eleven, by which time many of the soldiers had dropped out of the ranks, overcome by the heat—the poor fellows had been under arms since 6 A.M., and some of the regiments had executed long marches from their bar- racks to the place of rendezvous—and the Kaiserin was on the point of driving back to Berlin. She was, as I understood, actually communicating her decision in this regard to the Crown Prince, who—splendidly mounted on a huge chestnut charger — was leaning over his mother's landau to receive her com- mands, when Nasr-ed-Deen arrived on the ground in a carriage-and-six, preceded by outriders, and was received at the flag staff by the heir to the German throne, who com- manded the troops paraded in lieu of the Emperor. The "Persian March" was played by the united infantry bands of the corps; and after briefly saluting the ladies of the royal family, the Shah took horse. He was attired in a dark blue uniform bestrung with diamonds, and had, moreover, a diamond *aigrette* in his head-dress, emerald epaulets on his shoulders, and a ruby-hilted cimeter by his side. His charger and suite were waiting for him close to the flag-staff, and the slight awkwardness and stiffness of gait noticeable in him when on foot at once van- ished when he mounted his splendid steed, which he managed with the grace and skill of an accomplished horseman. In the sad- dle he was the very type of what a cavalier should be, and his easy seat offered a striking contrast to the somewhat stiff though good equitation of the Prussian officers who sur- rounded him. At one o'clock the march past commenced, the infantry marching to the strains of the national anthem, and the cavalry to the "Hohenzollern March."

The Shah sat at the left hand of the Crown Prince, with whom he entered into animated conversation, paying repeatedly a high trib- ute of praise to the splendid appearance and admirable marching of the troops. As the last ammunition wagon of the artillery train passed by at a trot, the august party left the flag-staff, and rode off the field. Lord and Lady Odo Russell and Lord and Lady Skel- mersdale were present, among other illus- trious personages who were specially invited to the review.

That evening his Persian Majesty dined *en famille* with the Emperor and Empress at the Palace under the Linden, and attended a

gala performance of the ballet "Sardanapalus" at the Opera-house, where—being seated in the central Court box between the Empress and Princess Karl—he did one or two barbaric deeds, which smote with horror and consternation all those distinguished personages who witnessed them. *Imprimis*, wishing to call the Empress's attention to something taking place on the stage, he laid his hand on her arm once or twice during the second act of "Sardanapalus." "Where can he have been brought up?" exclaimed a great lady in a stage-box, an invitation to which was one of the few social privileges worth striving for in Berlin; "an Empress's arm is not a sabre-hilt, to be thus clutched at." *Secundo*, having called for a glass of water, which was brought to him by one of his own attendants, and drunk off its contents at a draught, he calmly handed the empty goblet to the Princess Karl, whose patrician countenance, as she mechanically took it from him, was a study for a physiognomist. Not less remarkable, as depicting the passion of astonishment in many several aspects, was the facial expression of the different ladies-in-waiting and chamberlains, none of whom had ever theretofore witnessed so blood-chilling a breach of etiquette. But worse remained behind. Presently the Shah cleared his throat once, twice, thrice with ever-increasing vigor, and then deliberately —spat into the stalls! Now, the *parterre* of the Opera-house on the occasion in question was thronged by the hereditary and official aristocracy of Prussia, specially invited by the Emperor to attend the performance—the ladies *en toilette de bal* deeply *décolletées*, the gentlemen in gala uniform or full evening dress.

The hideous incident above mentioned took place during an *entr'acte*, and the distinguished audience was for the most part on its feet, gazing with interest on the occupants of the Hofloge, conspicuous among whom was the "King of Kings," his breast and head-gear blazing with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies of enormous size and dazzling lustre. When this gorgeous being, the cynosure of all surrounding eyes, dealt with the *fine fleur* of German society as though they had been so many pariah dogs—which, from his point of view, they doubtless were—a shudder ran through the house, and several fair ladies of fashion hurriedly took their departure. Had the audience been an ordinary one, I do not doubt that so outrageous an insult would have called forth a tempest of hoots and hisses. Fortunately for the Shah's august hosts, all the tenants of numbered seats were their Majesties' guests for the time being, and their behavior was a signal triumph of Court decorum over human impulse. Neither by word nor sign did they betray their indignation and disgust, and the performance was continued as though nothing extraordinary had happened.

The remaining festive events of Nasr-ed-Deen's week in Berlin may be summed up in a few words. On Thursday he spent the day at Potsdam, visiting Sans Souci and the other places associated with the memory of Frederick the Great, dining with the Emperor at Schloss Babelsberg, and attending a garden-party given by the Crown Princess at the Neues Palais in the evening. It was a dreadfully fatiguing day, at the end of which all those privileged to take part in its entertainments—myself among the number—were fairly worn out and wellnigh tired to death. On Friday he went to the races at the Hoppegarten, dined alone in his apartments at the Schloss, and took his departure the following morning for Wiesbaden, whither I accompanied him. Everybody of the Prussian persuasion who had had to do with him during his stay in the German capital had by that time discovered that the Shah was a delusion and a snare. The apartments he and his barbaric retainers had occupied were befouled and defiled in an inconceivable manner. On the matchless Turkey carpet already alluded to fowls had been killed and roasted over braziers of glowing charcoal. It was blood-stained and burnt in a score of places—in a word, utterly ruined and rendered valueless. The rich silken hangings and satin-covered upholstery were begrimed with dirt and flecked by grease-stains. Had the rooms been inhabited by a tribe of Red Indians they could not have presented a sadder spectacle of reckless and mischievous damage. To the best of my belief, no one has heretofore ventured to tell the full truth about the monkey-like feats of devastation wrought by the Persian tourists in the Altes Schloss—abominations which they subsequently repeated in other imperial and royal residences, notably at the chateau of Laxenburg, near Vienna, where the Shah was entertained by Francis Joseph I.—and I see no reason why the facts of that remarkable episode should not at length be made known. I could fill a dozen pages of this chapter with details, hitherto unpublished, of the misconduct by which the Shah and his retinue horrified the Emperor William's household, but by so doing I should justly incur the reproach of indecency. Suffice it to say, therefore, that the departure of the Persian horde was hailed with joy by all those whose generous and tasteful hospitality they had so ill rewarded. As for the population of Berlin, the edge of their interest in Nasr-ed-Deen

was soon taken off by the disappointing discovery that a Shah, after all, was but a prosaic sort of personage, who did not even array himself in all the colors of the rainbow, nor order the impalement of a Court footman or the decapitation of any member of his own family every forenoon in the private apartments allotted to him. They expected something a good deal more peculiar, barbaric, stupendous in a real live Shah than his Majesty turned out to be. On the day of his arrival few people would have been surprised to hear that the Shah had demanded the heads of the Berlin Potsdam Railway directors, because the train in which he arrived at the terminus was seventeen minutes late. A week later the glamour with which the popular imagination had surrounded him was totally dissipated, and society had altogether "come to its senses" about him. At first everybody was astonished and charmed to find that he could converse in French—slowly, and with evident effort, but still intelligibly. One heard praises of his "Parisian accent" from all quarters, and the ladies were unanimous in declaring that "it was so nice of him to have learned it on purpose." In fact, Nasr-ed-Deen was immensely popular as long as he figured in public estimation as a noble being of sanguinary proclivities, romantic ferocity, and fabulous wealth. When it was rumored about that he had disposed of one Grand Vizier at least by a summary process, he went up many degrees in general appreciation. There is real lively interest about a gentleman in diamonds who can say at any time with perfect certainty that his orders will be promptly attended to, "Remove Mirza So-and-So's head." But when his boundless might and irresponsibility only express themselves in acts of discourtesy and gross misbehavior, he speedily assumes the character of a nuisance, and, as such, people are unfeignedly glad to be rid of him. Such was the feeling of the Berlinese towards Nasr-ed-Deen after he had spent a few days among them.

On the other hand, I have good reason to believe that the Shah-in-Shah was desperately bored by his visit to the German capital, during which the only genuine pleasure he experienced was that which he derived from witnessing the performances at the Opera-house and Victoria Theatre. Not that he was made to listen to operas. No; the sternness of Prussian hospitality was so far relaxed in his favor that he was spared that supreme suffering. But he was taken to see three of the best ballets, and one of the prettiest *spectacles* ever put upon any stage; and, moreover, he went behind the scenes, under the ciceroneship of the Emperor himself, who presented the principal performers in person to his bejewelled guest, and did the honors of the *coulisses* with all the *bonhomie* and good-nature imaginable. The Shah was unquestionably an enthusiastic admirer of the choregraphic art. He never looked bored for a moment at the theatre—that is to say, during the performance—the *entr'actes*, I must say, seemed to hang very heavily on his hands. But while the dancing was going on his face lighted up with genuine animation. To all other entertainments, even those of a military character, he was as impassive and apparently indifferent as a marble statue could be. He seemed to care little for the pleasures of the table—ate moderately of simple dishes, drank a good deal of water and a little iced champagne—smoked a cigarette when he could not get a narghileh, and was altogether the wrong sort of man to delight in hot rooms, long speeches, and late hours. While at Berlin, by-the-way, every night before retiring to rest the Shah with his own hand made copious notes of all that he had seen during the day. The result of this practice, which he continued throughout his European tour, was made public two years later in the form of a book—surely the most *bizarre* and fantastic work ever penned by the hand of a traveller born in the purple.

On Sunday, June 8th, the special train chartered by Kaiser Wilhelm to convey the Shah and his retinue to Wiesbaden arrived in that city, where his Majesty was received by the chief civil and military authorities, a guard of honor being also drawn up at the station. The church steeples, illuminated with electric lights in honor of the august visitor, produced a striking effect. As the Shah alighted, the band of the Eightieth Hessian Fusiliers played the Persian national march. His Majesty, accompanied by General von Boyen, first aide-de-camp and intimate friend of the Emperor William, drove in a four-horse gala carriage to the royal castle, of which the ground floor had been set apart for his accommodation. After a light repast he appeared on the balcony, and listened to the musical performance of a military band, at the conclusion of which the Schloss-platz was illuminated with Bengal fire, and the fountains played in the market-place, prettily illuminated for the occasion. Among those who greeted the Shah on his arrival was the Persian ambassador to Paris, who was the only Persian present attired in a rich costume, the Shah himself and the members of his suite being clad in plain dark travelling-dresses. The weather was far from favorable for a pleasant impression of Wiesbaden, being very dull, cold, and windy.

Nasr-ed-Deen retired to rest unusually ear-

ly, being extremely fatigued with his journey from Berlin, which, by-the-way, he had broken at Cologne for a couple of hours in order to visit the famous Zoological Gardens, which seemed to afford him considerable amusement. The director-in-chief of the institution of course accompanied him from cage to cage and house to house all over the gardens—it was the walking and standing about that fairly tired the Shah out, for, though an indefatigable horseman, he was manifestly unaccustomed to pedestrian exercise—and while we were all gathered round him in front of the bear-den I heard him laboriously explain to that official in broken French that, with his own hand, he had slain more than twenty full-grown bears in Persia. So saying, he looked hard at the Cologne bears, mooning about behind their bars in that vaguely menacing way that, to me, is invariably so destructive of implicit confidence in the harmlessness of what is called a "tame" bear; and smiled the merciless smile of a mighty hunter—a smile which, if the inmates of that spacious den had understood its true significance, would have made them shiver to the tips of their claws.

Concerts, receptions, and a grand *bal paré* at the Kursaal had been arranged by the royal authorities for the Shah's entertainment during the day and evening following his arrival at Wiesbaden; but, when informed of their hospitable projects on Sunday night, he curtly observed, "I will have none of these things to-morrow, for I mean to rest"—and so the festal programme was cancelled. He drove out, however, on Monday afternoon to Biebrich, and went over the superb Ducal Schloss which there overlooks the Rhine. On Tuesday he visited Frankfort, and was at some pains to inspect the chief monuments of that magnificent city, the ancient capital of Confederate Germany. The only objects, however, that appeared to awaken a faint and transient interest in his breast were the portraits of the Emperors of the whilom Holy Reich, which decorate the walls of the lofty Roemersaal. Returning to Wiesbaden, he despatched by wire to Essen an order for ten batteries of Krupp six-pounder field-guns and five of four-pounders, the first purchase of any importance that he had made in Germany. He then strolled from the palace over to the celebrated Green Church, at which he cast a glance or two of profound indifference, went back to his luxurious quarters, dined alone, and after dinner was entertained for about an hour and a half by the performances of a prestidigitateur named Stengel. At nine o'clock he drove to the Kursaal, where an extemporized throne was set up for him on the flight of steps leading to the chief entrance. The building was finely decorated with flags, trophies, flowers, and scarlet cloth, and the whole scene was one of striking beauty and animation. Seated there, surrounded by the princes of his family and other great Persian dignitaries, and by Prussian officers of high rank, the Shah contemplated the display of fireworks produced at the expense of the town on the large ornamental basin of water facing the Kursaal. From time to time his grand steward approached him with a deep obeisance and offered him tea from a highly wrought golden teapot, which was kept in a sort of shrine of green velvet. The fireworks lasted more than an hour, and afforded great delight to the crowd of spectators; but the loudest detonations and most brilliant combinations of color failed to elicit a single gesture of astonishment or admiration from his Majesty, the steadfast sternness of whose expression never once underwent the least modification.

On Wednesday Nasr-ed-Deen paid a visit to the Grand Duke of Baden at Carlsruhe, where, as I was given to understand, he was more than usually bored; the following day he devoted to repose and his "Notes by the Way;" and on Friday morning early he left Wiesbaden for Spa by special train, scarcely less glad to turn his back conclusively to Germany than Germany was glad to see him assume that attitude. As a matter of fact, the frequency and sameness of the military ceremonials that had been arranged in his honor and for his diversion wearied him exceedingly, the object of his journey not having been to inspect troops and attend reviews. He was disappointed, moreover, at having seen so little of real interest in other directions. The only industrial establishment he visited exhaustively in Germany was Krupp's foundery at Essen, the products of which tend rather to reduce populations than to augment their well-being. His Majesty was strongly impressed with the fact that in Germany soldierdom is paramount, officially and socially. No civic corporation offered him an ovation, and the staff appointed to attend upon him was purely military.

It was obvious to any observant person who watched Nasr-ed-Deen during his sojourn in the Fatherland that state ceremonials, court banquets, gala receptions, reviews, and parades were one and all almost unbearably tiresome to an uncivilized and masterful autocrat, who greatly disliked being constrained in his movements, and was utterly unaccustomed to methodical punctuality—as, indeed, were all the Persian gentlemen in his suite. That he should be obliged to dine at such an hour, go to a particular place by a certain train, or pay complimentary visits

to numerous high personages, was intolerably irksome to a monarch who at home eats only when he is hungry, and is set so far above all other men that nobody dares even to suggest to him what he should do or should not do, at any time, or under any circumstances. Many difficulties and complications occurred during his sojourn in Germany through the awe in which the Shah was held by his relatives and ministers, who could scarcely be induced to remind him of engagements made for him by his imperial host. As I have already pointed out, he repeatedly kept the Emperor and the Crown Prince waiting on festive occasions, sometimes because his *entourage* did not dare to keep him up to time, but more frequently because he deemed it inconsistent with his paramount dignity to keep any appointment made for him by his entertainers.

On arriving at the Belgian frontier, late in the afternoon of Friday, June 13th, his Majesty of Persia was received by General Durand, and at Spa by the Bourgmestre, in reply to whose address of welcome he expressed through the Grand Vizier his gratification at visiting Belgium, a country whose industrial products were known and appreciated throughout the entire world. As he drove from the railway station to his hotel—the Oranienhof—his carriage was preceded by the four gendarmes of the interesting little watering-place. His luggage had largely augmented since his arrival in Europe. It was conveyed to the Spa hotel in ten huge wagons, on each of which sat an armed Persian servant. His Majesty was much fatigued by the long journey of the day, and retired to rest immediately after the conclusion of the serenade which was given under his windows by the orchestra of the Kursaal.

On the following day (Saturday), about one o'clock, the Shah drove out to visit the mineral springs for which the neighborhood of Spa is famous, and was awaited a little way outside the town by a body groom who had brought with him the celebrated white horse with the mauve-tinted tail which I have mentioned before. Mounting his charger, turning sharp round and leaving the road, the Shah started across country at full gallop, taking everything as it came, and followed at some little distance by the Bourgmestre and one or two foreigners, myself included, on scratch mounts, who were all astonished by the suddenness of this escapade. His Majesty seemed to enjoy the ride immensely, though the country was pretty much up and down whithersoever you turned. He took his horse down some uncommonly steep places in an apparently reckless manner; but he was a splendid horseman, and the magnificent steed on which he rode was as sure-footed as a cat. Struck by the hilly and wooded aspect of the country, he asked the Bourgmestre whether there was any game thereabouts. "Yes, plenty," was the reply of the local magnate, proud, and with reason, of the fine country they were surveying. "What sort of game?" next inquired the Shah; and on receiving the answer, "Hares, partridges, and pheasants," his Majesty exclaimed with a smile, "Do you call that game? I hoped there were at least some bears about."

After the return of the Persian potentate from his excursion, the President of the Rifle Association—the Société du Tir—sought to wait upon him for the purpose of presenting two Comblain rifles, with a record of the performances of the weapons; but his Majesty being fatigued, they were received by the Grand Vizier. For the same reason, the Shah did not avail himself of the bath prepared for him at the Etablissement des Bains at five o'clock, and was not present in the evening at an entertainment given by a conjurer in the theatre, where a crowded audience waited more than an hour for his arrival, the performance being delayed on his account. At a quarter past nine o'clock the manager of the theatre announced from the stage that indisposition would prevent the Shah from coming, and the entertainment then commenced. When it was nearly terminated the Persian princes and the members of the Shah's suite appeared in the central box, and on their arrival the conjurer at once interrupted the programme and proceeded to repeat his tricks from the very beginning. I mention this trifling incident merely for the purpose of giving an illustration of the ingrained unpunctuality of Persian habits. While the Shah was in Belgium, travelling and sojourning on his own account for the first time since he left his own dominions, he took his ease, ate, drank, and slept when he pleased, received nobody, made and broke appointments according to his fancy, and was much more comfortable and better humored than he had been in Germany. He was positively seen to smile more than once, and during his impromptu gallop I even heard him laugh as he scampered over the fields.

On Sunday, at noon, a religious procession—that known as the Corpus Domini—was held, and passed by the windows of the Shah. The whole town was gayly decorated with flags and flowers, lighted candles were placed at the doors and windows, and the streets were bestrewn with green leaves and field flowers. The church bells pealed, and salvoes of musketry were fired at intervals.

For two hours before the procession was formed, the members of the Persian suite filled all the windows of the Oranienhof, except one, which remained closed and curtained, while the others were wide open. As the procession, with its banners, its band of children dressed in white, its church dignitaries, and the "host," came up, the curtain of that closed window was pulled back a few inches, and the face of the Shah could be seen peeping out at the cortége. When the sacramental elements approached, carried under a canopy by one of the priests, all the members of the suite politely rose from their seats and remained standing until they had passed, but his Majesty, who was alone at his window, remained seated.

On Sunday evening he attended the theatre, and was greatly amused by the feats and tricks of the conjurer Cazeneuve and his wife, especially with the cataleptic and clairvoyant feats of the latter, who was highly complimented in the Shah's name by the Persian princes. On retiring from the theatre he suffered a slight attack of fever, and passed a totally sleepless night in consequence. Next morning he still felt unwell, and at one time thought of postponing his journey to Brussels till the following day; but at a later hour, on being told that the civic and military authorities of Liege had gathered together for the purpose of greeting him and escorting him to the Belgian capital, he resolved to start, and left Spa at half-past twelve o'clock—not at eleven, as had been fixed—with his whole suite, the King's travelling-saloon having been placed at his service.

At Liege a flattering reception awaited him. The station—a handsome one—was finely decorated with flags and with garlands of flowers, and two companies of infantry were drawn up on the platform, with a band, and the largest, comeliest, and tawniest drum-major in the whole Belgian army. All the notables of the great manufacturing city had assembled to pay their respects to the illustrious stranger, who was received with the usual salutes and musical honors.

The Shah arrived at Brussels at half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, June 16th, about an hour earlier than had been expected. Although not the slightest attempt had been made on the part of the municipality to decorate any of the public thoroughfares through which his Majesty was to pass on his way to the Royal Palace, about [illegible] nevertheless, an immense assem- of a prestidigitateur [illegible] best decoration, after o'clock he drove to the K[illegible] the Boulevard extemporized throne was se[illegible]levard du Ré- *the flight of steps leading* to he Place des Palais, which form the route from the station of the Northern Railway to the residence of the King. Much credit was due to the railway authorities for what they did to decorate the station. There was a great profusion of flags, including Persian as well as Belgian colors, and of plants and flowers. Inside as well as outside the appearance of the station was remarkably pretty. On the opposite side of the platform to that on which the Shah was to alight from his carriage a long train had been drawn up, and was filled with gayly dressed spectators. Of course there was a guard of honor and a band in waiting, the regiment of the carabineers furnishing them.

At a quarter past three o'clock distinguished personages connected with the Court and the authorities of the municipality began to arrive in rapid succession. The King of the Belgians, who had left the palace when the train was signalled as at Cortenberg, entered the station shortly before half-past three, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant-general, with the decoration of the Persian Order of the Lion and the Sun in brilliants. Shortly afterwards arrived Malkom Khan, the Persian ambassador at London, carrying at his neck a portrait of his master surrounded by diamonds. The King, who was looking remarkably well, seemed anxious that the reception of his illustrious guest should be worthy of the occasion, and walked along the platform for the purpose of seeing for himself that everything was as it ought to be. He then went into the antechamber, where he chatted for a few minutes with the Persian ambassador.

At half-past three a flourish of trumpets announced that the train—which had come from Liege without stopping—was entering the station, and the King, followed by his ministers, the generals of his army, and the municipal authorities, at once walked down the platform. All eyes were now eager to get a glimpse of the interesting strangers, who were seen looking out of the carriage-windows as the train approached, with apparently as much curiosity as if Brussels had been the first European capital they had visited. The breasts of the chief Persian dignitaries, as they stood at the windows, appeared to be covered with glistening jewels. In the King's travelling-carriage, about the centre of the train, was the Shah himself, and when it stopped the Belgian monarch stood in front of the door. His Majesty Nasr-ed-Deen alighted slowly, and looked for a few seconds earnestly at the King. The latter, stepping forward, raised his hat and held out his right hand, the Shah meanwhile bowing with considerable dignity. A

warm and hearty shake of the hands followed, and the two monarchs at once fell into conversation. The King first of all inquired after the health of his guest, for there had been some anxiety on this score, as a report had been spread to the effect that he was very unwell, and that the state performance fixed for this evening at the Opera would have to be postponed. The Shah, however, appeared to have recovered from his indisposition, and to be suffering nothing worse than the slight fatigue occasioned by the few hours' journey. The King presented the Count of Flanders and the ministers, the principal members of his staff, and the Bourgmestre to his visitor, and remarked, "I am aware that your Majesty speaks the French language very well." The Shah replied with an affirmative gesture, and directed the Grand Vizier to address a few words on his part to the King, who seemed to be much pleased by what was said. Much astonishment was created by the magnificence of the diamonds worn by the Persian monarch. There were two or three rows of precious stones of enormous size across his breast, another mass of wonderful jewels on his headdress, and the sword that he carried had a splendid jewelled hilt. Several of the personages of the Persian suite were attired in uniforms profusely adorned with gold and precious stones, while others wore somewhat common overcoats of cloth or a fantastic dress that closely resembled Cashmere *robes de chambre*. The Persian princes and other dignitaries having gathered near their lord, and the officers and others who had crowded in front having fallen back, a procession of very picturesque appearance was formed, and began to move. After a few minutes' repose in the royal saloon of the station, where some further conversation and more presentations took place, the Shah and the King, duly attended, directed their steps towards the state carriages that were waiting outside.

The military arrangements for the reception were very effective. At the moment of the arrival of the train there was a startling salvo from a battery of artillery, seventy-two rounds being fired. Both inside and outside the station the regiment of the carabineers performed the service of honor. Their band, under the direction of M. Labory, played a Persian march, composed by Strauss. Apropos of the music, there is an amusing story to tell. M. Labory had obtained a Persian national air, which he caused his musicians to learn, taking great pains to have it well executed; but almost at the last moment he was informed that this national tune had become in the course of political changes a revolutionary air, a sort of "Carmagnole," the strains of which would be certain to produce a singular and far from pleasant effect upon the nerves of the ruler of Iran. Hardly knowing what he ought to do, the director of the band decided at last to play the Persian march of Strauss in place of the piece he was now obliged to abandon. In practising the march the clever conductor forgot only one thing, namely, that the composer had sought to make the music a kind of imitative harmony suggestive of the mewing of the feline race; but the Shah did not seem to notice the omission.

On leaving the station, the cortége was composed of eleven state carriages, which were preceded by an escort of two squadrons, and were similarly attended in the rear. The Shah occupied with the King the first of the vehicles, an uncovered calèche. In the second were the Count of Flanders, with Nasr Aga, the brother of the Shah, and the other distinguished personages followed in closed carriages. Last of all came a number of omnibuses, filled with Persian servants and with baggage. An enormous crowd pressed in on both sides upon the passage along which the cortége proceeded. Following the Boulevards as far as the Rue Latérale, the carriages made their way somewhat leisurely to the palace, which was entered at the left wing. Loud and enthusiastic cries of "Vive le Roi!" resounded over the Place des Palais when they arrived, and the scene there, as everywhere else on the route, was most animated. Arriving at the top of the staircase, the Shah was received by the Queen, and after a few minutes his Majesty was conducted to the apartments prepared for him.

Immediately afterwards Sir Henry Rawlinson and the members of his suite were introduced to King Leopold by Mr. Lumley, and afterwards by the Grand Vizier to his royal master. Sir Henry addressed the Shah in Persian, stating that he had been sent specially by her Majesty Queen Victoria to express the pleasure she felt in the prospect of welcoming him to England, her desire to make his visit as agreeable as possible, and her hope that he would find much to interest and amuse him in her realm. At the same time he spoke of the gratification with which the coming of his Majesty was awaited by the people of England, and assured him that he would meet with a hearty reception from all classes of English society. His Majesty replied at considerable length, and in most complimentary terms, intimating that one of the chief objects of his journey was that he might personally visit England and have an opportunity of paying his respects to the sovereign of a people so civil-

ized, so mighty, and so generous. He looked forward with confidence to deriving the greatest pleasure from his sojourn in England, and cordially reciprocated the kindly sentiments that were entertained towards him by the people of that country. At the close of this formal exchange of compliments the Shah entered into conversation of a less official character with Sir Henry, whose interview with his Majesty lasted, in all, about twenty-five minutes.

At 10 o'clock P.M., the state dinner at the palace being over, the Shah and the King and Queen of the Belgians attended a gala performance at the Opera-house. The interior of the theatre presented a grand and brilliant appearance, all the fashion and distinction of Belgium's capital being gathered in it, to say nothing of the picturesque richness of the Eastern costumes. Her Majesty was conducted into the royal box by the Shah, while the King gave his arm to the Countess of Flanders. The whole of the audience rose when they entered, and gave them a most enthusiastic reception, raising loud cheers that were repeated again and again. The Shah bowed as if well pleased by the compliments he was on all hands receiving, and showed more signs of enjoyment than were usual with him. The opera was Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," which, abounding as it does in striking spectacle, was well chosen for the occasion, and was performed in a manner worthy of a city which has achieved so high a dramatic and operatic reputation as Brussels. With equal good taste the grand ballet from Gounod's "Faust" was produced. In the street, both when they arrived and when they left, their Majesties received a warm ovation from an immense crowd.

Rising at a rather late hour the following morning, Nasr-ed-Deen breakfasted privately, and then received the reports that his ministers are daily in the habit of laying before him. At twelve o'clock he was waited upon by the members of the Corps Diplomatique, and addressed a few complimentary words to each as, one after another, they were introduced to him. Sir Henry Rawlinson and the other members of the English mission were not present at the reception, it being confined to the representatives of foreign powers actually resident in Brussels. The ceremony was made as short as possible, in order that his Majesty might be enabled to made a somewhat comprehensive excursion in the city and suburbs, arranged for him by King Leopold. At half-past one o'clock the King and the Shah, attended by Malkom Khan, the Persian minister at London, who acted as interpreter, drove out in *an open carriage-and-six, with outriders*, followed by an open landau, in which several of the Persian strangers were seated. The Shah was *en petite tenue*, wearing no jewels except in his head-dress, and the King was in the undress uniform of a Belgian general. First, the party visited the celebrated cathedral of Ste. Gudule. Much interest attached to the incident from the fact that this was the first Christian place of worship ever entered by the Persian monarch; and there are not many churches in Europe that surpass in attractions this fine old Gothic edifice. The richness and profusion of the famous stained glass that adorns it, the wealth of sculpture it contains, and the quaint designs of its wonderful old carved pulpit, entitle it to be reckoned among the more important repositories of the art treasures with which the Belgian capital abounds.

The royal party, on leaving Ste. Gudule, went to the Porte de Hal, where they alighted and entered the Museum of Antiquities. Leaving this institution, they drove along the new boulevard constructed over the river Senne, and passing by the new Bourse proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville, where some time was spent. M. Anspach, the well-known Bourgmestre of the city, was in attendance here upon the Shah, and in the course of the visit placed before him a book containing the names of many illustrious personages who have at different times visited this capital, requesting his Majesty to enrich the collection with his signature. Under the words, "His Majesty the Shah of Persia has deigned, in commemoration of his visit to the Town-hall to-day (June 17, 1873), to inscribe his signature in this register," the Shah, keeping his glove on, slowly wrote in Persian characters to the following effect: "I am very much gratified with the kind reception accorded to me by the King and people of Belgium.—NASR-ED-DEEN." His Majesty inspected with interest the curious objects and monuments connected with the history of Brussels, and took particular notice of the full-length portraits of Napoleon the First and William the First, in the private room of the Bourgmestre. A large number of gayly dressed ladies were assembled by invitation in the new Gothic hall through which the Shah had to pass, on his way to the balcony overlooking the square in front of the Town-hall, and were smilingly saluted by his Majesty. After leaving the Town-hall the royal party drove through the Allée Verte to Laeken—a country palace of King Leopold's about three miles to the north—where they were received by the Queen, and were served with light refreshments in the form of fruit, sweets, and ices. A short time was pleasantly spent in this agreeable

retreat, the band of the guides contributing to the enjoyment by the performance of sundry *morceaux* of operatic and dance music. Later on a state banquet, to which about fifty invitations were issued, was given at the royal palace in honor of the Shah, who retired early to his apartments, having before him the prospect of getting up at three on the following morning in order to start on his journey to England. To this item of his tourist programme I was assured, by one of his most trusted councillors — Malkom Khan, a minister whose talents would have been remarkable in any country—Nasr-ed-Deen attached exceptional importance and interest. Moreover, from the *empressement* shown by the more exalted personages of the Shah's suite towards Sir Henry Rawlinson and those who were associated with him in the special mission, it was easy to draw the conclusion that the Persian monarch, whose sentiments were faithfully reflected by his followers, was anxious to secure the regard and good-will of the English nation. Several of the gentlemen in question, whose acquaintance I made during my temporary attachment to the suite of Nasr-ed-Deen, gave frequent expression to the joyous curiosity which the Persians could not help evincing with regard to their approaching visit to England. "Now," they exclaimed, "we shall see things new, such as we have never even imagined. Nothing we saw in Germany, except Krupp's cannon foundery at Essen, surprised us much. We had already formed some sort of notion of most of the sights that were shown us. But now we are really going to a land of wonders, where the giant forces that govern half the world are at home. We are all, even to the humblest among us, penetrated with curiosity to see your gigantic war-ships, and are looking anxiously forward to the moment when we shall stand on English ground."

I may mention that, at the state operatic performance in the Théâtre de la Monnaie, the Shah wore, besides his usual wonderful display of brilliants, emeralds, and rubies, a splendid ornament above his grand cordon of Leopold, which can only be described as a supplementary cordon, composed on the surface entirely of precious stones, the effect of which, in the brilliantly lighted theatre, was simply dazzling. On the breast of his Majesty's frock-coat were the famous diamond *brandenbourgs*, containing thirty-four brilliants of the finest water, each as large as a hazel-nut, and interspersed with lustrous emeralds and rubies. The "Sea of Light" diamond hung from his button-hole, and from his neck depended a heavy double string of pearls and diamonds.

As the special royal train was to start for Ostend at half past four on the following morning, and telegraphing had kept me up till after midnight, of course going to bed was out of the question. I therefore passed the very small hours with some English and American *confrères* of the pen at a well-known rendezvous of the British colony in Brussels, the "Prince of Wales" tavern, which always looks as if it had been picked up bodily from a Fleet Street court and deposited in a Montagne de la Cour alley. At four my old friend Le Sage of the *Daily Telegraph* drove with me down to the station, where we found the Persians busily huddling their pots and pans, pipes and bundles, into a string of first-class carriages, and a laughing, chaffing group of our journalistic colleagues—conspicuous among them the burly form of Edmund Yates, then representing the *New York Herald*. Mark Twain was pretending to take copious notes on the backs of some old playing-cards, a pack of which, he gravely assured me, he always carried about with him for that unique purpose, poker or euchre being the farthest things from his mind whenever he was *en mission* for his paper. Having secured our places in the train, my companion and I joined this merry company, from which clouds of smoke curled upward towards the station roof, and awaited the coming of the Shah-in-Shah, who presently made his appearance—a few minutes late, as usual—took his leave of the King, and climbed languidly into his state saloon. Forthwith the train started, and we rattled away through Flanders at Belgian express speed, reaching "East End" a little before 7 A.M. There H.M.S. *Vigilant* and *Lively*, avisoes of light draught, copiously bellagged, spick and span from stem to stern, their officers and men all in gala array, awaited the dusky monarch and his following, who straightway proceeded on board, and were received with the courteous ceremonial "in that case made and provided."

After a brief but inevitable delay, incident to the transfer of the monumental Persian luggage from the train on board the *Vivid* tender, the *Vigilant* and *Lively* steamed briskly out into the channel, the surface of which —fortunately for the Oriental dignitaries assembled on the respective quarter-decks, some of whom had never set eyes on the sea until that day—was as smooth and level as a cricket-ground. Hitherto the Shah's journey had been strictly overland, his Majesty entertaining a settled objection to committing his august person to the mercies of the winds and waves. When it had been proved to him, beyond refutation, that he could not get to England from any part of Continental

Europe without crossing an interval of salt water, he had evinced more than half a mind to give up that part of his foreign tour. But eventually curiosity prevailed over — let us say, prejudice; and I must do him the justice to say that, during his five hours' sea voyage on board the *Lively*, he maintained the impassive demeanor which he had heretofore displayed on *terra firma*, never for a second exhibiting an "outward and visible sign" of the internal uneasiness which, as we all knew, he was stoically enduring.

The Persian princes and ministers and mirzas and khans modelled their behavior upon that of their saturnine master, of whom they stood in abject dread. Nasr-ed-Deen had brought along a couple of professional executioners from far Teheran, and his relatives and retainers were never quite easy in their minds as to when the dexterity of these functionaries might be exercised to their personal disadvantage, and preserved a decent composure throughout the first hour or so of their maritime adventure, the restlessness of their dark gleaming eyes alone betraying their inward disquietude. When the *Lively*, however, in which I and my brother journalists were embarked, had "made an offing" of about a dozen miles from the sandy shore of the Low Countries, the self-possession of our Persian companions was put to a test which shattered it with singular promptitude and completeness; for, ere we had lost sight of the houses fringing Ostend Digue, the stately iron-clad squadron despatched by the Queen's orders to meet her imperial visitor and escort him to the white-cliffed frontier of her island realm hove in sight, and steamed majestically towards the trim little *Vigilant* and *Lively* like so many huge and sombre monsters of the deep. The wonder and awe that expressed itself on the countenances of my Oriental fellow-passengers as these seagiants drew nearer and nearer to us was a sight that in itself amply repaid me for a sleepless night and the many other inconveniences I had suffered while dancing attendance upon the Shah throughout a fortnight of exceptionally trying weather. Nor had I ever theretofore beheld so impressive a spectacle as the advance of that irresistible British squadron, composed of the most powerful war-ships then afloat, swiftly and silently bearing the greeting of our Empress-Queen to the semi-barbarous "King of Kings." The morning mists had lifted—the sky was a fine light blue — the sun shone out gloriously on Britannia's mighty messengers as they calmly glided along, nearing us with a rapidity that, apparently, to Persian apprehensions, boded no good. Anxious was the gaze riveted upon them by the Shah's followers as, approaching, they seemed to grow larger and larger every second; and anxiety was of a sudden converted into fear when the leading man-of-war, having reached a position exactly abreast of the *Vigilant* and *Lively*, opened fire with the first round of a royal salute from a gun bigger than anything ever thitherto discharged in honor of the Persian monarch. On the whole, however, Nasr-ed-Deen's satellites stood the roar of the great iron-clads' cannon with praiseworthy steadfastness. But presently, after the *Achilles* and other "first-raters" had gone by, a hideous thing came into view — something like an enormous turtle with a circular excrescence as big as a gas-meter growing out of its back—and, wallowing past us, belched forth a column of smoke that instantly hid it from view, with an explosion which, for a second, actually seemed to lift the *Lively* out of the water. The Persians—with the exception of their king, who stood on the deck of the *Vigilant* like a rock, frowning sternly, although his cheek was blanched by a deadly pallor—evidently thought that the end of all things was upon them. They had never before—nor had I, indeed—heard such an appalling noise as that uttered by a 25-ton gun, or dreamed of such a gigantic, bellowing Djinn as the *Devastation*; for it was that loathly turret-ship which had wellnigh deafened us all with its strident shout of welcome to the Shah. Some of the sons of Iran collapsed on deck; others crawled to the companion-hatch, and scuttled below, more dead than alive—positively green with fright. A few minutes later, stepping down to the saloon to inspect the "cold collection" there laid out for the *Lively's* guests, I found a venerable Persian gentleman of exalted rank —he was the only one of the Shah's household who wore spectacles, articles comically out of keeping with his ornate get-up—grovelling under the dinner-table in the agonized expectation of speedy and permanent engulfment in the depths of the Channel. Even after he had been assisted to his feet, and cordially assured by Lieutenant Coomb that he was "all right, you know," it took him a long time to recover his equanimity. Wine of Shiraz, *alias* dry sherry, however, judiciously administered to him by a grinning steward, presently revived his courage, and I can testify to the fact that he played a very pretty knife and fork at the sumptuous feast to which we all sat down as soon as the saluting was over and done with.

Having swept past their imperial convoy with manned yards, dipped colors, and thundering peals of ordnance, the *Vanguard*, *Audacious*, *Sultan*, *Achilles*, *Monarch*, *Devastation*, *Black Prince*, *Agincourt*, *Northumberland*, and

Hector wheeled round with splendid precision, and took up their respective positions in double column of escort. Then, at somewhat accelerated speed, and attended by the *escadre d'honneur*, the *Vigilant* and *Lively* pushed on for Dover, where the Shah was received with salutes from the castle guns and addresses from the local authorities, his route from the landing-stage to the railway-station being lined on either side with picked troops belonging to the garrison.

At Dover my mission terminated for the time being, and though I accompanied his Majesty up to town—a seat in the royal train having been politely placed at my disposal—I performed that part of my tedious journey from the Potsdamer-platz to Charing Cross in a strictly "unofficious" capacity. Of the festivities with which Nasr-ed-Deen was entertained in London and at Trentham—where he suggested to an exalted personage that the Duke of Sutherland, his kindly and generous host, should be put out of the way as a provincial magnate far too wealthy and influential not to be a danger to the State—I will say nothing in this place, and will also refrain from raising the veil wisely drawn by British official discretion over the amazing details of the Persian occupancy of Buckingham Palace. Of the wreckage wrought by the Shah's followers at Laxenburg, the Austrian Kaiser's favorite Schlosslein, were they "made hay" during their visit to the Vienna Exhibition, I was an eyewitness. But to what purpose should I recapitulate achievements of an uniformly revolting nature, which may be summed up in the two words, dirt and depravity? *Non ragionam di lor ma tacti e passa.*

I must not, however, omit to mention an incident which occurred at Ostend while the Shah and his kinsmen, attended by Sir Henry Rawlinson and Malkom Khan, were being conducted on board the *Vigilant*. The Persian impedimenta, weighing over five tons, were being rapidly transferred from the quay to the deck of the little *Vivid* by Belgian railway porters and commissionaires, when all of a sudden two of the latter allowed a heavy painted trunk to slip through their hands, and with a loud splash it fell into the basin. Instantly—without waiting to pull off their jackets—eight splendid fellows of the *Vigilant's* crew dived after the box, and in less than half a minute fished it up from the bottom of the basin, brought it to the surface of the muddy water, passed a line round it, by which their comrades hauled it up the quay wall, and swam to the steps, which they ascended, dripping like water-rats, but as quietly and undemonstratively as though they had performed the most ordinary piece of duty imaginable. The Shah looked on, while this episode was being enacted, with a livelier interest, to judge by the varying expression of his countenance, than I had seen him display when the flower of the German army had passed under his review. He actually raised his eyebrows in irrepressible surprise when the eight stalwart blue-jackets plunged into the basin as one man, and went very near smiling as they reappeared with his retainer's gaudy petara, struggling manfully and successfully to keep it above water until their comrades on the quay-side lowered a hitch wherewith to heave it up to *terra firma*. The promptitude and dash of the whole thing evidently amused him; and it must be admitted that the quick, fearless action of our brisk jack-tars was in striking contrast to the stolid attitude of his own attendants, who—as the trunk splashed into the water—uttered a mild ejaculation, probably to the effect that God was great, or that no article of luggage could evade destiny, but never wagged a foot or a finger in the merest semblance of an endeavor to recover the submerged property. These stoics, in truth, had so seriously irritated me with their wearisome impassibility throughout the previous fortnight, that to see them—as I did a little later on—bolt under tables like rabbits into burrows when the *Devastation's* big gun went off, was a keen and hearty joy, to which I still look back with a relish unmarred by the lapse of years. They were such an unsavory, grimy, mischievous lot, and their stoicism was so manifestly the outcome of crass ignorance and savage conceit, that the hundredweight of powder which shattered it to atoms also laid me under a lifelong obligation.

CHAPTER VI.

The King and Queen of Roumania.—Prince Cusa, Hospodar of Moldo-Wallachia.

"CAROL I., Din gracia lui Dumneden si prin vointa nationala Rege al Românici," or, in our vernacular, "Charles the First, by the grace of God and the will of the nation, King of Roumania," is the second son of the late Prince Anthony of Hohenzollern, whose sovereign rights were vested in the Prussian throne thirty-eight years ago, and who at the

time of his death was the wealthiest gentleman in Germany. His Majesty was born in 1839, entered the Prussian army at an early age, as all the princes of his illustrious house have done since Frederic I. changed his Elector's "hat" for a royal crown, and served in the First Regiment of Guard Dragoons until his twenty-seventh birthday, when an event of supreme importance befell him. The United Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, but recently emancipated from vassalage, and anxious to achieve promotion in European position and international rank, happened to be in want of a constitutional monarch, young, brave, intelligent, good-looking, and influentially connected. This requirement they met by electing Karl-Eitel-Friedrich-Zéphyrin-Ludwig von Hohenzollern to rule over them under the title of Prince of Roumania. It may interest some of my readers to learn how this splendid advancement came to the gallant cavalry captain, son of a mediatized princelet, whose twenty-one years' reign over the Dacians has unquestionably, in the words of our national anthem, been "happy and glorious."

Three-and-twenty years ago Moldo-Wallachia, then an integral portion of the Ottoman Empire, paying tribute to the Padishah, but self-governed in every essential respect, was ruled by a Hospodar native to its soil and elected of its people. This dignitary, Jón Alecsandru Cusa by name, was a very remarkable man. A Moldavian by birth, he was not a scion of any one of the great Boyar families, Roumanian or Phanariote; but nature had gifted him with excellent abilities, a commanding presence, and a singular plasticity of temperament, enabling him to be "all things to all men." He had, moreover, a strong sense of humor, and was one of the most good-natured, easy-going cynics I have ever known. On the other hand, he was untruthful, unscrupulous, and inveterately dissolute. His career was a curious one, as the following rough outline of its leading incidents will show.

When a lad of seventeen, Cusa had been sent with his cousin Alecsandru Docan, under the care of a tutor, to Paris, there to perfect himself in colloquial French, and, generally speaking, to improve each shining hour. He behaved himself so indecorously, however, in the French capital that it was soon found expedient to recall him home, and a commission was procured for him in the Moldavian militia (*dorobantsi*), which he was compelled to resign a few months later, having got himself into trouble with the regimental authorities by every conceivable variety of misconduct. He then made a show of studying the law, and was appointed a judge at Galatz through the influence of his uncle, a wealthy and much-respected Boyar. While holding this position—the comparative respectability of which soon became intolerable to him—he embarked in a conspiracy against the Government of the day, took an active part in the Moldavian revolution at Jassy (March, 1848), was arrested by the orders of the then Hospodar, Prince Stourdza, and sent in custody to Galatz for transport to Tultcha, there to be handed over to the Turkish authorities. At Galatz he contrived to escape with Alecsandru Morousi, who, like himself, had been born and bred in the neighborhood of that city, and was known to every peasant in the district. The fugitives were sheltered by Mr. Cunningham, at that time the British consul in Galatz, who smuggled them on board an English ship bound for Marseilles with grain. Cusa was in Paris when Grigor Ghica succeeded to the Hospodarship, and was included in the general political amnesty promulgated on that occasion. He returned to Moldavia forthwith, and remained there, a striking example of idleness and dissolute conduct, until 1856, when, on the death of the Kaimakan Balsch, Nicolai Vogorides, Cusa's particular crony and fellow-*débauché*, was appointed Hospodar. This vivacious prince, a *viveur* of the very first flight, whose exploits of gambling and gallantry still live in the memories of his contemporaries, at once bestowed a colonelcy in the army upon his friend Cusa, and made him his personal aide-de-camp as well as Prefect of Galatz. Shortly afterwards a general election came on, and Vogorides, eager to secure the support of a majority in the new Moldavian Chamber, put up a number of his own creatures for provincial constituencies, obtaining their return by gross and flagrant bribery and corruption. Cusa, who had begun to bid for popularity in his native country, where his reputation was none of the most fragrant, energetically opposed these elections, and succeeded in inducing the Chamber to annul them. It was at this time that he commenced his public career as a disinterested patriot, uncompromising Liberal, and fearless champion of the people's rights. He married a daughter of the great patrician house of Rosetti, whose dowry provided him with the necessary pecuniary qualification (£1500 a year) for election to the Hospodarship; became a deputy on the Unionist platform, and addressed himself assiduously to the task of gaining the good-will of the leading Liberals of the day, who for the most part regarded him as a good-natured, amusing ne'er-do-well of no particular political significance.

Towards the close of the year 1858 it be-

came necessary to elect new Hospodars in both principalities. In Moldavia the Liberal party, among whose leaders were Costaki Negri, Lascar Catargi, Pierre Mavrojeni, Vasilie Alecsandri, Michel Kogalniceanu, Panu, Rolla, and Docan, had the election in the palm of its hand. The question was, whom should it elect? Several meetings were held by the more influential members of the party in the "Elephant Hall" of the Museum at Jassy—so called because it contained the full skeleton of an elephant, in the skull of which the minutes of these meetings were kept, a circumstance that gave rise to the sobriquet of the "Elephant Prince," subsequently bestowed upon Cusa—and the names of those "patriots" eligible for election were freely discussed. Negri was the favorite of the party, but did not possess the pecuniary qualification prescribed by the constitution. His friends and supporters generously offered to remove this disability, but he would not accept their money at the cost of his independence. Alecsandri (the present Roumanian minister in Paris, and Dacian poet-laureate) resolutely declined the Hospodarship, for which he felt no vocation. Kogalniceanu, the ablest man of the party, was unfortunately quite impossible, for private reasons, into which, as he is still alive, I will refrain from entering. Meeting after meeting was held, but no decision could be arrived at. On January 4, 1859, however, matters came to a head. After two hours' fruitless discussion—I should mention that Cusa was not present on the occasion—the potential prince-makers were about to separate, when Colonel Pissoski, Cusa's bosom friend, confidant, and factotum, locked the door of the Elephant Hall, put the key in his pocket, exclaiming no one should leave the room, save over his dead body, until a prince should have been elected, and straightway proposed Jón Alecsandru Cusa as a fit and proper person to be appointed Hospodar of Moldavia. One by one the leaders of the Liberal party pledged themselves to support Cusa's nomination; whereupon Pissoski opened the door, and all present started off in search of the Prince-elect, with the object of apprizing him that their choice had fallen upon him. They found him playing billiards in a *café*. When they told him what had come to pass he laughed aloud, observing, "Very well; I accept. Perhaps, after all, I shall make as useful a prince as any of you." Next day he was elected Hospodar of Moldavia by a large parliamentary majority; and three weeks after the Wallachian Chamber elected him to the like office in Bucharest, seizing the opportunity of securing the long-yearned-for blessing of "personal union" to both principalities.

Of Cusa's reign, which lasted six years, there is little to be said that would not be out of place in this collection of personal reminiscences. My first visit to the Principalities took place in the autumn of 1865, and I made his acquaintance, therefore, when he was nearly at the end of his tether. He received me with all possible *bonhomie* and unceremonious kindness, and I spent several highly entertaining hours in his company at Bucharest, often marvelling at the cynical frankness with which he recounted his own social adventures and experiences, and held up men and things Roumanian to ridicule. I may mention, however, that about a year before I was presented to him he had executed a *coup d'état* in Bucharest, dissolving the Chambers, declaring peasant proprietary to be absolute and perpetual, and proclaiming the electoral principle of universal suffrage. It was this arbitrary proceeding that made the great Boyar land-owners his irreconcilable foes, and led to his ultimate dethronement and exile.

The actualities of Cusa's reign, including the *coup d'état* in question, were of the highest importance to his native country. It must be remembered that, until this dissolute but astute Moldavian came to the front in the history of modern Dacia, the "Danubian Principalities"—as it was the fashion to designate Wallachia and Moldavia—constituted an integral portion of the Ottoman Empire, and were governed each by a Hospodar of its own election, such Hospodar being a vassal of the Sultan for the time being, from whom he received investiture in office, and being chosen by the serf-owning landholders—Roumanian, Phanariote, and Albanian—from among themselves to rule over them *en camarade*, rather than *en Prince*. The Hospodars, or Kaimakans, were elected for a term of years. Through the apparent accident above described—I use the word "apparent" advisedly, for Cusa was an adept in the art of guiding chance, and I have good reason to believe that the dramatic scene of January 4, 1859, was stage-managed by Pissoski under his inspiration and directions—Cusa was elected by the notables of both Principalities to the then vacant offices. The opportunity was thus afforded to him of amalgamating the two provinces—already one in speech, religion, customs, and history—and he fulfilled this part of his self-assigned mission admirably, achieving a veritable triumph of diplomacy in inducing the Porte to confirm his nomination as Hospodar of the United Principalities. By this brilliant and unexpected feat he imparted the impulse to his country's destinies which carried Roumania irresistibly forward until she achieved absolute indepen-

dence and the rank of a kingdom. For her present status in the comity of nations she is undoubtedly indebted to Cusa above all other men, living or dead; to him she also owes her final and complete enfranchisement from the reproach of slavery. It was he who brought about the conclusive emancipation and endowment of the serfs in Moldo-Wallachia; an achievement which practically ruined the great Boyar class, to which he owed his throne, and broke up the political power of the territorial aristocracy and clergy, who vowed vengeance upon their "despoiler," and punctually kept their vow.

Subsequently to the *coup d'état* of November, 1864, Cusa remained continuously at odds with the leading Liberal politicians of Roumania; the Conservatives had been his sworn foes from the commencement of his reign. Both parties had secretly discussed the expediency of getting rid of him, and their wire-pullers having come to the conclusion that the only chance of establishing a solid and permanent monarchical *régime* in the country was to place it under the sovereignty of a foreign prince, had gone the length of pledging themselves in writing not to support the candidature of any Roumanian born, as a successor to Cusa. On August 15, 1865, an *émeute* of no great moment took place in the streets of Bucharest; the military were called out, and, by Cusa's orders, fired upon the people. This untoward accident furnished his foes with a plausible pretext for putting their well-matured plans into execution. The decision to extort his abdication from him by force, and to expel him from the realm, was arrived at simultaneously by the leaders of the two groups of deputies representing the Liberal and Conservative parties in the dissolved Chamber—Prince Jón Ghicia (the Roumanian minister in London) and Colonels Cretzulesco and Haralambi on the one hand; Costaki Rosetti and Colonel Leca on the other. These and other eminent Boyars came together repeatedly during the autumn of 1865, and settled all the minor details of the projected *coup*, the final arrangements for which, strange to say, were concluded at a state ball given by Cusa in his palace at Bucharest during the carnival of 1866. The military measures necessary to insure the success of the enterprise were confided to the management of Colonels Leca, Cretzulesco, and Haralambi, whose regiments constituted the bulk of the Bucharest garrison, and the 11th of February, 1866, was fixed upon for the *coup* itself, on which date the palace guard was to consist of soldiers belonging to a battalion of *chasseurs-à-pied* under Leca's command. This guard was to be withdrawn at a certain hour of the night, leaving every access to the palace open to the chosen agents of the conspiracy, seven in number—Colonel Pilat, Messrs. Ciocurlan, Costiesco, Lupojano, and three others of minor notoriety.

Throughout his reign Cusa had lavished favors on the national army, which he had reorganized, reuniformed, and rearmed. He had, moreover, exhibited a marked predilection for certain officers of fortune, like himself not of illustrious descent or large private means. It was by the action of these very men, who became the instruments of a Boyar conspiracy against him, that he was hurled from his throne and thrust forth from the country to which he had rendered such invaluable services. Colonels Leca and Pilat, whom he had raised from obscurity to high military rank and loaded with a thousand benefits, were among the conspirators who stole upon him in the dead of night, and compelled him to sign an act of abdication. I was in Bucharest when this *chef d'œuvre* of ingratitude was perpetrated by Cusa's intimate friends, whose hand had been pressed by his in friendship and trust but an hour or two before they overthrew him.

On the morning after the *coup* had been effected, I was still in bed and asleep in a room of the Hôtel Hugues, when a loud knock at my door awakened me, and a member of the new administration, then some eight hours old, entered the apartment, shook my hand fervently, and sat down in a chair by my bedside. "Why so early, cher Monsieur?" I asked: it was about nine o'clock of a bitter winter morning, and a visit from a Boyar of distinction was the last thing I should have expected at that hour. "Have you not heard the news of the day, then?" he exclaimed, answering question with question. "No; what is it?" "Nous nous sommes débarassés de Jean Cusa pendant la nuit; à l'heure qu'il est il doit faire du chemin vers la frontière!" I thought my interlocutor was jesting, and smiled politely, as a well-bred person is expected to smile at a social joke, however bad it may be, propounded for his special entertainment. How should I have believed him, *ex abrupto*, to be in earnest? Only the day before I had had audience of the Prince, who appeared to be in the highest possible spirits, and made me laugh heartily by a humorous narrative of the valorous deeds done by his old regiment (the Fourth Infantry) near Galatz during its ineffectual attempt to capture a few half-starved fugitive Polish patriots, victims of the abortive insurrection of 1864. Cusa dethroned! Cusa expelled! The notion seemed too absurd to be seriously entertained for a moment. My countenance must have betrayed my incredulity, for M——, rising from

his seat, added: "Listen; I give you my word of honor that what I have told you is true. Last night we entered the palace after Cusa had retired to rest. We went straight to his bedroom. He was in bed; we told him to get up, as we had to transact important business with him. He called to his *aide-de-camp de service;* but, receiving no answer, arose promptly, put on an *en cas* of some sort, and advanced towards us. The person who was with him hid behind the bed-curtains, and while we were in conversation with him managed to reach the door, barefoot and *en toilette de nuit*, and escape into the street. We did not hinder her; she was a person of great family and high position, related to or connected with more than one of us. Why should we provoke an unnecessary scandal? Cusa asked us what we wanted, and we told him that the country had had more than enough of him, and he must go. At first he seemed indisposed to listen to reason. We laid the act of abdication before him, and ordered him to sign it. He refused, angrily and positively. Then we were compelled to exercise a certain pressure upon him. It was pointed out to him that he must sign, for there were those among us who were prepared to resort to extreme measures in case of his refusal. As soon as he understood this he signed the act, which was spread out on the back of Lupojano, there being no table or desk handy. Then, with the assistance of his valet, he dressed; a few necessaries and valuables were quickly packed up for him; a carriage was ready, into which he stepped. It conveyed him to a house in the Strada Lipscani, where he remained for a few hours, and next morning he was conveyed to Cotroceni, accompanied by two of us — persons with whom he was well acquainted, for they were both ex-cabinet ministers—whence he will be transported to the frontier to-morrow (Sunday, February 13, 1866), under strong military escort."

This, to the best of my remembrance, was the account of Prince Cusa's deposition given to me *viva voce* by one of the chief actors in the above remarkable scene a few hours after it had taken place. More than twenty years have elapsed since that memorable morning, but the narration is still fresh in my memory, although — as I unfortunately omitted to note it down when it was imparted to me—I cannot guarantee the absolute correctness of its every detail. As records of historical events go it is, I believe, unusually accurate. Of the principal actors in the scene of Cusa's kidnapment only two or three are living at the present moment. My informant is dead; so is Pilat, whom I found installed in the office of postmaster-general when I last visited Bucharest, just ten years ago. He had married a daughter of the famous democrat, demagogue, and journalist, Costaki Rosetti, through whose influence with the Liberal party, led by Jón Bratiano (the statesman who brought about Charles of Hohenzollern's election as Hospodar, and personally conducted him to Bucharest), Colonel Pilat obtained his lucrative appointment. Cusa had also joined the majority. Shortly after his expulsion from Roumania he settled down in Döbling, a suburb of Vienna, where I saw a great deal of him during the summer of 1867, having taken a cottage there for the holiday season. He occupied two houses, nearly opposite each other. In one his wife, a saintly woman, whose marriage with him had proved unfruitful, lived in close retirement. The other was tenanted by the mother of his two sons—the heroine of the adventure already recounted — with whom he passed the chief part of his time. After his death the widowed Princess adopted the two boys, who are grown up to man's estate, and bear their father's name. Their mother—another of whose sons occupies an European throne—is also dead, and wellnigh forgotten in a country which rang with her surprising adventures a quarter of a century ago. She was a singularly beautiful and fascinating woman, of illustrious birth, and throughout several years of her eventful life played an important *rôle*, though not a conspicuously moral or dignified one, in Danubian history.

Cusa having been summarily disposed of during the bitter cold night of February 11, 1866, a provisional government was established in the form of a triumvirate (Catargi, Golesco, and Haralambi)—which, however, did not last long. Roumania was not fit for republican institutions, such as Rosetti and his followers would have gladly endowed her with. The interposition of her suzerain in her domestic affairs was an alarming possibility. Austria and Russia were formidable neighbors, intolerant of democratic experiments on their respective frontiers. The United Principalities knew by experience what it was to be occupied by Habsburg hosts and Romanoff hordes. These and other considerations rendered it imperatively necessary that the Boyars, having rid themselves of one ruler, should look out for another, and that with the least possible delay. A native prince was out of the question; in the first place, because every eligible candidate was certain to intrigue against every other, while no one of them was sufficiently popular to carry the majority of the nation with him; in the second, because no Stirbey, Stourdza, Ghica, Morousi, Cantacuzéne, Ca-

targi, or other Dacian of Hospodarian descent could count upon the common support of Turkey, Russia, and Austria, the three *limitrophe* States without whose protection and good-will no elected prince could hope to keep his seat on the Moldo-Wallachian throne for six months at a stretch. It behooved the Triumvirs and their chief supporters, therefore, to turn their eyes abroad—as the Bulgarian notables were obliged to do a dozen years later—in search of a scion of some kingly house who, being a *grata persona* to the powers aforesaid, or at least not positively repugnant to any one of them, might be induced, with the consent of his parents or guardians, to accept the laborious office and hazardous position of Roumanian Hospodar. It was no easy matter to discover an eligible and willing candidate. Joseph (falsely called Jérome) Napoleon Bonaparte would have suited the Dacian democrats to a nicety; but Russia would not hear of him. The Count of Flanders, despite his deafness, recommended himself by his influential family connections to the conservative and moderate Liberal Boyars. He was sounded upon the subject by a special envoy despatched from Bucharest to Brussels for that purpose, and at one time, for a few hours only, it was believed that he had favorably entertained the offer propounded to him. I was "on 'Change" in Galatz, talking to Demeter and Franguli Rodoconachi, I well remember, when a telegram from Bucharest was handed to the former, informing him that the Belgian prince had accepted the candidature, and that crowds were assembled in the Podoi Mogoshoi shouting "Long live Philip!" Later in the day, just as official Galatz was preparing to illuminate in honor of the new Hospodar, my friend Roscano, the prefect, received a despatch to the effect that there had been "some mistake," and that his Royal Highness had reluctantly declined the honor proffered to him, on the ground that, as heir-presumptive to the Belgian throne, he could not cast his lot in with that of any country save his own.

Shortly after this disappointment had befallen the enterprising politicians who had undertaken to provide Moldo-Wallachia with a respectable ruler, they were fortunate enough to light upon a young gentleman of exalted birth and unexceptionable antecedents, whose candidature was secure of Ottoman and Muscovite approbation, and could not well be openly objected to by Austria, despite her rivalry to Prussia, which had at that time assumed a painfully acute character; for Turkey and Russia were alike irrevocably opposed to the election of a Habsburg archduke, who, moreover, would have had no chance whatever with the Roumanian people. The Austrian occupation of the Principalities during the Crimean War had aroused feelings of resentment and hatred in the breasts of the kindly, long-suffering Dacian peasants—feelings which still animate the *terrani* of the last generation, who, notwithstanding the terrible experiences of 1877, were they compelled to choose between annexation to Russia and incorporation in the Dual Realm, would vote for the former alternative to a man. Austria, therefore, being herself notoriously out of the running as far as the Roumanian Hospodarial competition was concerned, could not decently carp at the choice of a Hohenzollern, however deeply she might grudge the sovereignty of a frontier State to any member of a family which she had only too good reason to dislike and fear. Russia, on the other hand, no less absolutely debarred than Austria from filling the vacant throne of Moldo-Wallachia with a prince of her own reigning House, was animated by the most friendly sentiments towards Prussia. The Hohenzollerns were the Czar's near kinsmen, moreover, and nothing could have been more agreeable to Alexander Nicolaievich than that the choice of Roumania should fall upon a scion of that ancient and puissant race. Again, the young gentleman selected for the post of Hospodar was not an offshoot of the main or royal stem of the Hohenzollern family-tree, but a twig of one of its princely branches—that of Sigmaringen, the regnant rights of which were vested in the Crown of Prussia, as I have already pointed out.

On the distaff side he was, moreover, distantly connected with the house of Bonaparte, his grandmother having been the adopted daughter of Napoleon I. In 1866 the Sigmaringen Hohenzollerns stood high in the favor of the Emperor of the French, who little dreamed that, four years later, the candidature of Prince Leopold (Charles Eitel's elder brother) for the Spanish throne would bring about the overthrow of the Napoleonic dynasty and dock France of two of her most productive provinces. The attention of the Roumanian Provisional Government, indeed, was first drawn to Prince Karl by Napoleon III. During the three months' "hunt for a Hospodar" that followed Cusa's expulsion from the United Principalities, emissaries of the Triumvirate were despatched to all the chief European capitals, in order to sound the views of the respective governments with relation to the choice of a prince for Roumania. Balatchano and Bratiano were sent to Paris; Golesco to Constantinople; Boeresco, Costaforu, Falcojanu, and Steeje to Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg.

One day, during an audience granted by Napoleon III. to Jón Bratiano, the former, after passing in review the names of the various august personages mentioned by Bratiano as eligible for the Hospodarship from the Roumanian point of view, and raising more or less insuperable objections to them all successively, observed, "There is young Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, by-the-way; why do you not try for him? I hear him very well spoken of; besides, as you may know, he is a sort of connection of mine. If you should choose him, your selection would be agreeable to me." In the course of subsequent conversation the Emperor again referred more than once to Prince Charles as a suitable candidate, and Bratiano, on leaving the Tuileries, at once communicated the imperial hint to the Triumvirate at Bucharest, by whom he was promptly empowered to open negotiations with Anthony of Hohenzollern, the young prince's father, and with the Court of Prussia. The success that crowned his mission is a matter of history.

Prince Charles was a second son, with a slender appanage; a captain of dragoons, highly esteemed in his regiment as an officer of conspicuous merit; devoted to his duty, and a shining example of good conduct in professional and private life alike. Roumania's good-luck was decidedly in the ascendant when so illustrious and irreproachable a prince consented to take charge of her affairs. To him she owes the regeneration of her manhood and the amelioration of her morals; her national independence and territorial aggrandizement; the increase of her material prosperity, and the establishment, on a solid basis of victory, of her military reputation. When he took her in hand she was, as a State, a *quantité négligeable* in the great European problems awaiting solution. Her army was worthless; her civil and judicial administrations were rotten to the core; the standard of her political and social morality had fallen to the nadir of degradation. Female influence played far too strong a part in the management of public affairs, the bestowal of appointments, the allotment of government contracts, etc. Bribery and corruption were rampant in every department of the State service. Oriental malpractices and Occidental vices were equally at home on Roumanian soil. A more hospitable, generous, and kindly people than the Roumanians could not have been found within the length and breadth of Europe, nor one less industrious, thrifty, truth-loving, and trustworthy.

At the end of the first week in May, 1866, Karl von Hohenzollern started on the memorable expedition which resulted in his advancement to sovereign rank. He was accompanied on his journey by Messrs. Linge, Maifisch, and Werner, and travelled in the character of attendant upon one of these gentlemen, who occupied first-class places in trains and steamers, while the prince traversed Austria and Hungary as a second-class passenger. On board the Danube boat, starting from Basiasch, he was berthed in the fore-cabin, among bagmen, cheap tourists, and servants. At Drenkova, near the Roumano-Hungarian frontier, Jón Bratiano came on board to meet the prince and welcome him on behalf of the nation—theoretically rather than practically, however, for no open recognition took place between the august traveller and his future prime-minister, their common secret being rigorously kept until the arrival of the steamer at Turnu Severin, where Prince Charles disembarked, and resumed the exalted position which he had laid aside, at the urgent instance of the Triumvirate, during his journey. After changing his dress he got into a carriage with Bratiano, and drove to Piteshti, where he was met by Prince Jón Ghica and Golesco. They accompanied him to Goleshti, where he passed the night; and next morning (May 10, 1866), he made his public entrance into Bucharest, wearing civilian costume, and seated in an open landau drawn by four horses. Before alighting at the palace he drove to the cathedral, and there took the oath (administered to him by the metropolitan) of fidelity to the Roumanian constitution.

As soon as Prince Charles had obtained a firm footing in his adopted country, he addressed himself energetically to the eradication of the evil growths which had flourished there so luxuriantly under the *régime* of the native Hospodars. His youth and good looks exposed him to many temptations, all of which he resolutely withstood. Suddenly transferred from the rigid proprieties and inflexible etiquette of the Prussian Court, and from the high tone of honor and chivalric devotion to duty characterizing the *corps d'officiers* of which he had been an ornament, to the reckless *laisséraller* of Bucharest society, and to the practical negation of all the military virtues which encountered him in every branch of the Moldo-Wallachian army, he had a terrible ordeal to undergo, and—to his life-long credit be it recorded—passed through it unfalteringly and triumphantly.

Prince Charles had occupied the Hospodarial throne of the United Principalities for a little more than three years and a half before he sought and obtained the hand of one of the most highly gifted and accomplished young ladies in Europe, the Princess Elizabeth of Wied, daughter of the late and sister of the present Prince of Wied. Unfort-

nately, the only fruit of this union—in every other respect a fortunate and happy one—died in its infancy; and several years later, there being no prospect of any further issue, and Roumania having in the mean time become a kingdom, the succession to the Dacian throne was vested in the person of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern's second son—a Prussian officer, like his father, uncles, and elder brother. From the date of her arrival in the country of her adoption, Princess Elizabeth addressed herself to the difficult task of winning the hearts of her subjects, instinctively averse to and suspicious of foreign-born persons. Her efforts in this direction were soon crowned with complete and unexampled success, as their intelligence and earnestness deserved. She devoted several months of unremitting labor to the study of the Roumanian language, literature, legendary lore, and music, choosing her friends and instructors among the most eminent poets, historians, and archæologists of the country. She and all the ladies of her Court (at her instance) wore the national costume, setting an example of reaction against Paris fashions and sumptuary extravagance which the great Boyarins could not but follow. She founded charitable institutions in the principal towns of both principalities, reorganized the public hospitals, and was an unwearied visitor of the poor. She translated the ballads, fables, and love-songs of Alecsandri, Negri, Bolintineanu, Eminescu, and other popular Dacian poets into German verse, and published them under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva," thus spreading the fame of Roumania's cherished bards far and wide throughout civilized Europe. Her gentle manners, engaging appearance, sweet disposition, and, above all, inexhaustible interest in the history, traditions, and customs of the "*scumpa tsara*," rapidly effected the conquest of Trajan's rugged but warm-hearted descendants, and before she had been a year on the throne, "Márea Sâ" (her Highness) had attained the summit of her ambition, an unexampled popularity in her brave and sagacious husband's realm.

The circumstances attending my presentation to the Princess Elizabeth, which took place nearly four years before Prince Charles honored me for the first time by receiving me in private audience, were somewhat exceptional, and even, as far as I was personally concerned, embarrassing. One furiously hot July afternoon in 1873 I had sought refuge from the torrid atmosphere and fierce glare of the Vienna Exhibition grounds in the dainty little "cottage" affected to the use of the British Commissioners. Among the many attractive features of that hospitable "annexe" was a cool, chintz-draped smoking-room, containing an excellent English billiard-table, of which all the *habitués* of the Commission were hospitably made free by the *genius loci*, that most genial and kindly of men, Philip Cunliffe Owen. On the afternoon in question I was playing a match with a formidable antagonist and fellow-countryman; and, although two or three English ladies were among the lookers-on, we both had, with their permission, discarded our coats and waistcoats, rolled up our shirt-sleeves, and opened our collars in deference to the aggressive attitude of the thermometer, which had been standing for several hours that day at eighty-four degrees in the shade. The room was fragrant with cigarette-smoke, and seasonably adorned with huge jugs of iced Badminton, *tisane de champagne*, and other cooling drinks, to which players and spectators alike were frequently driven, by the insatiable thirst that characterized Vienna exhibitioners, to make application. Nothing more unceremonious, not to say free and easy, than the appearance and demeanor of the Commission's guests could possibly have been imagined at the very "pyschological moment" when, all of a sudden, the folding-doors of the "annexe" were thrown open, and a tall, fair, exquisitely dressed lady appeared on the threshold, accompanied by an illustrious British official (who paralyzed us all by exclaiming, "Her Highness the Princess of Roumania!") and followed by a spick and span suite of Roumanian and English ladies and gentlemen. Tableau! My adversary and myself grounded our cues instinctively and stood at "attention," while the Princess quickly advanced to us, saying, "Pray do not interrupt your game on my account," in faultless English. Everybody, of course, had risen. She then turned to her guide, a distinguished member of the Commission, and (as he afterwards told me) asked him who the persons present were. On receiving the reply that they were, one and all, English ladies and gentlemen, friends of the commissioners, the Princess requested that they might be presented to her, as she wished to express to each of them her regret at having broken in upon them thus unexpectedly; and it was thus, in compliance with her express command, that I, in common with a dozen other of my compatriots, had the honor of being personally introduced to the present Queen of Roumania.

When, in the spring of 1877, a few weeks before the commencement of hostilities between Russia and Turkey, I visited the Princess Elizabeth at Bucharest, her Royal Highness deigned to remind me of the above quaint episode, and, on the strength of it, to

claim me as "an old acquaintance." She had, moreover, heard from some of my Dacian friends that I took a lively interest in Roumanian music and literature, in both of which she was deeply versed; and eloquently impressed upon me the desirability of making the legendary ballads and folk-lore of her adopted country known to the Anglo-Saxon public through the medium of English translations and imitations. "Though I speak and read English with ease," the Princess observed, "and can even manage to write English prose with tolerable correctness, I find the composition of verse in your language beyond my powers. But, as perhaps you know, I have paraphrased a considerable number of Roumanian popular poems in German, observing the original metre and rhythmical accents as closely as I could. There is a little romantic poem of extraordinary beauty, by Eminescu, which I have just translated. I wish you would try to make an English version of it. If you will, I will copy it out for you myself, and send it to you; and your version shall have a place in my own personal album." I told her Highness that I would do my best to obey her commands, but that she must make great allowance for the shortcomings that could not fail to display themselves in any attempt to preserve metrical uniformity between the original and the translation in languages differing so widely from each other in construction as Roumanian and English. I may mention that the terminal declension of nouns obtains in Roumanian as in Latin, and that the definite article is expressed in the form of a syllable appended to the substantive. Thus, "man" is "om;" "the man" is "omul;" "of the man" is "omului," and so forth. This is but one of many archaic forms retained in the modern Roumanian tongue, which lend themselves to close and facile versification, and especially to the economy of syllables, wellnigh impossible to observe in English lines limited to the same number of feet as that used in the respective Roumanian verses. The Princess replied, "I am too well acquainted with all the difficulties you speak of, some of which are truly heart-breaking to a translator. They apply to German as well as to English, but not quite so irksomely, owing to the more elastic, or rather plastic, character of the Teutonic idiom. When you compare my translations with the originals, you will see that I have sometimes gone very near to a correct reproduction of the metres and rhythms—of course, at the sacrifice of spontaneity and even of ease. But you must really try what you can do with some of our legends. Make your first experiment with the one which I shall send to you by-and-by."

In the course of the same afternoon I received a short note from her Royal Highness, enclosing Eminescu's poem and her German version of it, written by her own hand. Naturally, I lost no time in turning the lines into English, but found it quite impracticable to give the rhymes as well as the metre, which "Carmen Sylva" had succeeded in doing in her admirable imitation. I therefore thought it best—as the ballad was a singable one, and its musical setting, therefore, was a consideration of primary importance in the construction of a version in a foreign idiom—to sacrifice rhyme to metre. While I was laboring over my paraphrase it occurred to me that the Princess might value an apt illustration of the subject—a singularly romantic one—treated by Eminescu in his graceful little poem. My friend Frederick Villiers, then the principal "special artist" of the *Graphic*, and, like myself, preparing for the inevitable war-path Bulgaria, happened to be at hand. I told him the story of the poem, which struck his fancy, and he at once set to work on a drawing of great merit, accurately depicting the principal incident of the legend. In less than an hour he had completed a charming sketch, which, together with my version of Eminescu's lines, it was my privilege to offer to Princess Elizabeth the following morning. The royal poetess graciously accepted both drawing and verses, of which she was pleased to express her approval, and I have reason to believe that they are in her 1877 album at the present day. As possibly the German and English imitations of a typical Roumanian ballad may possess some slight interest for the readers of this book, I take leave to subjoin them.

MAERCHENKOENIGIN.

"Weisse Nebel sind vom Monde
Silberglaenzend ausgeflossen
Aus den Wassern aufgesogen,
Auf die Felder ausgegossen.

"Spinngewebe zu zerreissen,
Alle Blumen sich vereinen
An der Nacht Gewaender haengen
Tropfen sie von Edelsteinen.

"An dem See, an dem die Wolken
Einen feinen Schatten weben,
Durch das Wellenspiel zerrissen
Durch der lichten Schollen Beben,

"Leis' das Schilf zur Seite theilend,
Steht ein Maegdlein vorgebogen,
Schuettet laute rothe Rosen
Sanft hin, auf die Zauberwogen.

"Dasz ein Bild sich zeige, schaut sie
Auf der Wasserkreise Gleiten,

Denn es ward der See verzaubert
Durch der Hertha Wort vor Zeiten.

"Mit den jungen Rosen moechte
Sie ein Bild zur Flaeche ziehen,
Denn es hat den Rosen Freya
Einstens Zauberkraft verliehen.

"Schaut und schaut—ihr Haar ist golden,
Ihr Gesicht im Monde scheinet;
In den blauen Augen haben
Alle Maerchen sich vereinet."

THE LEGEND-QUEEN.

"Fleecy vapors, silvern shining,
From the moon are lightly falling;
Luna drew them from the waters
And returns them to the meadows.

"Spider-webs to rend asunder
All the flowers have conspiréd;
On the draperies of midnight
Dew-drops hang, like liquid jewels.

"By the lake (o'er which the vapors
Wreathe, in their fantastic shadows
Shimm'ring back the ripple's sparkle,
Transient gleams of undulation)

"Rustling reeds with light hand parting
Stands a maiden, forward bending;
Softly scatters ruddiest roses
O'er the bright enchanted waters.

"Gazes she, and hopes some picture
May flash out from 'mongst the ripples;
(For in olden times, dark Hertha
Cast her spell upon these waters).

"Fain would she with tender rose-buds
Conjured phantoms to the surface,
For she knows full well that Freya
Once lent charms to all the roses.

"Gazes she, the golden-haired one,
And her face shines in the moonlight.
In the myst'ry of her blue eyes
Lurk the germs of all the legends!"

In the expression of her desire that Roumanian music should be brought to the knowledge of the English public, Princess Elizabeth displayed no less eagerness than she had manifested with respect to the propaganda of Dacian ballad-lore in a similar direction. After interrogating me closely on another occasion when I was permitted to pay her a morning visit in her favorite boudoir—I remember that I found her engaged in some delicate needle-work, surrounded by her maids of honor and singing-birds, in a room the prevailing color of which was pale blue, its walls being adorned with admirable drawings and water-colors, many of them the work of her own pencil and brush—as to my acquaintance with the melodies of her adopted country, she said, "You must hear some of them sung as they ought to be sung;" and taking her seat before a small cottage piano placed at right angles to one of the windows, called to her Mademoiselle Zoë Rosetti, one of the *demoiselles d'honneur* whose musical gifts had earned her the *sobriquet* of "O Rucinoâra" (the nightingale) in Roumanian society, and began to play the air of "Gianul," an Old-World ballad of the Wallachian plains long familiar to me. I may mention that Gian, the hero of this eminently popular lay, was a famous Haiduc, or brigand—one of the benevolent or Robin Hood sort, who robbed the rich of their superfluities wherewithal to relieve the necessities of the poor, righted wrongs in a rough-and-ready way of his own, and was a conspicuous patriot to boot. His adventures are recorded in a poem of such length that, compared with it, "Chevy Chase" is a concise lyric. At different times I have heard the *laotari*, or minstrels, of Roumania, sing many of the verses belonging to this metrical narrative; from two to three dozen at a spell, for instance; but the legend of "Gianul cel voinic" (that hero, John) is still unknown to me in its entirety. On the occasion above referred to, however, I listened pleasurably enough to a few of its earlier stanzas, admirably sung by Mdlle. Rosetti, whose sweet mezzo-soprano voice also expounded to me other popular lays, old and new, among them the quaint *pastorélle*, "Cinel, cinel," and the passionate *doina*, or love-song, "Doi ochi;" her royal mistress accompanying her with excellent taste and *couleur locale*—tone-color, I mean, of course.

Soon after this interesting episode, active hostilities commenced in Bulgaria. Roumania was compelled to cast in her lot with Russia, and her gallant little army underwent its baptism of fire at Kalafat. The Muscovite legions crossed the Danube and pushed forward to the northern slopes of the Balkan, where they got so heartily thrashed by the children of Islam that, but for the timely aid of their Dacian ally, who saved them from an overwhelming catastrophe at "the psychological moment," they would have been compelled to recross the great river with heavy loss and in ruinous disorder, and to begin their invasion of European Turkey all over again *ab initio*. Princess Elizabeth had organized an efficient body of trained hospital nurses, several ambulances, and an association of volunteer Sisters of Mercy, in the ranks of which nearly all the leading Boyarins had eagerly enlisted. From the moment at which the Roumanian army, headed by her valiant husband, took the field, the whole of her waking time, day and night, was devoted to the tending of the wounded and sick, Russians as well as Rou-

manians, in the different hospitals and ambulances established and administered under her personal supervision in and near Bucharest. Wearing the simple garb of the Red Cross sisterhood, she was to be found early and late, discharging all the distressing—frequently revolting—duties of a "dresser," now in the Brancovan Palace, now at Cotroceni, showing an example of nerve, gentleness, and endurance that would have done honor to Florence Nightingale. Whenever, during my flying visits to Bucharest, I found time to look after some friend or acquaintance, lying hurt or fever-stricken in a ward of one or another of the institutions above referred to, I was sure to encounter the merciful Princess by some poor fellow's bedside, administering comfort and consolation; pale with fatigue and anxiety, but bearing a cheerful countenance, and never allowing her own heavy troubles to betray themselves for a moment by any untoward sign of despondency. For several weeks the pressure upon her, physical and psychical, must have been terrible. Day after day brought evil, or at least unsatisfactory, tidings from the scene of war. She knew Prince Carol to be no carpet-knight, but an intrepid and eager soldier, commanding an untried army, and certain to be foremost in the fray whenever his contingent should be brought into action. Whether the Cross or the Crescent should prove victorious in the tremendous struggle then being fought out round Plevna and in the Balkan passes, the fate of Roumania was hidden behind a veil of uncertainty which not even her royal hand could lift. All that she held most precious was at stake—the life of her beloved consort, his and her own future, the independence, wellnigh the existence, of her adopted country. Yet, bearing this grievous burden of care, she never once—throughout a period of chronic suspense lasting from the commencement of May to the close of October, 1877—forewent one of her self-appointed duties, or withdrew herself for a single day from "the fierce light that beats upon a throne;" but steadfastly went about her work of mercy, saving many a life by skilful and tender ministrations, and, I will venture to say, by the benign influence of her gracious and sympathetic presence. More than once I accompanied her on her rounds through the wards under her immediate charge, and watched her as she stood by the pallets of the war-victims, alleviating their pains and cheering their spirits. Her smile had lost its former gayety, her face its quick mobility of expression; but, to the sufferers, who gazed upon it with grateful love and deep devotion, it was as the face of an angel.

Of Prince Charles I saw a good deal in the course of the eventful summer of 1877. He was good enough to receive me with exceptional kindness, which was probably to be attributed—at least on the occasion of my presentation to him—to the circumstance that I was well known to his elder brother, then hereditary prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, with whom I had been frequently brought into contact during the investment of Paris in 1870-71, and who had been pleased to recommend me to his Royal Highness's favor and protection. Carol I. had also been informed that I had followed the fortunes of the Prussian army throughout the Franco-German war, and had been attached to the royal headquarters at Versailles from October 18, 1870, to March 1, 1871—that is to say, during the period of history rendered memorable for all time to come by the long series of momentous military incidents that opened with the sanguinary engagement at Bougival, and closed with the review at Longchamps and triumphal entry of the German army into Paris. It was doubtless the happy accident of my association with his kinsmen and fellow-soldiers at a period fraught with issues of such tremendous importance to the Fatherland in general and to the house of Hohenzollern in particular, that procured me a kindly and even cordial welcome at Prince Carol's hands, and prompted him to treat me rather as a private friend, whose discretion might be relied upon, than as a newspaper-correspondent, against whose obligatory inquisitiveness it was necessary that he should be upon his guard. Hence—and, in a less direct and authoritative manner, through my intimate acquaintance with the leaders of the political party actually in power at Bucharest during the year 1877—I was enabled to obtain a tolerably accurate insight into the difficulties by which his Royal Highness was surrounded, and to appraise at their just value the courage, sagacity, and steadfastness with which he steered the Roumanian ship of state through dangers unnumbered to a haven of safety. This is not a book of history; at its best, it can but claim to be a minute and unimportant contribution to some future work of that character; but, as it treats of personages who have exercised exceptional influence upon latter-day events — *entr'autres*, of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern—I feel that I should be guilty of a grave omission did I fail, ere concluding this particular chapter, to point out how directly and entirely Roumania owes her present independence and international rank to her king. It was he, and he alone, who made her army what it was in 1877, when called upon to sustain the ordeal

of fire—a well trained, armed, and disciplined, thoroughly efficient field-force, commanded by educated officers, and animated by a strong *esprit-de-corps*, as well as by fervent patriotism. This army, by achievements of the greatest military moment, performed at a critical conjuncture of the campaign in Bulgaria, and averting an impending catastrophe from its allies, not only saved Roumania from possible effacement from the map of Europe, and from the scarcely less disastrous fate of vassaldom to Russia, but gave her a standing which secured to her the just consideration of her rights at the Congress of Berlin, and the recognition of her independence, autonomy, and new territorial acquisitions by the great powers, including her former suzerain. To her army, and therefore to her sovereign, whose creation that army was, Roumania owed her emancipation from Turkish guardianship and Russian patronage—the latter burden being far the heavier of the two—and the fair start in state life as a free, self-sufficing country which enabled her, under Prince Carol's guidance, to attain, within a very few years, royal rank in the comity of nations, and to play the part of an important factor in the Eastern problem still awaiting solution in the Balkan Peninsula.

This much said *pour acquit de conscience*, I will take leave to advert once more, as briefly as may be, to the circumstances of my personal acquaintance with Carol I. Since his people proclaimed him king—since the bright spring day of 1881 on which the metropolitan of Bucharest crowned him *coram populo* with the steelen diadem of Roumania, wrought from a captured Turkish cannon, and laid at his feet by a grateful nation with heartfelt protestations of affection and assurances of devotion—I have not spoken to or even seen his Dacian Majesty. But ten years ago, when he was still a Hospodar on his promotion; when his adopted country was practically in the hands of the Russians, who were marching through it by their hundred thousand on their way to the Danube; when he was racked by anxiety, perplexed by conflicting counsels, uncertain as to the fate of his people whether Russia or Turkey should prove victorious in the terrible struggle then imminent—during those troublous days I had free access to Prince Carol in his cool, roomy study on the ground-floor of the Palace in the Mogoshoi, and in the course of more than one long conversation, at which no minister, aide-de-camp, or other third person was present, learned to appreciate the clearness of his intellect and the sterling qualities of his character.

His Highness, unlike his brothers, Prince Leopold and Prince Frederick, as well as the majority of the male members of his house, the younger branch of which reigns over Germany, is a dark Hohenzollern. When I first saw him his hair and beard were of a deep brown color. Now, I am told, they are slightly dashed with gray. About five feet nine inches in height, he is strongly but not heavily built, broad of shoulder and slender of waist, splendidly set up, and as upright as a dart; in short, the type of a high-bred Prussian cavalry officer; proud in his bearing, courteous in his demeanor, accurate as to the minutest detail of his *tenue*. I have never seen him in civilian garb, which seldom shows off German princes to advantage, for the simple reason that they spend the greater part of their lives in uniform, and are perfectly at their ease therein; whereas, when in mufti, they feel all the embarrassment that fancy dress inflicts upon the average English gentleman. Prussian princes, in particular, are inexorably uniformed in their sixth or seventh year, and "kept so" with scarcely any intermission, save that prescribed by bed-time, in order to prepare them for the fulfilment of regular military duty on receiving their first commission in the Guards, which is conferred upon them on the tenth anniversary of their birthday. Hence, in after life, uniform is to them, as it were, a part of themselves, a sort of extra skin, fitting them every whit as comfortably as their own private cuticle, but removable at pleasure. To this snug covering they are perfectly accustomed; they wear it when dancing, skating, and riding steeple-chases; any looser and less formal habiliment, such as they are compelled to wear when travelling abroad, is regarded by them as an inconvenience rather than as a solace. No Prussian officer, however exalted his birth and elegant his manners, looks well in a dress-coat or a morning jacket. Even the German Emperor and Crown Prince, two of the handsomest and best-bred men in Europe, suffer in appearance when temporarily travestied into civilians, and, therefore, while sojourning in the capital, make a point of invariably showing themselves to the public arrayed in the costume which they know really becomes them—that of the army. Under these circumstances I am not sorry that the "outward and visible" King of Roumania should recur to my mind's eye exclusively in connection with military apparel, equipped in which he looked every inch a soldier and a monarch.

My last private interview with Carol I. took place a day or two before the arrival of the late Czar, Alexander Nicolaievich (June 8, 1877), in Bucharest. It was at a critical moment in the history of the United Princi-

palities that, having obtained his Highness's permission to go to the front, I paid my respects to him before making my final arrangements for joining the headquarters of the Roumanian contingent, then at Kalafat. The Prince appeared seriously exercised in his mind with respect to both the military and political situations. Over 150,000 Russian soldiers had already crossed the Pruth, and were either under canvas or on the march Danubeward within the frontiers of his realm. Thitherto the Muscovite troops had behaved tolerably well to the native population. Some excesses had been committed by the Circassian irregular cavalry, but the offenders had been visited with swift and exemplary punishment. "The Czar's people," his Highness observed, "are well in hand, and good-natured fellows enough. The great alarm which their presence among us in such enormous numbers causes to me has relation to the hideous stenches proceeding from their encampments, the filth of which is indescribable. They spread fever and dysentery throughout every village on their line of march, and I am in terror lest these maladies should assume an epidemic form, the weather being so unusually hot as it is, and the dirty habits of the Russian soldier being unalterable. What we shall do when the cucumbers and melons fairly set in I cannot imagine! On the other hand, we are in great trouble with the Turkish raids upon our riverian villages, which are perpetrated nightly—by irregulars, it is true, but that does not make them any less formidable and distressing. The Bashis cross the river after dark, fall upon undefended hamlets, and put our harmless peasants to death without mercy. It was only last night that they surprised Jalomnitza in this manner, and slaughtered a number of unarmed people. Of course the riverian population is panic-stricken, and piteous appeals for military protection reach me hourly from all sorts of little places situate along the left bank, for which I can do nothing, my troops being all concentrated upon strategic points, and awaiting such dispositions as I may find it necessary to make of them in concert with the Russian commander-in-chief." Turning to the political aspect of affairs, the Prince continued, "I am uneasy about the attitude of Austria. It is impossible for me to pledge myself to her that the Roumanian army shall not cross the Danube. If my imperial ally require it to do so I cannot refuse; if I did I should endanger the future of Roumania, and run the risk of losing all the advantages she may derive from cordial co-operation with Russia in the approaching campaign. No words can express my sense of the kindness hitherto shown to Roumania, throughout all her recent difficulties, by the Emperor Francis Joseph and by Count Andrassy. But just now there is a hitch in the Austro-Russian *entente*, distinctly on our account, which disquiets me much. God forefend that any serious disagreement should arise between Austria and Russia! That would be the greatest misfortune which could befall poor Roumania!" The Prince repeated these words more than once with impressive solemnity. I then asked him if he could and would tell me what Roumania might reasonably expect to get out of the impending cataclysm, supposing the allied attack upon Turkey to prove successful, from a military point of view. He replied, "I wish you to understand, and to let it be clearly understood as coming straight from me, that the sole object of all my efforts and of my Government's policy up to the present moment, has been to obtain a collective and solid guarantee of Roumanian independence by the great European powers, comprising the definitive establishment and recognition of this country as the Belgium of Oriental Europe; a settlement now infinitely preferable to any other feasible arrangement. I am convinced that it would be in the interest of England, Austria, and Germany that the mouths of the Danube should be held by a small power—obviously Roumania—under the common guarantee and protection of the leading commercial nations. For my own part—except to the extent of so much territory as may be necessary to insure command of the Danube outlets—I do not aspire to obtain any increment of my realm on the other side of the river, even among the districts fringing the right bank, which are almost exclusively inhabited by Roumanians. Such projects are entertained, I know, by many eminent men in this country, among them one or two of my present advisers; but I am not committed to them in any way, and they do not belong to my personal programme of action."

In the course of this interesting conversation—the last of any length which I held with Carol I.—his Highness frequently referred to a visit he had paid to England some time previously, and to the private conferences he had there held anent the Eastern question with several eminent British statesmen, mentioning in particular Lord Strangford, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, and Mr. Grant-Duff—of whom, by-the-way, he spoke as "men of luminous intellect and admirable sagacity, from whom he had learned many useful things, and had received valuable counsels." Somewhat to my surprise, he seemed thoroughly convinced that "Russia meant to fight a disinterested war, and entertained no

arrière-pensée whatsoever in the direction of territorial annexation." He evidently did not in the least foresee that the Czar, by way of showing his gratitude to Roumania for saving his army from a terrific catastrophe—possibly from annihilation—would tear from her a province bestowed upon her by the great powers, populated almost exclusively by pure-bred Dacians, and possessed by her under the guarantee of the Paris Treaty for nineteen years; a province as integral to her territorial, national, and political entity as Yorkshire is to that of Great Britain. The Prince, I may further mention, was by no means at his ease with regard to the attitude which England might be expected to assume should the Czar's forces reach and occupy the Balkan range. "Do you happen to know," he asked me, "that the shells fired across the river at my soldiers from Widdin are all of British manufacture? beautifully finished off they are too!" I replied, "That is very probable, sir; but your Highness can scarcely fail to remember that the shells in question have been discharged from Krupp guns, of Prussian make; and I would venture to suggest that Germany is surely at least as well disposed towards Russia as is Great Britain just now." "There can be no doubt about that," rejoined the Prince, with a smile. In the course of his subsequent remarks, I remember that he reverted to the fact that the Russian troops were much worse fed and "found" than his own soldiers, adding, "Of what they are capable in the way of sheer dirtiness you can form no idea until you see it with your own eyes, and smell it with your own nose. If they do not breed a pestilence I shall be astonished; that they will themselves suffer terribly by the consequences of their own *incurie* is a melancholy certainty."

This forecast was tragically realized by subsequent events. That the Prince's appraisement of his potent ally's political morality was an incorrect one cannot with justice be regarded as indicating any lack of sagacity on his part. At the time when he gave utterance to the foregoing remarks, neither he nor any of his counsellors could possibly foresee the results of the campaign in Bulgaria, or imagine that the "mild-eyed" Czar would violate the public and private pledges into which he had voluntarily entered while bidding for the Roumanian alliance. Charles of Hohenzollern implicitly believed in the plighted word of Alexander Romanov, whom he had been taught from his childhood to regard as a chivalrous gentleman, the incarnation of honor and integrity. Such had been the view taken of the Russian Emperor by his venerable uncle, William I., from whom all the members of the House of Hohenzollern were accustomed to take their tone, relying absolutely on the sagacity of his judgment. Prince Charles was only one of many—including the chief of his illustrious family—whose justifiable and long-cherished illusions were dispelled by Alexander Nicolaievich's brutal breaches of faith towards Roumania in the spring and summer of 1878. Fortunately, Germany and Austria stood stanchly by the gallant Dacians, and prevented Russia from utterly despoiling them in defiance of her most sacred engagements and of the dictates of common gratitude, without allotting to them the least compensation for the territory she robbed them of, or for the blood they had shed like water on the plains round Plevna to save her armies from destruction, and her Czar from the necessity of abdication. The Dobrudscha was assured to Roumania, though she lost Bessarabia, one of the brightest jewels in her national diadem; and her international position was rendered so secure by the action of friendly powers during the Berlin Congress, that she was enabled to devote her attention exclusively thereafter to the development of her own institutions and internal resources, with such satisfactory results that when she put forward her aspirations to become a kingdom not a voice was raised in the supreme councils of Europe to say her nay.

King Carol's Coronation-day brought him a splendid reward for his long and steadfast devotion to the true interests of his adopted country The Roumanian people, in investing him with the insignia of royalty by the hands of their constitutional representatives, conclusively recorded their appreciation of a ruler who had never lent himself to any political intrigue, never stained his reputation by any irregularity of conduct, or his fair fame by condoning such irregularities in others—a brave and honest gentleman, who had fulfilled his every duty calmly, firmly, and uprightly, winning by degrees, first the respect, and finally the affection of his subjects. Luckily for him and for itself, a people naturally quick of apprehension had promptly understood his projects and lent itself enthusiastically to their realization. To this happy harmony of feeling between himself and his subjects — to their mutual confidence, touchingly referred to by his Majesty in acknowledging the regal tribute paid to his deserts, as "the most precious crown in his possession"—were due the deeds of glory indelibly inscribed upon the military annals of the young kingdom. The troops raised at his solicitation and taught their duties under his supervision wrested the seemingly impregnable Grivitza redoubt from Osman's hardiest veterans. That superb feat of arms

proved at once Charles of Hohenzollern's justification for all his past demands upon Roumanian tax-payers, a full guerdon for his indefatigable labors, and a solid claim upon the consideration of Europe, frankly acknowledged at the Berlin Congress. Mainly through the heroism, discipline, and endurance of her line and militia did Roumania attain the summit of her ambition. Hence it was but fit and seemly that she should bestow the highest honors in her gift upon her illustrious soldier-prince. The warrior-heart of Carol I. could not but be deeply stirred by the national demonstration of that Sunday in May upon which Dacian gratitude and affection found such unanimous and passionate expression. Every district in the kingdom sent its deputation up to Bucharest, charged with messages of congratulation and assurances of attachment to the steel-crowned monarch. Conspicuous—honorably to him as well as to their wearers—among the gay head-dresses of the rustic delegates were the turbans of his Majesty's Mohammedan subjects, bearers of glad and thankful homage from the distant Dobrudscha. Theirs was the most touching tribute of all to the noble qualities of a Christian king and nation whose true humanity and honorable redemption of their pledges have fully entitled them to the high place they hold to-day in the esteem of all just men.

CHAPTER VII.

Maximilian I., Emperor of Mexico.—My first Acquaintance with him.—Twelve Years Later.—Arrival of his Body at Trieste.—Its Reception and Obsequies.—Miramar Castle.—Il Cavaliere Tonello.

ABOUT thirty-two years ago, when I was a youngster in the imperial Austrian service, I was presented to the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, at that time holding high rank in his brother's navy, the entire management of which had been confided to him—he had been brought up a sailor—almost immediately after his vice-royalty of Lombardy and Venetia vanished into thin air through the cession of the former realm to the "King of Sardinia" by the Treaty of Villafranca. Subsequently, during his Imperial Highness's visit to England in the *Radetzky*, which dashing frigate he commanded at that time, it was my singular good-fortune to render some service—so slight as not to be worthy of aught but the briefest mention—to the Archduke, who was pleased not only to express his satisfaction with what, after all, was a simple fulfilment of duty on my part, in highly flattering terms, but to invite me on board the *Radetzky*, in the state cabin of which I was more than once his guest while the frigate was lying at anchor off Greenhithe. "Ferdinand Max," as he was commonly called in the Austrian Navy, was then seeing the world *en garçon*, and keenly—above all, intelligently—enjoying the process. His marriage to the Princess Charlotte of Coburg, sister to the present King of the Belgians, did not take place until the following year. I found in him a prince of high mental cultivation, extensive reading, and singular amiability; entirely free from the *morgue* and stiffness of manner characterizing other members of his family with whom I had been brought into contact; an excellent linguist and a delightful *raconteur*. In any rank of life he would have been a charming companion. Being what he was, he struck me as by far the most agreeable person born in the purple I had theretofore ever conversed with.

He subsequently became, as is doubtless well known to every one who will read this book, Emperor of Mexico; underwent many terrible experiences of political perfidy and human baseness; was betrayed by those in whom he placed implicit trust into the hands of his rebellious and bloody-minded subjects; and, after suffering the mockery of an illegal court-martial, was mercilessly shot to death during the early summer of 1867. After much painful negotiation his body was given up by the Government of the Mexican Republic and was conveyed to Europe, for sepulture in his native land, by an imperial frigate, the *Novara*, commanded by the hero of Lissa—the very ship, by-the-way, in which "Ferdinand Max" had made a voyage round the world before he yielded to evil counsels and accepted the fatal crown of Mexico. I, being at Vienna about the time at which the slaughtered Emperor's remains were nearing the entrance of the Adriatic Gulf, received orders from London to hasten down to Trieste, there await the arrival of the *Novara*, and chronicle the proceedings that should take place in connection with the disembarkation of Kaiser Maximilian's corpse and with its transport to Vienna, where it was to be buried in the ancient Church of the Capuchins,

Towards the end of the year 1867 such severe weather set in throughout Central and Eastern Europe that traffic was interrupted at intervals upon most of the principal railroads in Austria, Prussia, Hungary, and even Italy. The high-level lines between Florence and Pistoja, Turin and Genoa, were completely blocked up by masses of snow; the skies infringed upon the Papal monopoly in Rome, and placed temptation in the way of cafetiers and confectioners, by shedding freezing materials gratis upon the Eternal City; and Vesuvius donned a mantle of ermine turned up with red. During the normally short journey between Vienna and Trieste (about three hundred miles), I was snowed up in Carinthia, and stuck hard and fast in Carniola. The Southern Railway was then undoubtedly one of the most ably managed companies in Austria, and spared no expense or labor to carry out its mail and passenger service; but even the energetic French inspectors and engineers employed in keeping the line open were stricken helpless by the ponderous freaks enacted by that much-abused official the clerk of the weather, during his 1867 Christmas holidays. Snowballing is a seasonable pastime, and all very well in moderation; but when you come to burying two or three kingdoms and a dozen or so imperial provinces in congelated liquid, it is really past a joke. Towards the end of that grim December, the Hungarian Premier, on his way from Pesth to the Kaiserstadt, was stopped by stress of weather, the locomotive being rendered utterly useless by reason of a snow-drift which managed to pervade the furnace; and his Excellency, as well as the other passengers, was compelled to take open sledge and skim over the snow for more than three hours ere he reached Vienna.

When the express train in which I left the Austrian capital for Trieste arrived at Laibach, it was received by the pleasing intelligence that the road was blocked up a little farther on by a "snow-scatterer"—one of the gigantic steam-engines used in those parts for clearing the permanent way after a heavy fall; that the said snow-scatterer had first of all become wedged in a drift, had subsequently got off the rails, in the course of its frantic endeavors to force its way through the obstacle, and finally had suffered total extinguishment of its furnaces, whereby it was reduced to an utterly helpless condition—a monster castaway on the face of the snow. Half a dozen gangs of "Schnäuffler," as the slaves of the broad wooden shovel are prettily denominated in Austria, were busily engaged in digging the huge engine out of its cold bed; and until this operation was concluded, as well as the subsequent relighting of its quenched fires and reinstatement of the locomotive on the iron road, we of the express were fain to sit in our compartments, shivering, outside Laibach station; a wilderness of snow encompassing us roundabout, and a genial north-easterly wind blowing in at all the crevices of the doors and windows. Happy they who possessed a pack of cards, a fur coat, and a flask of Slivovitz!—happier still those spoiled children of Somnus who snored throughout the whole delay, and knew not but that they were urging their way through the night towards the free town of Trieste. Hour after hour elapsed. Shortly before midnight the mixed train, carrying mails and stopping at every station, overtook us, and cast in its lot with ours; so that, when the road was at length clear, and we effected a start, we had increased twice in length and fallen off a moiety in our speed. But worse was yet to come. At Rakek, outside which station there is a pretty deep cutting, one would have fancied that an avalanche had fallen, so completely stuffed full of snow was the ravine through which we had to pass to the Karst; and in Rakek, accordingly, a place about as lively and populous as the summit of the Matterhorn in a fog, we had to stop for uncounted hours, until something like an impression could be made on the fleecy masses obstructing our route. So far as the appearance of things in general, as seen from the window of my coupé, was concerned, we might have been travelling to the North Pole instead of the sunny South. The face of nature was completely muffled up in a white nightcap, and not a living thing was to be seen as far as the eye could reach. The large hours became small, and the small ones grew to medium size, ere the line was rendered practicable; and, by the time we crawled into Trieste, the assembled passengers were cold, hungry, weary, and haggard-looking enough to furnish an admirable study for "The Retreat from Moscow" or "Frozen-in Whalers." The temperature in Trieste itself was mild enough, not to say muggy; the streets were covered with greasy damp, and flavored with old Port, much of the same quality as that rendering fragrant Marseilles and Naples. The special climatic advantages of this commercial emporium appeared to me to be that, when it blew Bora, your marrow was frozen within your bones; and when it blew Sirocco, you were obliged to put your nose in a sling to protect it against the appalling stench emanating from the harbor and canals. I had seldom seen a dirtier town than Trieste; but then it was a very busy place, and could not, I suppose, find time to keep itself clean and tidy. The lo-

availed to mitigate the lust of gold and selfish ferocity of a man who once blew out the brains of a trooper who had picked him up wounded from the field of battle in order to rid himself of the extra weight that, by retarding the pace of the horse on which both were mounted, diminished the chances of his escape from the swift-pursuing enemy! After the treason had been perpetrated the traitor's wife refused to receive her husband under her roof, and when he endeavored to effect an entrance by force, she drove him from his own threshold with blows and execrations. The most overwhelming evidence of the utter moral degradation pervading Mexico was that, although these facts were known to every one in the land, Lopez still lived six months after Maximilian's murder!

For three days visitors poured into Trieste almost without intermission; not only from all parts of the Empire, but from north and south, east and west. They were mostly persons of distinction, either sent by counties, towns, and bodies corporate, to offer a tribute of public respect to the remains of a prince who was at once the friend of the people, of freedom, and of commerce, or attracted to the mournful ceremony by personal reminiscences of his Imperial Majesty, who had filled so many offices of importance during his eventful life, and had, in one and all, won the affection and esteem of those with whom his duties brought him into contact. From Florence, Venice, and Milan came gentlemen bearing the proudest names of Italy's ancient aristocracy; proving by their presence that one Habsburg at least had succeeded in earning the regard of Austria's whilom rebellious vassals. The great families of Citadella-Vigodarzere, Coxio, Panizai, Bembo, Mezzacapo, etc., were represented by their respective heads. Grandees of Spain, boyards from Russia, Prussian nobles, naval officers from Denmark, Sweden, and other maritime kingdoms; Croat chieftains, Hungarian magnates, Dalmatian gentry, and notabilities from Belgium, Holland, etc., crowded the hotels, and quite thronged the Corso —Trieste's afternoon lounge—with types of various nationalities. At the "Albergo della Città," where I was staying, we had several archdukes, the military governor of Venice, Prince Windischgrätz, Prince von Würtemberg, and a host of imperial chamberlains, admirals, proprietors of regiments, and high officials. Our *table-d'hôte* resembled a court dinner-table, and our *tabagie* the antechamber of a throne-room, Many of these visitors left with the special train conveying the body to Vienna; among others, Marquis Coxio and Count de Bombelles, the former of whom was one of the few Milanese gentlemen whom Maximilian attached to his service while Viceroy of Lombardy, and the latter his earliest friend and playmate, faithful to him in good and evil fortune, as indeed hundreds of gallant gentlemen proved. Mr. Eloin, who was received at Osborne by her Majesty on his arrival in England from a Mexican prison, also accompanied the mourning suite. The train arrived on Friday evening (January 17th) at Vienna, taking thirty-two hours to perform the three hundred miles journey, although it only stopped twice on the road for fuel and water. No demonstrations were made at any station between Trieste and Vienna.

On the 15th, the buoys extending in a semicircle across the bay, some four hundred yards from the head of the Mola San Carlo, were cleared of the vessels moored to them, and all the smaller craft in port disposed of along the quays, so as to leave ample elbow-room for the expected squadron. At about half-past 6 P.M., it being then quite dark, the *Novara*, *Radetzky*, *Donau*, *Adria*, and *Vilebich* glided silently into the inner harbor, and took up the places assigned for them. No salute was fired, either by the ships of the squadron or the port batteries. The Imperial Capitano di Porto, who, of course, was first man on board the flag-ship to greet the admiral, and make the final arrangements for to-day's ceremony, was good enough to bear a message from me to the hero of Lissa, which resulted in the miniature steamer of the Naval Board being placed at my disposal for a visit to the *Novara*. As we steamed briskly out into the bay, I was much struck with the brilliant and picturesque appearance presented by Trieste, glittering with light, and nestling in the sinuosities of the hilly coast—snowy white villas dotting the rocky terraces that form the background of the town, and forests of masts spreading out to the right and left of the massive Mola. In a few minutes we reached the black side of the frigate, and were ushered past the *chapelle ardente*, in which the coffin of Maximilian was lying, into the admiral's cabin, where we found Tegethoff surrounded by his officers, and paid our respects to the Austrian Collingwood. The admiral looked exceedingly well, and gave a highly satisfactory account of his voyage.

The *Novara* encountered bad weather only upon one occasion after her departure from Cadiz, when a heavy gale set in, which lasted for several hours. With this exception, she was singularly fortunate, having made an unusually quick run from Vera Cruz to the coast of Spain. While we were conversing, the Prince and two Princesses Auersperg came on board, with the request that I

might be permitted to offer up prayers for the soul of the dead Emperor in the chapel on the main deck; and when the officer who conducted me thither drew back the heavy hangings veiling the entrance, it was a touching sight to see the group of mourning friends kneeling round the huge polished coffin, enshrined on a velvet-covered dais, and illuminated by tall yellow candles, shedding a soft and mysterious light upon the insignia of royalty covering the bier. The decorations of the chapel were black and silver, the Mexican, Austrian, and Habsburg family arms emblazoned on the drapery; and the coffin, made of lustrous grenadillo—a rare and precious South American wood—was partly shrouded in a black and gold pall, upon which rested the Imperial crown of Mexico, the Archducal coronet, the collars of the Mexican Eagle and Golden Fleece. Round the chapel door stood the guard of honor, composed of naval lieutenants, and an unnatural stillness reigned over the whole vessel, the more remarked as the *Novara* had but just arrived from a long voyage, and as on such occasions the discipline of a man-of-war, however normally strict, is generally relaxed.

As it happened, Admiral von Tegethoff was an old friend of mine, with whom I had often foregathered in the days when he was a lieutenant on board the *Radetzky* frigate. When the Auerspergs had left the ship, he took me aside, and said, "You remember the poor dear Archduke well, I know. Would you like to see him as he lies in his coffin? If you would, you shall; it will be something for you to remember, in times to come, that you were the first person in Europe to set eyes on him, poor fellow, on his return to his native land in this dismal guise." Need I say that I eagerly accepted the admiral's offer? "Come with me, then," he exclaimed, taking me by the arm; "I will show him to you myself." So saying, he led me from his private cabin to the *chapelle ardente*, closed the velvet curtains behind us as we entered, drew a golden key from his breast, and opened the shell of precious grenadillo within which lay the body of murdered Maximilian, dressed in what I presume was a Mexican general's uniform. It was he, beyond a doubt. The moment I saw it, I knew that all the reports which had been circulated in Trieste and Vienna, to the effect that the corpse given up to Tegethoff by Juarez was not really that of the dead Emperor, were false. The face and form upon which I gazed were those of the whilom Austrian Lord High Admiral, and none other. "He is not much changed, is he?" observed Tegethoff, tears filling his *bright, fearless eyes* as he spoke; "with the *exceptions of the wounds* inflicted by those scoundrels' bullets, the slight perforations necessarily made by the embalmers for the purpose of injecting his veins with some chemical liquid, and the inevitable incisions effected in order to remove the heart, intestines, etc., my old captain's body is entire and unmutilated. In the course of an operation connected with the embalmment, Barsch accidentally cut away some of the beard from the left side of the face; look, and you will see that there is a gap in the left whisker; but I had the hairs destroyed at once, lest they should get into unauthorized hands. *Der arme, arme Max!* I've looked at him twice during the run up the Adriatic, just to see that all was right; he has not altered a bit since I took him on board at Vera Cruz. Now say good-by, *lieber Freund;* you will never look at his kind, honest face again." Here Tegethoff broke down utterly, and so, I confess, did I. I looked my last look, and turned away. The sight of that illustrious dead had made a deep and painful impression upon me, and I was unfeignedly glad to take my leave of the gallant admiral, and return to the gayly lighted quays and cheerful streets of the Free City. Shortly after I got ashore the Archdukes Louis Victor, Charles Louis, and Ernest went on board, and prayed over the body of their beloved brother and cousin, which they recognized as soon as it was shown to them, solemnly avouching its identity to Admiral von Tegethoff in the presence of all the officers of the *Novara*.

At eight o'clock on the morning of January 16th, a general salute was fired, the first gun booming from the *Schwarzenberg*, and the last from the *Minerva*, the late Archduke's first command. Having by the kind intervention of Baron Gödel de Lannoy, the president of the Naval Board, been assigned a place in the boat commanded by the captain of the port, I embarked with Cavaliere Blassich at the small pier opposite the Seebehörde, and eight stout rowers soon swept our gig, containing the Austrian colors draped in black crape, into the centre of the bay. On approaching the *Novara* we found the boats of the squadron already drawn up around her, and the funeral floating platform upon which the coffin was to be conveyed to the Mola lashed alongside. This gorgeous object, which had been kept perfectly secret by Signor Tonello, to whom its construction had been confided by the Emperor, suggested by its gloomy magnificence the famous bucentaur of which such strange stories are still recounted by the fishermen of Chioggia and the older gondoliers of the lagoons. It was not a boat, it was not a car, neither was it a raft; but a strange sombre mixture of all three, like to nothing I ever saw, and possess-

ing a weird *cachet* of its own. Let me try and describe it. An oblong square chest, itself something in shape like a coffin, apparently floating on the surface of the water, but really built on a huge broad-bottomed boat, no plank of which, however, was visible, the black draperies depending from the upper part of the bucentaur sweeping the face of the water. Upon the platform formed by the top of this enormous chest was built a raised dais shadowed by a lofty canopy, the four supports of which were life-size figures in full dead-silver armor with closed visors, resting against trophies of ancient war implements; on the dais a black velvet altar hedged round with enormous candles, fitted into wooden sockets; and the apex of the canopy, a colossal imperial crown of gold, glowing in the morning sun. Immediately forward of the dais was planted a black and gold flag-staff, upon which, as the body was transferred from the frigate to the bucentaur (I can find no other name for it) the imperial standard was hoisted half-mast high. Again, forward of the flag-staff, stood a broad, square pedestal about eight feet high, upon which couched a mighty silver lion thrice the size of life, his heavy head reposing upon his paws. Beneath this typification of royal grief a winged female figure, also in dead-silver, stretched both arms towards the sea, a crown of laurel in each hand. Upon the sides of the dais coats of arms were richly emblazoned; and round the altar robed priests were grouped, chanting sonorous hymns, and swinging censers slowly backward and forward.

It was a lovely morning. Hundreds of boats glided about the bay. The squadron of light war-ships, drawn up in a semicircle, seemed to be guarding the catafalque from the rest of the world mournfully but sternly. The *Novara* herself, every rope in its place save one hanging from the main-yard, presently to swing the imperial coffin over her side; the dancing water flecked with sunbeams—all this made up a sight never to be forgotten. As half-past nine struck the boatswain's whistle sounded through the frigate, and a crimson-gold object rose majestically out of her breast, paused a moment in mid-air, and then descended slowly till it reached the altar on the bucentaur, where it was received by the priests and covered with a white pall. This was the triple coffin containing the remains of the Emperor of Mexico. I should mention that his body was enclosed in a copper coffin cornered with laurel wreaths; over the head of the corpse a golden cross was let into the lid, and at its feet was inscribed, in letters of black, on a gold tablet, "Ferdinandus Maximilianus, Arcidux Austria, natus in Schoenbrunn, VI. Julij, MDCCCXXXII., qui Imperator Mexikanorum anno MDCCCLXIV. electus, dira et cruenta nece Querætari XIX. Junij, MDCCCLXVII., heroica cum virtute interiit, H.S.E." The coffin of grenadillo came next, and the whole was covered by a crimson velvet and gilt metal shell, in which it was conveyed to Vienna. As soon as the tackle was loosened from the coffin, Tegethoff descended the companion-ladder and took his place by the head of the corpse, eight naval commanders surrounding the dais with drawn swords. One by one the insignia before described were lowered down and arranged on the pall, the boats of the squadron got into position, and at a given signal the tiny tug attached to the bucentaur shot out a ship's length ahead, stretching her tow-rope till it quivered, and the solemn cortége moved gravely towards the shore. Boom! —a thirty-six pounder gives the saluting signal from the *Novara*, and is mocked by pieces of various calibre from the other war-ships and the land batteries. From the arena of the Karst issue a rattle and a roar; the echo seems louder even than the report. Onward towards the Mola we row with slow and measured stroke. The bucentaur looks an awful, living thing, conscious of the tragedy whose victim it bears. The mere contrast of color, the dead, frosty silver against the rich, deep black, produces an effect inexpressibly melancholy; the hollow suits of armor (their very emptiness is ghastly), the couching lion, the deep chant of the priests, the faint perfume of the incense hovering over the wake of the catafalque — nothing could be more impressive, nothing more mournful.

We arrived at the Mola before the body, and found every inch of the long pier occupied by a crowd of official personages, waiting to accompany the procession to the station. Close to the landing-stage about twenty Franciscan friars, with long brown robes, shaven polls, and flowing beards, formed the vanguard of a small clerical army clad in the variegated garments of the Roman Church. The car was drawn up ready to receive the corpse; but the six gigantic stallions were not harnessed to it; they were some distance off on the quay, rearing, prancing, and kicking at every fresh discharge of powder. As soon as the body had been let down from the bucentaur over an inclined plane to its place in the car, where it was prayed over at great length by the clergy, I left the Mola, wishing to see the procession on land from a window in the town. Walking along the line of march, I noticed that not only were all the houses hung with black and silver

draperies, but that every person in the streets, rich or poor, had mounted some outward sign of mourning. All the shops were shut, and the whole population had turned out to take a last look at the coffin of its well-beloved prince. The procession was naturally military in its character—three battalions of the Sixty-seventh (Hungarian), one battalion of Wimpffen (Croat), one battalion of marines, and one of coast artillery; the municipality of Trieste, headed by the town banner, an ancient emblem of its liberties, presented to it by the Emperor Charles VI.; the archdukes on foot; three military bands; the car, guarded by officers carrying lighted tapers; and, lastly, a huge body of magnates, consuls, officers, chamberlains, Lloyd's captains, bankers, merchants, nobles of all nations (except England and France), massed together in inextricable confusion, headed by Tegethoff, the general commanding, and the great officials of the household. Beethoven's "Dead March," played alternately by the regimental orchestras, furnished music well worthy even of so imposing a spectacle. From the thousands of gazers lining the pavement on either side the roadway not a sound arose; silent and sorrowful they saw the long cortége pass by, and then dispersed as noiselessly as though they had been treading holy ground. Arrived at the station, the body was placed on the open car prepared for it; the persons appointed to accompany the late Emperor to his last resting-place were distributed over a train of unusual length; the local notabilities took leave of the archdukes and of their friends; and, shortly afterwards, the company of mourners started on their long and painful journey. As far as Trieste was concerned, the last act of Maximilian's terrible drama was played out; and, all honor having been paid to his earthly remains, nothing was left to those he had so materially benefited but the remembrance of a good, gentle, and heroic gentleman. It is true that the navy he made and organized was there before their eyes for many a year to remind them of him; that his eternal repose was solicited from Heaven by hundreds of poor Triestini over whom his generous hand had been stretched out full and withdrawn empty.

Everything connected with this ceremony was tastefully imagined and well carried out; but I cannot, even at this distance of time, forbear expressing my astonishment and regret with respect to two wrongs, one of omission and the other of commission, which caused great pain to many of the Archduke's best friends. The first was that the British Government should not have thought fit *to send a man-of-war to Trieste* for the ceremony. To me it appeared inconceivable that a frigate should not have been despatched from our Mediterranean fleet to pay a tribute of English respect to a prince who was so well known in England as a thorough sailor, and whose deplorable fate awakened more real sympathy in Great Britain than anywhere else. That the French flag was absent nobody regretted; but people did believe that Old England, the maritime nation *par excellence*, would manifest her esteem for the man who created the only navy, save her own, that had done anything worth speaking of in modern times. The wrong of commission was that the authorities of Trieste permitted a masked ball to be held at the Armonia Theatre on the night before the ceremony—at which ball a *military band* performed for the delectation of a company composed of the lowest snobs and "gay" women while the *Novara* was anchored in the bay with an imperial corpse—that of Trieste's benefactor—lying in mournful state, surrounded by weeping friends and relations.

On the morning following the melancholy ceremony above described (the weather happened to be indescribably lovely) I drove over to Castle Miramar with an English colleague, Boner of the *Standard*. My old acquaintance Count Bombelles, who had for some years occupied a high post in Maximilian's household (he was subsequently governor to the Crown Prince Rudolph), provided us with a *passe-partout* to the chateau and grounds, upon which so much loving labor had been bestowed by him whose remains then lay encoffined on board the *Novara* only a few leagues distant from the port of Trieste.

Miramar is situate on a projecting rock—formerly called Punto di Grignano—standing boldly out into the blue Adriatic, about four miles from the Free City on the western side of the bay. As soon as the gates of the town are passed the road bends back to the seashore, and skirts the coast of the gulf unto the very portals of the castle grounds. Although but three days previously it had been vain to hope that any amount of superimposed wraps would keep the bitter icy wind from searching your body through and through to its innermost penetralia, and everybody had agreed in envying the crocodile, elephant, and other pachydermatous quadrupeds, whose horny hides alone could successfully withstand the onslaughts of the cruel Bora, the 14th and 15th of January proved climatic excerpts from Nice, Mentone, Cannes, or any other sheltered sunny spot one likes to think of. A brilliant sun; a sky so blue that only the Adriatic waters could rival it in depth of azure; a soft, caressing breeze ruffling without whitening the bosom of the bay; an astonishing transparency of

atmosphere: such were the conditions under which we drove along, basking in the genial rays of a January sun, and taking in a provision of iodine exhilarating enough to take rank as laughing-gas — at least so the picturesque peasants must have thought as we rolled by them. From a handsome arched gate with a stone lodge close by it a broad carriage-road sweeps up a steep incline to the castle, which crowns the extreme point of the rock above mentioned; a stone dropped from the marble balcony or veranda encircling the ground floor of the building would fall plump into the sea, which is so clear and limpid that one can count the many-colored stones several feet below the surface of the water. The veranda is a tiny garden, bedded and fountained, cornered off into recesses well provided with luxurious seats, roofed with curious woods and hardy creepers—one of the most delicious lounges in the world. You can change your panorama by merely walking round the house half a dozen times, Miramar being an irregular octagon, and commanding several magnificent views, each materially differing in its characteristics from every other visible from its numerous faces. It is a four-storied building, consisting of four square turreted sections of different sizes, and in its style of architecture resembles somewhat the King of Prussia's restored Rhine castle just above Coblenz, opposite Lahnstein. At the foot of the rock a half-dock, opening southward, has been constructed for small pleasure vessels; and from the veranda terrace itself, westward of the chateau, stately flights of stone steps run down into a maze of English and Italian gardens; while a covered avenue of alternate pillars and trees leads from the castle level, high above the sheltered parterres, to an eight-gun battery, surmounting a huge rock that forms the other extremity of the bight in the coast, bounded to the north by Miramar, in which the choicest of the numerous pleasure-grounds have been constructed. From this battery an enormous extent of sea and cliff can be taken in at a glance. Capo d'Istria is nearly opposite, Trieste to the left, with its forests of masts and glittering white palaces. While to the right stretches away the glorious Adriatic, hemmed into its bed by lofty hills, many of which are capped with snow. The grounds, laid out in, I should imagine, every possible variety of plan and method that accomplished landscape gardening can suggest, cover a very large space, flat as well as hilly. Green-houses, forcing-houses, nurseries, stables, dwelling-houses for out-door servants, and such other buildings are all placed at a considerable distance from the chateau, under the shadow of the mountain, up which crawls the inland-bound train; and the limit of the property landward is the line of railway upon which stands the pretty little station of Miramar, erected *à l'intention* of the late Archduke and his numerous visitors. Part of this mountain, which curves out towards the sea, opposite the Punto di Grignano, has been taken into the castle grounds and treated most artistically. Its ascent is made easy by intervals of broad flagged steps, between gravel-walks smooth as English gravel-walks and as crisp to the foot. Arrived at the summit, a series of cavernous winding ways conduct you to a trellised terrace, at the extreme end of which stands a round watch-tower, surrounded by an open balcony, from which (with nothing but a bar or two between yourself and the main carriage-road a hundred feet below) you can enjoy deep draughts of bracing, rarefied air. This was a favorite haunt of the lamented Prince, who planned every detail of his *villeggiatura* retreat.

In the Italian garden—square, formal, and antique—are copies of two of the three Venuses, a Hercules, and an Achilles; marble semicircular basins full of shining fish, black and orange, canary-colored, and tender pink-white; farther back, on a higher level, are breeding ponds, tiny lakes for waterfowl, fountains innumerable, terraces above terraces, shrubberies, grottoes, shady seductive lovers' seats — *que sais je?* — a labyrinth of tasteful fancies luxuriously fashioned out in rich materials. I cannot hope to tell in a few pages what is to be seen within the precincts of this enchanted demain. Poe would have revelled in it; and how he would have described it! Let me rather try to give my readers the rarely accorded *entrée* to the apartments inhabited a few years previously by the then happy and loving pair—one of whom, in January, 1868, was in a coffin, and the other a hopeless lunatic. Everything was as the Emperor left it in the rooms specially affected to his use, and the traces of luckless Carlotta's more recent sojourn rendered mournful enough the aspect of the cosey, nest-like little rooms in which the distraught widow waited for her murdered husband. In her pretty dressing-room choice water-colored likenesses of friends and relatives, exquisite drawings by Winterhalter — the two Victorias among others, inimitably sketched —and a few choice oil-paintings covered the walls; a carved door led into a tiny oratory, looking into the miniature chapel adjoining the great hall. In that dim, silent little oratory the afflicted Empress would remain for hours, rapt in meditation—perhaps in prayer —and would resent the approach of those who sought to rouse her from her reveries.

When her husband's death was made known to her she received the intelligence with apathetic indifference, and never referred to the subject afterwards when she spoke, which was very rarely. The library and drawing-room were indeed interesting apartments, crowded with curiosities of all sorts, brought by the Archduke back from many countries visited by him during his two years' trip in the *Novara*—family pictures by great masters, exquisite *intagli*, ivory *alti rilievi*, unique and priceless bronzes, Japanese knick-knacks, costly porcelain, and a hundred triumphs of *virtù*. One picture struck me amazingly—a likeness of the Empress Elizabeth, taken from memory, by a cavalry officer who saw her at the Fenice in 1860 when she accompanied her husband to Venice. It was unquestionably the best portrait ever taken of one of the loveliest women alive, and the Emperor Franz Josef begged his brother for it over and over again, but could never induce him to part with it. As Maximilian's heir he inherited it, together with all the accumulated art-treasures of Miramar—itself the creation of an intelligence that approached genius.

The Archduke's study and favorite room was, however, the haunted chamber of the place—haunted by countless signs and tokens of the accomplished Prince's presence; haunted by subtle indications of his many-sided character, of his love for the beautiful, his passion for orderly disorder, his adoration of the sea and all its wonders. The room had been roofed after the pattern of his cabin roof on board the *Novara*, and polished beams stretched across it from side to side; the walls could not be seen for rare photographs and sketches, with which they were completely covered. His writing-table was full of cunning appliances for a diligent scribe and votary of Nicotia—models, statuettes, bronzes, medals, and plans were scattered about with methodical negligence. The rooms on the upper story—banqueting-room, reception-hall, ball-room, etc.—were marvels of decorative art; in the imperial bedroom the sides of the apartment were panelled with the portraits, in oil, of all the reigning European sovereigns; in the dressing-room hung Schwarzenberg, Radetzky, Jellacic Ban, and the Archduke John. I was touched by the discovery of a portrait of the persecuted, high-minded Benedek. In the ball-room there was a colossal canvas, containing half-figures of the Emperor's and Empress's direct ancestors backward to a common source in the tenth century; all the other rooms, corridors, galleries, and staircases were adorned with family portraits and scenes illustrating feats performed by the illustrious forefathers of the deceased. The impression left upon one's mind by the whole contents of Miramar was a melancholy one. What could mortal wish for more than such an abode, thus stored with every luxury and beauty heart could desire? And it was this, an exalted station, and a people's love, that Maximilian left to shed his heart's best blood on the heights of Queretaro—to die betrayed by a trusted friend, slaughtered by men he yearned to benefit—and to leave behind him the wreck of what was once as brave, honest, and true a woman as any in Christendom!

While awaiting the arrival of the *Novara* with her sad freight at Trieste I made the acquaintance of the Cavaliere Tonello, to whom had been committed by the Emperor Francis Joseph the construction and equipment of the huge bucentaur and gloomily gorgeous state car upon which Maximilian's remains were conveyed from the floating *chapelle ardente* of his favorite frigate to the vault in the Kapuziner at Vienna, in which they were finally deposited with great pomp and ceremony. Tonello was a self-made man, who had begun life a long way down the social ladder, and—by honesty, intelligence, and perseverance—had, when I came to know him, climbed to a lofty rung of that slippery implement. Born of poor parents, Venetian seafaring people, he commenced his career as a sailor, rising rapidly to be mate and then captain in the merchant navy. Saving, industrious, and ingenious, he came under the notice of the Archduke Ferdinand Max, himself a sailor, and a good one, and was supported by that kindly prince in his efforts to advance his worldly interests. Little by little he got on, gave up navigation, commenced ship-building and ship-owning in a small way; and since fortune, as well as good friends and untiring industry, favored his undertakings, he achieved eventually the position he held in 1868—that of the first naval constructor in Austria, a noble of the Empire, a millionaire, and the object of an affectionate veneration seldom paid to rich men by their equals as well as their inferiors. He built the Austrian navy: all the plated ships engaged, in July, 1866, off Lissa, were launched from his yards; and the sturdy, clumsy old *Kaiser*, which fought and beat off four Italian iron-clads—a feat that will probably never be equalled by any other wooden ship—furnished the maritime world with a striking example of the solidity and excellence of the materials used by Tonello in his ship-building. Besides the fighting-vessels in question, he turned out a first-class little fleet of steam vessels, and a large number of A1 merchant ships. In his dock-yard and shops were fabricated every conceivable

article connected with the sea, from a 6000-ton armor-plated line-of-battle ship to a fog-horn—from the best bower anchor to the cook's copper. He had about eight hundred employés and workmen, many of whom had been with him for twenty years—of all races, all religions; he taught their children, built their houses, encouraged their ambition, and befriended them in a hundred judicious ways. Theft was unknown in his extensive establishment; and yet he took on liberated convicts with good-conduct characters, and rehabilitated them in the opinion of their fellowmen. Fifty orphans from the Foundling were always maintained and educated at his expense; he even had them taught music, so that their learning years might not be entirely filled with scientific and useful dry bones.

One striking illustration of Tonello's energy and patriotism is worthy of narration here, although more than twenty years have passed away since the incident to which I am about to allude took place. During the early part of the war, in 1866, some Italian patriots set fire to the *Novara*—the very ship that conveyed Maximilian's body to Trieste, and which was then laid up in ordinary in the harbor—and burned her inside clean out, leaving little else but the shell of a ship. It being highly important to raise the naval force—shortly afterwards to be hurled against the Italian fleet—to the greatest numerical strength possible, Tonello was called in to doctor the sick frigate; and in *twenty-eight days* he turned her out as good as new, with furniture, rigging, and all complete and ready for sea.

Personally, this remarkable man was simple and unaffected in manner, eager for information, no matter on what subject, and full of a frank and genial courtesy. He appeared to feel a patriarchal fondness for "his people," and was really the father of the orphan and the friend of the poor. His sudden death, a few years ago, plunged the Austrian Littoral into mourning, and, in my opinion, proved an irreparable loss to the Imperial Royal Navy.

CHAPTER VIII.

Three Sultans.—A Padishah "on Tour."—Visit of Abdul Aziz to Austria.—His Danubian Experiences.—Izzedin Effendi.—Abdul Medjid's Sons, Murad and Abdul Hamid.

As I have already had occasion to mention in a previous chapter, at the commencement of the fourth week in July, 1867, I was at Florence, resting and "recuperating" after the terrible fatigues of the Tercententary Week in Rome, the strange events and quaint ceremonies of which will be described in another part of this volume. The weather was terribly hot in the City of Flowers, capital of Italy for the time being—so hot, indeed, as to render confinement to one's room, with closed windows and jalousies excluding light as well as air, a *sine quâ non* of very existence; which, even under those conditions of comparative coolness, was a mere panting and perspiring state of collapse. Only after sunset could I summon up the physical force enabling me to creep out of my hotel into the Borgo Ogni Santi, feebly beckon an open "legno," and therein reclining, drive slowly up and down the Cascine till supper-time, gradually abating my exaggerated skin-temperature with the aid of the fragrant breezes that spring up in the Arno Valley after dark, no matter how still and sweltering the air may have been during the day. As a matter of fact, I had been so immoderately overroasted in the Eternal City while Pius the Ninth was assiduously recruiting the calendar of saints that I had accumulated a large superfluous stock of caloric, which robbed me of appetite, sleep, and good-temper, and of which I was feverishly anxious to rid myself before resuming an interrupted political mission in the east of Europe, whence I had been peremptorily summoned a fortnight previous in order to witness and chronicle the canonization ceremonies on the left bank of yellow Tiber.

On returning at a late hour, one more than usually oppressive night, to the Albergo d'Italia, I found lying on my table a missive of a dull blue color such as experience had accustomed me, when in Italy, to associate with peremptory orders to go at once somewhither several hundred miles distant from the place in which I happened to be temporarily sojourning. I opened it with a sinking heart. It fulfilled my gloomiest anticipations in every respect. As a specimen of journalistic instructions I subjoin it. At threepence-halfpenny a word, the literary style of newspaper proprietors is elliptic and skeletonian. *Exempli gratiâ.*

"Start Vienna next train join Sultan accompany Constantinople wire write."

Thus, by the dread virtue of this succin

unpunctuate despatch, I—with extra bodily heat scarce aught abated, and in a state of lassitude which rendered the mere thought of exertion hideous to me—found myself doomed, at the most torrid season of the year, to undertake a journey of forty-eight hours' duration, at the close of which it would be incumbent upon me to hunt up an Oriental sovereign, obtain his permission to join his suite, follow him about at reviews, receptions, banquets and gala-performances day and night for a week or so, and finally travel with him considerably over a thousand miles through the most scorching region in Europe; being all the while on the *qui vive*, and passing the hours which all his other hangers-on would devote to sleep or recreation in scribbling graphic descriptions of incidents and scenery, as well as imperial sayings and doings, for the entertainment of the million or so of British newspaper-readers provided with that class of intellectual pabulum by my enterprising employers. The prospect was an appalling one; but

> "Duty, duty must be done,
> The rule applies to every one,"

as I should probably have mournfully hummed had Mr. Gilbert given publicity to that salutary aphorism in the year 1867 instead of two decades later; so I lugubriously commenced my preparations for leaving lovely Florence at an unearthly hour the following morning, resigned all hope of physical coolness or repose for at least six weeks to come, set my alarum with a heavy sigh, and gave myself up to the feverish embraces of that peculiarly unrefreshing slumber which not only precedes unusually early rising, but utterly unfits its victim to pass cheerfully through the dread ordeal that awaits him at cockcrow.

Two days later I was in Vienna at the "Archduke Charles," ridding myself by the aid of soap and water of the strata of Upper Italy, Gorizia, Carinthia, Styria, and Upper Austria successively superimposed on my natural surface during an indescribably hot and dusty journey. This purifying operation performed, and my weary frame equipped in ceremonial costume, I sallied forth to sow the official seed from which, luck favoring the sower, should spring up within a few hours a luxuriant crop of facilities for haunting the unconscious Sultan (who had arrived in Vienna on the previous morning) like his shadow during his stay in the Kaiserstadt. English Embassy, Turkish Embassy, Office of the Grand Marshal of the Court, each in its turn became reluctantly aware of an *importunate Briton bent upon* giving trouble *to serene authorities, upon* vanquishing objections, overriding precedents, and obtaining privileges which, as more than one Excellency blandly hinted to me, "No person in my position—an honorable one, beyond question, and of no inconsiderable relative importance, but unfortunately not clearly recognizable from a purely official point of view—had ever theretofore applied for." Twenty years ago, however, I was not easily discouraged by pompous platitudes or even by courteous circumlocution; so I persevered in the polite persecution of the powers that were until, in order to rid themselves decorously of a supplicant who appeared congenitally incapable of taking no for an answer, they granted me all that I asked for; in the case of my kind friend, the then Turkish ambassador at Vienna, even more. Amply provided with cards of invitation to all the local festivities, passes for the trains and steamers affected to the Sultan's use, letters for A'ali Pasha and Fuad Pasha, respectively Grand Vizier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and introductions to the great Austrian officials "commanded" to accompany his Ottoman Majesty to the frontier of his realms, I returned at a late hour to my hotel, feeling that I had done what man could do to render the thorough fulfilment of my mission possible.

The Sultan's arrival in the Kaiserstadt caused an extraordinary degree of excitement not only among the Viennese—a people almost as greedy for sight-seeing as the Parisians—but throughout the length and breadth of the empire. Excursions were organized in Upper and Lower Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, and Styria to visit the imperial capital and have a stare at the Padishah. Even Gorizia, small in dimensions, though rich in historic interest, sent its quota of gazers. Ten thousand provincial Austrians, besides a goodly sprinkling of English and Americans, crowded the hotels and lodging-houses, the proprietors of which had every reason to be grateful to his Turkish Majesty. Had it not been for his visit, their caravanserai would have been forlorn of man and beast, high summer being emphatically the time of year when people do *not* stop in Vienna; that is, if they can help it. There was really excellent excuse for the intense curiosity felt by the inhabitants of the Kaiserstadt and of the old Austrian archduchies about the Commander of the Faithful. It must be remembered that Vienna had been accustomed to receive Soldans with lowered portcullises, raised draw-bridges, and cannon *à discrétion*, and that Turkish visits had hitherto been visitations. Soliman battered at the walls of the ancient city in vain; Abdul Aziz entered it at the side of its Emperor,

THE SULTAN (1867).

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welcomed by deafening acclamations from thousands of its citizens. Although London has not been besieged by a foreign army, so far as I remember, yet we have known what it is to have a victorious Dutch fleet in the Thames, and I do not believe that we should give the King of Holland, were he to visit our metropolis, any the worse welcome on that account. A corresponding magnanimity was all the more easily assumed by the Viennese, inasmuch as they had the satisfaction of knowing that they had invariably beaten off the Osmanli, although more than once terribly beset by them. Their display of enthusiasm towards their Imperial visitor was also stimulated by a secret desire to vex Russia. The encouragement openly given by the Czar and his Government to Sclav malcontents and Panslavistic mouthers had rankled deeply in Austria's breast; and while the Czechish and Croatian delegates, instead of being elevated to the rank of political martyrs, as they half hoped, had been wisely treated by the Emperor with silent contempt, the Muscovite monarch, who listened to their treasonable declamations, and openly expressed his sympathy with the cause they advocated, had got himself thereby into exceeding bad odor with the good-natured Austrians, and would, had he visited Vienna twenty years ago, have met with a reception but little less unfriendly than that which would have been accorded to honest, jovial King William of Prussia, at that time the favorite *bête noire* of the Kaiserstaedter. Abdul Aziz experienced the *contre coup* of the resentment against Russia, and was accordingly made much more of by the Viennese than he expected to be.

The Emperor received his august guest on the morning of July 27, 1867, at the Westbahn Station, which was tastefully decorated with green and white hangings—the colors of Mohammed—exotics, flags, and escutcheons. On stepping out of the state carriage, followed immediately by Fuad Pasha, whose services as interpreter were at once called into request, the Sultan was met by Francis Joseph with out-stretched hand, and the two mighty sovereigns of Eastern Europe exchanged a long and cordial pressure. The Emperor then said in French, "I wish the Sultan to understand how truly glad I am to welcome him in my capital." The Sultan, upon these friendly words being conveyed to him by Fuad Pasha, expressed his gratitude for so warm a reception, and sincere pleasure at having the opportunity of visiting Austria. The Emperor then presented Drs. Zelinka and Giskra, respectively the Mayor of Vienna and the President of the Lower House (each of whom offered a short congratulatory address), and shortly afterwards escorted the Padishah to Schönbrunn in an open carriage, drawn by six splendid stallions. The Sultan occupied the place of honor, the Emperor sitting on his left; the other two places were filled by the fat little Prince Izzedin Effendi and Fuad Pasha. Francis Joseph wore the *crachat* of the Osmanieh, and looked exceedingly handsome and well. The Sultan appeared somewhat fatigued by his journey, and responded languidly to the enthusiastic cheering which greeted him along the line of route between the Bahnhof and Schönbrunn. Although the hour was an early one even for Vienna, where you must get up over-night if you want to be even with the market-women, thousands of well-dressed people had congregated in the Mariahilf, determined to see the first of the Grand Signior. The poorer class was represented by tens of thousands. I need scarcely say that the Viennese proletary, though gifted with a strong sense of humor and considerable powers of illustration, is, as a rule, intensely ignorant; and so he had made up his mind on that bright morning that the Padishah would be accompanied by at least as many "graceful consorts," not to mention concubines, as sacred history ascribes to Solomon. As the long defile of state carriages, filled with strange beings of varied hue, passed between the double throng of spectators every eye was strained in the hope of discerning a detachment of *yashmaks;* and when the procession closed with a mere escort of cavalry great was the disappointment—I may almost say the indignation—felt by the crowd. Where was the harem? Where the chief eunuch—the Kisler Aga? The Sultan's popularity ran some risk, I verily believe, through their absence—the people felt that he had come to Vienna under false pretences. However, fortunately the Viennese are the most good-natured race in Europe; and after their first vexation had worn off, they agreed that the Sultan had most probably omitted his wives, etc., for reasons best known to himself, and that they were bound to respect him for his self-denial in separating himself from his little family in order to come and see Vienna. I think that a good many people expected that his Imperial Majesty would be attired in flowing robes, yellow *papouches*, a tremendous turban and golden girdle, with a huge crooked cimeter in one hand and a jewelled narghilé in the other, his hookah-bearer and body-executioner in close attendance upon him; and that they were rather astonished to behold a grave, portly, pale, intellectual-looking middle-aged gentleman, dressed in a dark blue frock-coat and trousers, relieved

by a moderate quantity of gold embroidery and one or two *crachats "comme tout le monde,"* his head covered by a plain red fez, his hands exquisitely gloved, his whole appearance that of an amiable, refined, and thoughtful European. I am not quite sure that a large percentage of the "gemüthlichen Wiener" did not anticipate that he would be black. I am very certain that they were quite taken aback upon seeing that he was not even yellow.

At Schönbrunn the Archdukes received him, after which, being extremely fatigued, he retired to his private apartments. The so-called Napoleon suite had been prepared for him, the Chinese saloon being for the nonce converted into a reception-room, and the Indian chamber into a bedroom; besides these, a splendid audience chamber, library, writing-room, bath-room, etc., had been affected to the special use of the Sultan. The heir-apparent and the other members of the Imperial family occupied a large suite of rooms on the ground floor of the palace, approached by the Chapel Court. These apartments had been newly decorated and fitted up in Oriental style for the occasion. The plump but decorous little Izzedin occupied an historical bed. The last person who slept in it had been the unfortunate Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, late Emperor of Mexico. All the members of the suite, body guard, etc., were lodged in the same block of buildings inhabited by the imperial personages. Schönbrunn is big enough to accommodate half a dozen Sultans and their followings.

It must be confessed that the Padishah's trip through Western Europe had been in some respects an unlucky one. The grand festivities prepared for him in Paris were knocked on the head by the appalling tidings from Queretaro. In England the dear old climate did its very best to afflict him with rheumatism and sea-sickness; and no sooner did he come to Vienna than King Otto, whilom of Greece, took the opportunity to die and double the court mourning, besides interfering with the festive arrangements, few enough in all conscience, made for his Imperial Majesty's delectation during his stay. There was to have been what they call a "gala" dinner at Schönbrunn on July 27th, but it was countermanded in consequence of the latest addition to the Royal Obituary List of 1867. The following day, after receiving the Corps Diplomatique, the Cabinet Ministers, and a number of Austrian general officers presented by the Archduke Albert, the Sultan was escorted by the Emperor to Laxenburgh—a Lust-Schloss, or *country-box, belonging to* the latter, and situate about half a dozen miles south of Vienna. It is a copy in miniature of the typical mediæval feudal castle—moat, drawbridges, dungeons, tourney-lists, and all—besides which, it is surrounded by beautiful gardens, and a pretty little artificial lake, upon which imperial good-nature stations a number of boats for the amusement of the public. As the weather was detestable all day, the excursion was not a shining success. Perhaps the dinner compensated for the annoyances of rain and wind, for I called at the Turkish Embassy at 11 P.M. and its *personnel* had not yet returned home.

The Schmelzer Parade is a huge down overlooking Schönbrunn, about two miles from Vienna proper, outside the Mariahilf barrier. The unwieldy suburb has, however, strayed out to within a very few yards of both palace and exercise-ground, and its main street is a particularly lively one, being the high-road to Hietzing, beyond which again Tanner's and the Einsiedlerei offer manifold attractions to the holiday-making Viennese, among others a magnificent panoramic view of their beloved Kaiserstadt. On the morning of July 28, 1867, about nine o'clock, the broad white Mariahilfer Strasse was even more bustling and animated than usual. An unwonted number of fiacres, bound westward with that impetuous swoop which is the special characteristic of Viennese cabs, were rattling over the hexagonal stones, and an unbroken stream of foot-passengers poured along either pavement. The weather had taken a favorable turn during the night, the sun was shining brightly, and everybody who could spare a few hours—and what Viennese will not contrive to do so when it is a question of sight-seeing?—was hurrying to the Schmelzer Parade to see the Grand Turk review the renowned artillery of Austria. An hour before the time appointed for the arrival of the imperial party on the ground the brow of the Schmelzer hill was crowded with spectators, and a living wall formed round the whole parade-ground. On the heights over against Schönbrunn a few favored carriages—my own among the number—had been allowed to take up a commanding position, whence their occupants could watch the progress of the cortége from the summer palace to the entrance of the Schmelz, guarded by mounted gendarmes, and beset by a laughing, chattering, smoking mob full of good-humor and chaff. The ground itself was kept by horse and foot gendarmerie; and just within their line, a little to the left of the *extempore* entrance, a brilliant assemblage of general and staff officers was stationed. Looking across the Schmelz, the eye rested on a range of round, green

hills, dotted with villages, villas, and pretty farm-houses; turning round, stately Schönbrunn, with its lovely gardens, park, woods, and graceful Gloriette—which looks like a fragment of a heathen temple magically transported to its present conspicuous site from the classic regions of paganism—nestles in the valley of the Wien; while stretching away far to the left the gay Residenz, pierced in its verv centre by the slender spire of St. Stephens, offers as fair a picture as ever Soldan gazed upon.

About half-past nine a second body of general officers and foreigners of distinction rode up the hill at a hard canter, headed by Count George Festetics in all the glory of his national costume—black velvet doublet and cloak lined with sables, scarlet breeches, high boots with gold tops, a velvet furred bonnet with an eagle's plume, curved cimeter, and jewelled belt; his horse's trappings all of gold, save a splendid leopard skin, trimmed with green velvet, upon which the chivalrous-looking minister sat gracefully, governing his fiery charger with a master hand. This gallant company blended itself with the general staff; and very shortly a shout from afar in the valley warned us that the two monarchs had left the inner court of Schönbrunn and were within sight of the assembled multitudes. From this moment the cheering waxed louder and louder as the cortége emerged from the palace, crossed the Lion Bridge, and wound slowly up the long incline leading to the parade-ground. A few yards in front of their brilliant followings rode the Sultan and the Emperor side by side—noble-looking men both, but presenting as marked a contrast as it is possible to imagine. The Sultan, squarely and massively built, his pale and grave countenance half covered by a black, thick, closely-trimmed beard; his dress a dark blue tight-fitting frock, embroidered at the throat and sleeves with gold—one solitary plaque, the Star of Leopold, shining in diamonds on his broad breast—a type of repose, thoughtfulness, dignity. Francis Joseph, a tall, upright, somewhat slender but admirably-proportioned figure, fair, blue-eyed, whiskered like an Englishman, decidedly handsome, but the harmony of his face somewhat marred by a settled expression of melancholy—*du reste*, a high-bred, haughty German gentleman, arrayed in the picturesque uniform of an Austrian general, and decorated with the glittering *crachat* of the Osmanieh. Both Padishah and Kaiser were warmly received by the long-expectant crowd, but it cannot be denied that the Sultan's wonderful body-guard—especially the two colossal Circassians—excited a great deal more admiration than their master. On entering the ground, after returning the salute of the general staff, the imperial party turned sharp to the right, and rode to the eastern end of the down, whence they watched the first part of the review. Behold a tremendous cloud of dust rapidly approaching us; this is the famous invincible Austrian artillery. Full gallop up the hill they come, and descend into the Schmelzer Valley at racing pace, taking up their appointed positions in the form of a crescent. In another minute the valley is filled with smoke; they unlimber with incredible rapidity, and deliver round after round in the same style that told so terribly on the victorious Prussians during the memorable afternoon of Königgrätz. It would weary my readers, accustomed to the dazzling military feats of Brighton, Wimbledon, and Aldershot, to read about the manœuvres of the very splendid artillery corps assembled on the Schmelz—it will be sufficient to say that the marching past, trot, and gallop was perfect of its kind; and that the Sultan, though generally chary of his praise, expressed himself several times in terms highly flattering to the troops and to the Emperor. After the marching past the imperial party returned to Schönbrunn, where they lunched; and subsequently they drove into Vienna, where the Sultan went over the state apartments of the Hofburg, visited the Imperial Treasury and numismatic cabinet, which contains one of the finest collections of ancient coins in the world, and then drove along the Ringstrasse to the arsenal. He was received by the Archduke William, who took him round the whole establishment, and finally conducted him to the School of Equitation, unrivalled in Europe. With unqualified delight Abdul Aziz inspected the splendid armory, rich in Oriental trophies. Altogether this portion of his tour appeared to be less burdensome to him than any other.

In the evening the great event came off upon which Vienna had set its heart, namely, the state visit of the Padishah to the Imperial Opera-house. At one time it had been feared that the visit would be dispensed with, the Sultan having given Fuad Pasha to understand that he was decidedly averse to making his appearance at the court theatre during an epoch of mourning and affliction, when his Imperial host could not accompany him thither; but it was so strongly urged upon him that the popular disappointment would be overwhelming if he stayed away that he yielded to persuasion, and allowed it to be formally announced that he would be present at a gala performance of "Flick and Flock." Accordingly the price of tickets rose four hundred per cent. as soon as the joyful news was given out; and those were esteemed lucky

who only paid twenty-five florins for a place in the pit—a price simply astounding for Vienna, where all amusements are much cheaper than in either London or Paris. At eight o'clock the rickety, dirty, unventilated, uncomfortable old house was crammed to the ceiling, and twenty thousand people were stationed outside the doors, filling the spacious Opernplatz as full as full could be, in the hope of seeing his Imperial Majesty descend from his carriage. At half-past eight precisely the Sultan entered the imperial box, accompanied by the Archdukes William and Leopold, his two nephews and son, Fuad Pasha, F. M. L. Baron Hauslab, Baron Teuffenbach, Djemil Pasha, and a numerous suite. The orchestra played the Turkish hymn, and the audience remained standing until its conclusion, when they gave his Imperial Majesty three hearty cheers; that is, as hearty as cheers can ever be out of England. The Cis-leithan and Trans-leithan ministries were both present, as well as all the embassies and many of the most distinguished personages of this empire. The ballet was a favorite one, and deservedly so; but during the first act the Sultan paid but little attention to the stage; he appeared much fatigued, and reclined in his fauteuil, leaning his head upon his left hand. When, however, the second act opened in the halls of the Dwerga, and a troop of gnomes invaded the stage with strange costumes and stranger antics, the Sultan roused himself, borrowed the Archduke William's opera-glass, and from that moment scarcely took his eyes off the performance. Presently the scene changed to the bottom of the sea, whither Flick and Flock emigrate in search of a charming water-nymph; and when a gigantic red lobster capered gamesomely in and besought the travellers for their passports, the Padishah's gravity gave way, and he fairly shook with laughter. Not so the tiny Prince, whom not even the gambols of the frogs and crocodiles, fish and marine monsters, could move to a smile; poor child, he seemed thoroughly fagged out. The end of the second act was devoted to a series of pretty transparencies representing London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna, to which *recueil* was added for this special occasion—Stamboul, or rather a view of the Sultan's summer palace. Each picture was ushered in by the tutelary genius of the respective country of which it depicted the capital, and the national manners and customs of England, France, Russia, Austria, and Turkey were illustrated by dances. The sailor's hornpipe was very creditably performed, and was, no doubt, considered singularly appropriate to the transparency—*a penny*-boat steaming past Somerset House *towards Westminster.*

As an illustration of Nôtre Dame and the Cité we had the most exuberant (not to say free-and-easy) *cancan* that heart could desire, with a turn of the *savate* to flavor it. The Newskôi perspective was typified (with rather questionable taste) by a sorrowing Polish damsel, whose grief eventually merged into a mazurka. The old Burg Platz of Vienna was enlivened by a company of female Jägers in wonderfully short petticoats. But the bouquet, the *bonne bouche* of the evening, was reserved for the Turkish illustration. Imprimis, Director Salvi had managed to secure *the* very prettiest girl in Vienna as tutelary genius of the Osmanli; secondly, the next prettiest girl appeared dressed (or rather undressed) as an Almée, and danced a dance such as I never saw performed before an audience partly composed of ladies. Talk about the voluptuous blandishments of Bayadères—I dare not even attempt to describe what took place on the stage of the court theatre for the delectation of the Grand Signior. This episode, and another much like it, save that the two lovely Bayadères engaged in it had one or two more semblances of clothing on than their fair rival the Almée, were rapturously applauded, the house being excited into total forgetfulness of the usual etiquette. Had the Sultan thrown his handkerchief at Mlle. Lucas, the illusion and the triumph would have been alike complete.

The following day was an uncommonly bustling one for the luckless Commander of the Faithful, who was roused up at an early hour of the morning to attend another review held in his honor at Klosterneuburg, about ten miles from Vienna, and respectfully solicited to partake of several other fatiguing delectations—among them a long drive *en gala* in the Prater, to give the *plebs* a fair chance of staring at him to its heart's content, which particular variety of recreation he resolutely forewent; and a performance of the "Biche aux Bois" at the Wieden Theatre, which he attended with a heroism worthy of a better cause, and which rewarded him for his self-sacrifice—he was dead tired, and the thermometer stood at 30° Reaumur throughout the *féerie*—by sending him to sleep. It was but little of that solace—Nature's kind restorer—that his Ottoman Majesty got in a regular way during his sojourn in the Kaiserstadt; so he took it in snatches whenever opportunity served, forty winks at a time, or more if he could manage it. I saw him repeatedly slumbering in an upright and perfectly dignified attitude while sitting in his box at opera-house or theatre, and while driving about the streets in a gorgeous state carriage; once even for a minute or two while bestriding a lamb-like Arab

at an inspection of troops, amid a hurly-burly of noise that might have wakened the celebrated Potsdam hussar of somniferous memory. As a matter of fact, the hospitable Austrians, eager to amuse him and do him honor, allowed him so little time for natural rest that when out and about he was scarcely ever more than half awake. They courteously compelled him to bestir himself shortly after daybreak in order to witness grand military spectacles, invariably arranged to take place on parade-grounds far distant from the city. They kept him on the go all day long, sight-seeing and visiting illustrious personages with whom he was unable to converse. They dined him heavily and sumptuously at 5 P.M., when the sun was still high in the heavens, and the temperature that of the caldarium in his own cherished national bath. After this overpowering meal, partaken of by his Majesty in the tightly-fitting cloth garments affected by the modern Moslem of high rank, they barely gave him five minutes for his coffee and cigarette, and then hurried him off to some sweltering place of "amusement," thronged to the ceiling with inquisitive quidnuncs, who glared at him without intermission from the moment of his arrival to that of his departure. The effect of this treatment upon a portly middle-aged Moslem of reposeful habits and shy disposition, addicted to privacy, unaccustomed to be spoken to unless in reply to some question or command of his own pronouncing, bereft of the female society in which, when at home, he was accustomed to spend the greater part of his days and nights, and chronically haunted —as was subsequently revealed to me by a curious incident that occurred during my voyage down the Danube in his suite—by a grim apprehension that his nephews, Mechmed Murad and Abdul Hamid, who accompanied him throughout his European tour, were bent upon taking his life, was, as may be imagined, the reverse of exhilarating. Under the pressure of fatigue, anxiety, and fear, Abdul Aziz in fact all but broke down more than once in the course of the very trying week during which it was my duty to chronicle his movements. Assuredly a more uneasy man than he never underwent the *peine forte et dure* of a protracted "pleasure" trip. Peace of mind was unknown to him until he got back to his own country, where, and where alone, he deemed himself safe from dagger, bowl, and cord; erroneously, alas! as his dismal end, nine years later, only too tragically proved.

Klosterneuburg, at 10 A.M. of July 30, 1867, wore a very animated aspect. Thousands of Viennese performed a pilgrimage to St. Leopold's gigantic monastery, not for the purpose of paying reverence to the numerous relics of that imperial devotee's everyday apparel exhibited to holiday-makers, but in order to witness the construction of a pontoon bridge over the Danube, undertaken expressly for the edification of the Sultan. Nussdorf was completely blocked, and the proprietor of a renowned bock bier establishment in that dusty little village made such a good thing of it that he had serious thoughts of adopting the Mussulman faith in common gratitude to the august cause of his sudden prosperity. The Sultan and his Imperial host arrived at the river-side punctually at the appointed hour, in a state carriage, drawn by six magnificent bays, and took their seats in a couple of blue arm-chairs placed "convenient" to the spot where the pioneer corps was stationed in readiness to commence operations. The bridge was thrown across the Danube, which is about six hundred yards wide near Klosterneuburg, in an hour and five minutes, the Emperor directing part of the work in person, and immediately afterwards the Khevenhüller infantry regiment and two batteries of artillery marched over it, to the evident admiration and delight of the Sultan, who caused the officers in command to be summoned to his presence, and expressed to them, through an interpreter, his great satisfaction at the manner in which their work had been achieved. An imperial salute was then fired by the troops, and the two monarchs returned at a gallant pace to Schönbrunn.

As a faithful chronicler I cannot conscientiously refrain from recording a melancholy fact, which gravely prejudiced the popularity of the Sultan in the most good-natured of capital cities. An official announcement in the morning-papers had informed the public that his Imperial Majesty would visit the Prater in state at 3 o'clock P.M.; and accordingly, it being a remarkably fine and pleasant day, over three hundred thousand people turned out to have a good look at the Grand Turk. By two o'clock a double hedge of would-be sight-seers *five miles* long and ever so many deep was firmly established along the line of route between Schönbrunn and the end of the lately prolonged Prater; and there they stood patiently, and stood in vain, till nearly eight o'clock in the evening, for the last two hours or so hoping against hope, and steadfastly refusing to believe that *der gute Grossherr* would lend himself to such a tremendous deception as to let them stand about in the streets all day long for nothing. But it was so; he never came, and none of the state functionaries had the good sense or common charity to send a few orderlies down to the Leopoldstadt with the tidings that the

Sultan was really too tired and worn out—which I can very well believe—to go through the fatigue of touching his fez a thousand or more times to the Vienna public. A good many people were so exhausted with weariness and disappointment about six o'clock that they were dropping out of the ranks, and "homeward" was the cry; but unfortunately, just at that hour a fresh and delusive encouragement was given to their expectations by the arrival on the island of the Archduke William, followed by the King and Queen of Hanover and the Duc de Gramont, all in gala equipages. "Then he *is* coming, after all!" ran through the crowd. "Ah, here he is!" everybody exclaimed as Haydar Effendi, the amiable and talented Ambassador of the Sublime Porte at the Court of the Hofburg, made his appearance in a carriage and pair, his Excellency being not unlike the Padishah—indeed, quite like enough to deceive a tired crowd anxious to see the Sultan in every fresh arrival. Military Band No. 1 in the Prater struck up the Turkish hymn; hearing which M. B. No. 2 caught up the strain, and M. B. No. 3 a long way down the great avenue, resolved not to be outdone, chimed in with vigor. The natural disappointment of the Viennese public was expressed in tones more indignant than mournful. After an hour and a half's more waiting, on the "in for a penny in for a pound" principle, the huge crowd dissolved in a state of intense disgust, much more disposed to hoot a Sultan than to cheer him. It was a great pity, but the Sultan was certainly not to blame for being dead beat. Those who first tired him out, and then omitted to notify the the consequent alteration in the official programme, deserved all the execrations that were profusely uttered by the victims of the most gigantic sell I have ever known of.

Next morning Francis Joseph, who devoted himself to his imperial brother with a geniality and hearty hospitality that did him high honor, paid the Sultan his compliments *d'adieu* in a right royal manner. He drove him from Schönbrunn to the Kaisermühlen (where the steam flotilla awaited its august passengers) in state — carriage-and-six, court outriders, imperial equerries, half a dozen archdukes, and a brilliant escort—and was himself arrayed in the grandest of his many uniforms, that of an Austrian field-marshal. Two triumphal arches had been erected upon the approach to the landing-place, which was converted into a garden teeming with costly exotics. Three or four hundred privileged spectators were assembled in an enclosed space on the river-bank, whence an excellent view of the embarkation could be obtained. On alighting from the carriage their Majesties were received by the Governor of Vienna, the Mayor, Prince L. Metternich, and the directors of the Danube Steam Navigation Company. The guard of honor presented arms, and the band struck up the Turkish hymn. The Sultan went straight on board the *Szechenyi*, the Emperor walking by his side, and as soon as his foot touched the deck the great Turkish standard was run up and a loud cheer of greeting given by the crew—officers and men in all the pride of a new rig. A long and earnest conversation ensued between the two sovereigns, *moyennant* Fuad Pasha. Their hands remained firmly grasped in each other's for nearly five minutes, and the Emperor, stepping off the boat, raised his hand to his plumed hat in military fashion, and remained standing in that position till the first turn of the paddle-wheels. The Sultan, meanwhile, had hastily thrown off his richly embroidered uniform and donned a plain blue frock. In a few seconds he appeared on the quarter-gallery with his tawny little son, and the high Turkish officials gathered in a semicircle behind him. In this station he remained till the *Szechenyi* swept round a bend of the river and disappeared from the gazers on the landing-place, all the time waving his hand to the Emperor, who returned his smiling greetings with heartfelt cordiality. Cheer after cheer rose from the river-bank. Captain von Stettiner gave the word to put on full steam, and piloted by the *Mathias Kiralyi*, the noble steamer with a nobler name—for Hungary, though rich in devoted patriots and chivalrous gentlemen, never owned a greater son than Gröf Szechenyi Istvan — glided away down the Danube at twelve knots an hour, her bright flags and streamers, gay green awning and brilliant white sides, giving her a fanciful Cleopatra's galley sort of air quite foreign to her sober, business-like comfortable character.

As soon as the Sultan was out of sight I hastened back to my hotel in order to complete my preparations for rejoining his Majesty at Ofen, the next *étape* on his homeward route. There were still august officials to be worried, important documents to get indorsed, telegrams to be despatched; there was a long descriptive letter to be written to the *Daily Telegraph*, giving a full account of the day's events and ceremonies; for special correspondents were still correspondents in those days, not purveyors of telegraphic dry bones as they are now; there were portmanteaus to be packed, moneys to be encashed, and bills to be paid, two or three old friends to be hurriedly visited; in short, a hundred and one things to be done and only a few hours to do them in. Not the Padishah him-

self was more utterly weary that day than was one at least of the hapless journalists told off to dog his steps through the frontier lands of Eastern Europe. By midnight, however, all my tasks were fulfilled, and I was able to indulge in four hours' rest—the first unbroken sleep of that duration I had been permitted to enjoy since my departure from Florence nearly a week previously. Next morning, a little after daybreak, I started for Pesth by the early express, and got down there in good time to witness the arrival of the imperial flotilla conveying and escorting Abdul Aziz Khan to the capital of Hungary. Pesth was not as profusely decorated as she would have been had it not been officially signified to her municipal authorities that the Sultan would alight at the royal castle in the sister-city Buda, and would not cross the river during his brief sojourn on Hungarian soil. One festive symbol, however, struck my eye as I drove through the magnificent town to my own appointed quarters at Ofen; an outward and visible sign of the extraordinary changes that have supervened in the relations between Crescent and Cross during the present century, and suggestive in itself of many curious and wholesome reflections. The Turkish standard—the green flag of the Osmanli, formerly the herald of death and devastation to Hungary, the banner that once was firmly planted on the Blocksberg by the fierce Mohammedans who pillaged fair Pesth and put her inhabitants to the sword—was flying, in all honor and glory, from the square tower of the Stadthaus, dumbly proclaiming to all Magyarland that the successor of Soldans Selim, Achmet, and Mahmoud, who of yore set their mark in blood and fire on the kingdom of the Five Rivers, was within a bow-shot of its fluttering folds, the well-beloved guest, friend, and ally of the King of Hungary. I had theretofore seen many strange and instructive sights in the course of a somewhat exceptionally adventurous life; but none, to my mind, more felicitously significant than that green standard, gayly flaunting the white crescent high in air, on the topmost pinnacle of the Pesth municipal palace. *Tempora mutantur* with a vengeance! The adage was never more pregnantly exemplified than by that very flag and its local habitation for the time being.

An imperial salute from the big guns of the Blocksberg, illuminations on both sides of the river—the sister-cities are great at illuminations, and never miss a chance of lighting up—and the Turkish national hymn *ad libitum* from an excellent Austrian military band, greeted the Commander of the Faithful as the *Szechenyi* steamed slowly under the graceful suspension-bridge uniting Pesth and Ofen, and took up her station for the night at the foot of the hill crowned by the imperial castle. The voyage from Vienna had been a very agreeable one, the weather being cool, with a gentle breeze blowing, and the mighty Danube in an amiable mood, his face unruffled by even a passing frown. Eleven hours was, after all, not an extravagantly long time in which to cover a distance of one hundred and sixty miles by water, especially when one remembers that the lazy old night-train from Vienna, dearly beloved of cabinet ministers and Court officials, consumed ten hours in performing the same number of miles by land. In every respect the steamer was preferable to the rail for this trip, especially such a steamer as the *Szechenyi*, commanded by so accomplished a gentleman as Captain von Stettiner, and freighted with so august a cargo as Abdul Aziz Khan. His Imperial Majesty, it must be confessed, did not show much during the passage, being occupied in the very necessary pursuit of "taking it out" in sleep; nor can this be wondered at, considering what he had previously gone through in the way of seeing and being seen. Here was a worthy, middle-aged, Oriental despot, whose existence had been thitherto a profound and unbroken calm—whose *summum bonum* of amusement had been to play waltzes with one hand to the admiring tenants of his harem—made to skip about all over Europe, to roll and plunge in a villanous chopping sea, to get wet through at Wimbledon, to suffocate in sweltering theatres, put up with a minimum of bed and a maximum of fatigue—do everything, in short, that he had not been accustomed to, and nothing that he *had* been accustomed to. Was it not very natural that he should avail himself eagerly—no, not eagerly, "'twas not his nature *to*"—but with deep contentment, of any and every opportunity afforded him to recruit his wearied frame in slumber? Accordingly, he slept *le sommeil des justes* during the greater part of the day, waking up for refreshment and for a peep at Gran, which, seen from the river, is as picturesque a little town as any on the Rhine. The explosiveness, gunpowdery and musical, of his welcome in Buda-Pesth interrupted his slumbers for an hour or so on his arrival; but as soon as the cannon left off their abominable and expensive noise, and the inevitable guard of honor and its full brass band *obligato* marched off to barracks—the landing of Abdul Aziz having been put off till the following morning—the long sixes were extinguished, the *Szechenyi* was darkened from stem to stern, and his Majesty returned to bed with a complacent alacrity which no other sort of entertainment that could possibly have been provided for his

recreation would have prompted him to display. He had to make up his arrears of slumber; and to the fulfilment of that congenial task he devoted himself exclusively for twelve or fourteen hours after the fuss and clamor of his reception had subsided into peace and silence.

At nine o'clock the following morning, the municipalities of the sister-cities, a deputation of nobles, the three cabinet ministers actually in Hungary—Wenkheim, Gorové, and Miko—and the general staff of the garrison, assembled at different rendezvous and drove over to Ofen, where, anchored by the riverside, the *Szechenyi* was catering for its exalted passengers. The Sultan breakfasted at nine precisely, and was not ready to begin another day's weariness until half-past ten, by which time the various deputations were rather sorry that they had crossed the Kettenbrücke so unnecessarily early. Evergreens had been plentifully distributed round the landing-stage, and the representative bodies formed a lane of gold, satin, velvet, embroidery, and jewels through which his Majesty must pass to reach his carriage, drawn up close to the quay-side. A guard of honor in gala uniform lined the Danube bank, and two imperial regiments were detailed into what is called "spalier"—that is, men posted in threes at intervals of five yards—along the whole line of route from the *Szechenyi's* moorings to the entrance of the palace, a good two miles. As his Imperial Majesty stepped on shore the Turkish standard was lowered from the *Szechenyi* and hoisted on the Burg, and a tremendous shout of "Eljen!" greeted the august visitor as he passed between the double line of Magyar notabilities, raising his hand repeatedly to his fez. A state carriage and pair was all that had been provided by the King for the imperial cortége; the Sultan's suite was accommodated in fiacres hired for the occasion by the municipal authorities. His Majesty, who wore the plaque of St. Stephen, and was arrayed in a rich uniform, took his place on the left of his little son, whose tiny chest was crossed by the broad ribbon of the Osmanli, and the other places were occupied by Fuad Pasha and Baron Hauslab. At a foot pace the long line of carriages proceeded along the Albrecht-strasse to the imperial castle, where a crowd of gayly dressed ladies and gaudy nobles awaited the arrival of the Grand Signior. Many of Hungary's lovely daughters wore the Turkish colors, and waved their handkerchiefs enthusiastically as the Padishah drove by them.

The gathering in the Burg reminded me of *those brilliant assemblages* which had crowded *the state apartments* daily during coronation time. Velvet mantles, furred bonnets, jewelled sabres, crosses and stars, uniforms of all colors and shades, filled the anterooms, and fairly eclipsed the sumptuary glories of the Sultan's body-guard. After waiting nearly an hour, during which time his Majesty gave audience to Lord Lyons, who was good enough to present me personally to Abdul Aziz, and to recommend me to his Majesty's special favor and attention, we were admitted to the presence, and the several addresses were read to the Sultan, who returned a separate and gracious answer to each address. His Excellency Fuad Pasha interpreted the replies, which were greeted with hearty "Eljens," but, I am bound to say, were scarcely heard, the minister's voice being tuned to so low a pitch as to be almost inaudible. At one o'clock all the formalities had come to an end; a light and tasteful lunch was served to the Imperial family and a few distinguished guests, and then his Imperial Majesty took carriage and drove into Pesth over the chain-bridge, across the Franz Josef's Quai, along the Waizner-gasse as far as the Stadthaus, and back again. Oberstadthauptmann Elek von Thaisz preceded the state carriage in which the Sultan, his son, and another member of the Imperial family were conveyed; and the citizens of Pesth greeted Abdul Aziz with an enthusiasm little short of that lavished upon their beloved king on the memorable 8th of June. Despite the fatigue and depression from which he was suffering, the Sultan acknowledged liberally the ovation bestowed upon him, but looked as if he heartily wished it were all over and done with. Immediately afterwards he went on board, and in half an hour the flotilla left its moorings and steamed away down Danube.

Meanwhile the English Effendi (I shrewdly suspect that the chief dragoman of our Embassy, who, during my audience, had explained to the Sultan my respectful desire to accompany him to the end of his river voyage, described me to his Majesty as the eldest son of the Pen, and principal brother-in-law to the Ink-pot), who had received his Majesty's verbal invitation to attend him, as his guest, on board the *Conte Szechenyi* as far as Rustchuk, collected his travelling-impedimenta, and conveyed them on board that stately pyroscaphe, with the commander of which, Captain von Stettiner, of the Imperial Austrian Navy, he happened to be well acquainted. I—to return to the first person, far more convenient in narrative than the third, though perhaps a thought less diffident—had just paid my porters, sent my body-servant on board the *Hildegarde* with a line to Captain von Medgyaszay, asking that officer to give him a berth for the trip, reported

myself to Stettiner, and received his directions as to my berth, etc., when I became aware of a flushed and vociferous Austrian general, in full uniform — white tunic, covered with stars and ribbons, scarlet trousers, cocked hat with a plume of green feathers, clattering sabre and clinking spurs, all complete —who, addressing me in a voice of thunder, shouted out, "Who the devil are you? and what, in the name of three devils, are you doing here?" I mildly inquired, before replying to these peremptory questions, what the name of the gentleman might be who did me the honor to ask my own. "I am Field-marshal Lieutenant Von Hauslab, charged by his Imperial Majesty the Emperor Francis Joseph to accompany the Sultan to the imperial royal frontier. Now, sir, again I ask, who are you?" "As the representative of his Imperial Majesty," I observed, raising my hat as I mentioned the Emperor, "you might with advantage be somewhat more polite. I represent a great London newspaper, and, strange as it may appear to your Excellency, have as much right to be here as you, for I have come on board this vessel as the specially and personally invited guest of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, whose privilege to command my attendance upon him I presume you will not deny." I thought the worthy F. M. L. would have drawn and cut me down; for a minute or so he was stricken speechless with passion. Meanwhile Stettiner, who was standing near us, stepped forward, and said, with his hand at the salute, "Excellency, I know this gentleman very well, and have reason to believe that what he says is correct in every respect." "Ridiculous! absurd!" was the infuriated reply; "have his luggage thrown upon the quay, and himself after it, if he refuses to go ashore. As for you, sir" (turning to me), "leave this steamer within three minutes, or I'll have you thrust out of it by force." So saying, the irate general turned on his heel and vanished into his deck-cabin, slamming the door behind him. What was I to do? I could not appeal to the Sultan, who was already shut up in his gorgeous state-saloon, probably preparing to sleep. I could not make an *esclandre* on board an imperial vessel, harboring an august guest of the sovereign of the land. Lord Lyons was ashore, on the opposite bank of the river; before I could have got at him and explained my grievance the flotilla would have started, and my mission would have been irremediably frustrated.

It was a clear case of "*la force prima le droit*;" so, after a brief consultation with Stettiner, who advised me to hasten on board the *Hildegarde* and "bide my time" for satisfaction, I departed from the *Conte Szechenyi*, attended by a couple of stalwart sailors bearing my luggage, and personally in a deplorably unphilosophical frame of mind, which was not readjusted to any appreciable extent by the circumstance that, as I stepped from the steamer's gangway upon the quay, I heard Von Hauslab's high-pitched voice exclaiming, "Has that intruding (*Zudringlicher*) Englishman been turned out of the ship yet?" Then and there I resolved to have a public apology out of that singularly ungentlemanly old Excellency—he was a great Oriental scholar, and I caught myself wondering whether that might account for his extraordinary irritability — before the end of our journey. Accordingly, I laid the whole matter before Fuad Pasha, who took an early occasion to point out to the general that he had gravely erred in inflicting a public slight upon a gentleman especially distinguished by the monarch to whose person he (Von Hauslab) had been attached by the Kaiser; and that he unquestionably owed me an *amende honorable* for having implied, by ordering me off the steamer, that I had been guilty of a misstatement, and for having addressed me in discourteous terms to boot; I being, as a matter of fact, the Sultan's guest at the time. On the third day, the flotilla being then at anchor off Orsova, on the Wallachian frontier, F. M. L. Von Hauslab called upon me *en grande tenue* on board the *Hildegarde*, and, in the presence of the First Secretary of the Ottoman Embassy in Vienna, expressed his profound regret that a mistaken sense of duty should have led him to treat me with unmerited discourtesy, explaining that he had received orders from the "All-highest" quarter to protect the Sultan from intrusion; that it appeared to him utterly improbable that a person dressed in a "colored travelling-suit" should have been authorized to accompany his Turkish Majesty on a ceremonial voyage; that he had therefore ascribed my presence on board the *Szechenyi* to "that journalistic enterprise for which, he was aware, Englishmen and Americans were so justly distinguished;" and finally, that he had formally avowed his error to Captain von Stettiner, who had been a witness of its results, thereby clearing my honor of imputations to which it ought never to have been subjected. Nothing could have been more frank and handsome than this apology; so we shook hands very heartily, and half an hour later I returned the general's visit on board the *Szechenyi*, no longer arrayed in the "colored travelling-suit" which had stamped me as an impostor in his opinion at our first meeting, but clad in garments of ceremony, curiously unsuitable, from an English point of view, to a news-

paper correspondent on the deck of a river steamboat at ten o'clock of the morning in the height of summer. Thus agreeably, and satisfactorily, I hope, to all parties concerned in it, ended my disagreeable adventure in connection with the Sultan's trip down the Danube. As it turned out, I was a gainer, as far as comfort and amusement were concerned, by my compulsory transfer from the *Szechenyi* to the *Hildegarde*. On board the former vessel I should have been a victim to etiquette of the strictest description, and should have suffered boredom throughout two successive long days. In the saloon of the *Hildegarde* I found assembled a score or so of most agreeable travelling-companions—diplomatists; under-secretaries of state, junior officers of the Padishah's household, aides-de-camp, etc., with whom the time passed so pleasantly that I could have wished the voyage to last for a week instead of for some eighty hours. Every luxury in the way of edibles and potables had been provided for us at the instance of our imperial host; so, with the aid of four sumptuous repasts per diem, lovely scenery, lively conversation, écarté-pool, and the fragrant tobacco of the Orient, the *Hildegarde's* special passengers found existence something more than merely endurable under the genial sway of her kindly old commander Aladar de Medgyaszay.

Apologizing for the above digression, let me return to my subject proper—the Sultan's voyage down the mightiest of European rivers from Buda to Rustchuk. A stately departure from the former city was effected late in the afternoon of July 31st. The flotilla was crowded to excess. As an instance of the individual inconveniences to which many gentlemen were subjected, owing to the peculiar arrangements necessitated by Turkish etiquette, I may mention that the few moments of rest afforded to the officers in command of the steamers taken up by the Austrian Government for the transport of the imperial cortége to Bulgaria were passed by Captain von Stettiner, of the *Szechenyi*, on the floor outside the Sultan's cabin door, it not being permitted to any one (not even to the great minister himself) to cross the threshold of the after-cabin during the night, except a selected few of the gorgeous body-guard, who occupied divans near the imperial couch—fitted up in the spacious ladies' cabin below—and who were intrusted with a divided duty: the care of the Padishah's life and the destruction of the innumerable flies that invaded every nook and corner of the steamer immediately after the tremendous storm which obliged us to anchor one evening between Pançova and Semendria. The large party which left Vienna on Wednesday morning in the *Mátyas Kiralyi*, *Szechenyi*, and *Kronprinz Rudolf* received a strong reinforcement at Pesth, Midhat Pasha, Governor of Bulgaria, having arrived from Rustchuk with a suite of twenty attendants, as well as Ali Nizam Bey, imperial commissioner in Belgrade, and suite; the Turkish consul in Temesvar, and several other official personages desirous to pay their homage to the Grand Signior. Owing to serious indisposition brought on by fatigue, Haydar Effendi was unable to accompany his imperial master to the confines of the Austrian Empire, and deputed the First Secretary of Legation, Fahri Bey, to fulfil that duty. As the whole of the *Szechenyi* was appropriated to his Imperial Majesty and his personal attendants, Fuad Pasha himself being excluded from participation in its comforts, and as the other two boats were already filled to overflowing with ministers, generals, pashas, beys, body-guards, and attendants, it became imperatively necessary that another boat should be added to the flotilla; accordingly, the *Hildegarde* was ordered down in all possible haste. This splendid boat, commanded by one of those phenomenal Hungarians—*ancien régime*—who speak all languages with equal facility, and are endowed with every social quality, was dedicated to the guests of his Imperial Majesty, the diplomatic representatives, and one or two lucky members of the staff who had pleaded indisposition as an excuse for exemption from their duties near the person of their sovereign. With the exception of a Circassian giant heavily weighted with gold embroidery, a couple of Albanian guard officers, and three mayors of Bulgarian villages attached to the suite of Midhat Pasha, everybody in the after-cabin spoke French and Italian—a good many English; while Captain de Medgyaszay, equally versed in all European idioms, kept the conversational ball rolling with inexhaustible vivacity and humor.

At half-past four precisely on Thursday afternoon the *Mátyas Kiralyi* cast off her moorings, and with Fuad Pasha, Midhat Pasha, and their suites led the way down the Danube. The *Szechenyi*, flying the imperial standard, followed amid the cheers of the Magyars; but the sister cities were disappointed of a farewell stare, because the Sultan, when he came on board, retired at once into his state cabin, whence he scarcely emerged for a moment until it became absolutely necessary for him to change boats three days later. Then the *Rudolf*, freighted with the imperial princes Hamid and Murad and their attendants, took up her place in the line, and the stately *Hildegarde* brought up the rear.

As we passed the Blocksberg a salute of twenty-four guns was fired from the Garden Battery. All four vessels were covered with flags, their officers in full uniform, cocked hats and swords, looking like admirals at the very least. The afternoon was lovely, and the gay little squadron made a goodly show as it steamed down the river, saluted by every craft big enough to carry a flag, or village rich enough to muster a mortar and a pound or two of powder. Up to eight o'clock we all believed that we should keep going all night, and thus get over one of the dullest stretches of river scenery in Europe during the hours of darkness; but as soon as the twilight began to fail, his Imperial Majesty showed some uneasiness, and eventually requested that the *Szechenyi* might be anchored for the night. Of course all the other boats followed the example of the flagship, and a fresh start was not effected till five o'clock the following morning. The scene in the state saloon of the *Hildegarde* was a curious one enough. Nearly all the varieties of Oriental costume were playing whist, piquet, or trent' uno, with here and there an interval of long, lazy, handsome Circassian or Albanian, too ignorant to either read, converse, or play cards, stretched on the crimson velvet couches in the thorough enjoyment of kief and tobacco.

On August 1st we steamed all day, at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, between low marshy banks covered with reeds and stunted trees. About 2 o'clock P.M. we passed through the bridge of boats connecting Neusatz and Peterwardein; the huge fortress paid its tribute of explosive respect to the Padishah; the troops composing its garrison had been paraded on the bridge in gala uniform, and as the *Szechenyi* passed they presented arms, and their band struck up the Turkish hymn, which, by-the-way, was composed by an Italian. Nothing further of interest occurred till we arrived at Semlin, the pretty little Austrian town opposite Belgrade. There, also, the garrison was under arms on the landing-place, the members of the consular body accredited to the Court of Servia (except Mr. Longworth, who was absent in Bulgaria on a special mission) were assembled on the principal wharf, and, as well as a brilliant group of gayly dressed ladies, among them my wife and little daughter, had been awaiting the Sultan's advent since mid-day, it being then 7 P.M. Imagine everybody's vexation at being disappointed, after all, of seeing his Majesty, who absolutely refused to show himself at Semlin, just as he had done a few hours before at Neusatz. The big guns of Belgrade thundered forth a chary greeting to the suzerain of Servia; but as Prince Michael, despite the generous treatment he met with at the hands of Abdul Aziz during his late visit to Stamboul, had not thought proper to return from his pleasure-trip in the West betimes to receive his Imperial Majesty, the latter peremptorily refused to visit his ungrateful vassal's capital, although respectfully urged to do so by a very exalted personage. It cannot have been without a certain degree of mortification that the Commander of the Faithful contemplated the huge fortifications of whilom the most powerful fortress in his enormous empire, now passed away from him and his forever; and, as if to make the scene more melancholy and ominous to his eyes, it pleased the authorities above to lighten, thunder, and rain, just as the *Szechenyi* was abreast of the citadel, with all the fury of a tropical storm. Although the wind raged and howled, a dense cloud shortly hid either bank of the river from sight, and the flotilla was again anchored for the night a little below Pançova. Next morning we started early (four o'clock), reached Basiasch at six, Drenkova at eight, and Orsova at ten, having traversed some of the most extraordinary and romantic river scenery in the world — the Kasan (Caldron), where the Danube is narrowed to half its average breadth by a double wall of iron mountains a thousand feet high; and the district between Moldava and Vrisnizza, through which runs the old Roman road (continued till Turnu-Severin) along the river-bank, cut out of the solid rock, and showing the supports of the wooden bridges which those persevering colonists and conquerors, the Fourth Legionaries, were wont to throw over gaps otherwise impassable. At Orsova I was advised to proceed no farther with the suite, it being necessary to shift the whole company (further increased by half a dozen Roumanian officers, deputed by Prince Karl to accompany his Imperial Majesty from the Wallachian frontier to Rustchuk) into three very small boats expressly constructed to pass the Iron Gates; besides which the Sultan had commanded that no demonstrations should be made on his landing in Bulgaria, so that there was really no object to be fulfilled by my continuing the voyage. I followed the advice, and remained on board the *Hildegarde*, while the goodly company so lately assembled at breakfast round its hospitable board were packed away on board the *Tactalia*, *Boreas*, and *Neptune*, all of which could be stowed away in the *Hildegarde's* hold. The Sultan left at midday precisely, and the Turkish (Servian) fort on the other side of the river began to fire a salute in his honor at 4 P.M., just four hours after he had passed its silent batteries. They

renewed their fire briskly at seven o'clock in the evening. This last demonstration must have been a *canonnade de fantaisie*.

On that afternoon the Sultan's foot again trod Turkish soil, of which he was heartily glad; for although deeply and most agreeably impressed by his comprehensive tour, especially by that part of it spent in England, where the enthusiasm of his reception by the people equally astonished and delighted him, he was exceedingly anxious to get safe home, and had been growing more and more uncomfortable the nearer he approached the frontier of his empire. He had set his heart on returning by land to Constantinople, *via* Adrianople, having, I fancy, had a little more of the sea than he cared about while reviewing the British fleet, but his *entourage* made every possible effort to divert him from this notion, being afraid lest the contrast between the state of the Turkish roads and peasantry, and those of Western Europe, should strike him too forcibly while late impressions were still strong in his mind. Indeed, one or two of the most enlightened Turkish statesmen were rather uneasy respecting the reforms which his Imperial Majesty declared he would set about immediately on his return to Stamboul; they feared that he would begin in too many directions at once, and stir up a hornet's nest of discontent, by attempting to sweep up the dirty corners of the administrative system with a despotic and remorseless broom. Of one thing they were one and all assured—that his round of European visits had sown seeds in his breast which might bear excellent fruit if judiciously cultivated.

The *Hildegarde* carried me safely up stream, through, or rather over, the stupendous Iron Gates, as far as Belgrade, where it deposited me, so to speak, in the bosom of my family, at that time sojourning in the British Diplomatic Agency, and awaiting the return of their host, my valued friend Longworth, from Bulgaria, whither the Foreign Office had despatched him on a special mission of great political importance. The first piece of news communicated to me on my arrival in the Czillak capital was to the effect that his Excellency Gospodin Garaschanin had on the previous day received a telegraphic despatch from Orsova, signed by his Highness Fuad Pasha, conveying to the Servian Government the Padishah's thanks for the honors paid to the latter by the citadel of Belgrade as the *Szechenyi* passed before that fortress. Having had somewhat exceptional opportunities of observing the effect produced upon those near to the Sultan's person by the pitiful and abortive recognition accorded to his Imperial Majesty by the occupants of the stronghold so generously presented to the Servians by their suzerain lord, I could only conceive one interpretation of this despatch to be possible, viz., that it was "meant ironical," as Artemus Ward would have said. I was positively assured in Belgrade that twenty-four guns were fired from the batteries facing the Danube, and that Milivoi Petrovich was stationed on the ramparts at the head of two or three companies of infantry, which presented arms to the imperial standard. All I can say is—and I will engage to find fifty gentlemen of unquestionable veracity to confirm my statement—that the reports of five guns, *and no more*, reached the ears of those who accompanied and followed his Imperial Majesty in the four boats constituting the imperial flotilla; and that, although plenty of strong field-glasses were directed upon the walls and ramparts of the grim old fortress, we on board the *Hildegarde* could not discern a single soldier beyond the usual sentinels, far less the boasted companies or the martial and starry form of the war minister. If Fuad Pasha's telegram was meant as a reproof, it was a pity that it had not been couched in more ambiguous terms; as it was, the Servians were enabled, when their gratitude and good taste on that particular occasion were subsequently called in question, to exhibit triumphantly the great minister's testimony to the satisfaction of the Sultan with his reception at Belgrade. If, on the contrary, the despatch was a diplomatic *pis aller*, expressive of the Turkish desire to make the best of a bad job, and at the same time to prove that his Majesty was above taking notice of mere petty and puerile slights, it might also be regarded as an additional evidence of the conciliatory spirit animating the Porte towards its European subjects; Servia being, after all, at that time, still an integral part of the Turkish Empire.

It was strongly felt by the Turks that Prince Michael should, at any sacrifice, have hurried back to Belgrade from the town in which he was then taking medicinal waters, in time to receive his suzerain in person, and to do his very best to demonstrate to the whole world his gratitude for the magnificent hospitality accorded him during his visit to Stamboul, whence he had returned laden with material proofs of the Padishah's munificence, bearing the highest decoration of the Ottoman realm on his breast, and having been honored with innumerable marks of good-will and confidence by the sovereign against whom his advisers had so persistently intrigued for years. He was urged, from more than one high quarter, to hasten home and return courtesy for courtesy—not to be outdone in politeness by the chieftain of a

his countrymen affect to despise—and
'er the Sultan, in his new character as
able of the imperial citadel, a spontane-
nd graceful homage. He declined on
ore of ill-health; but I have every rea-
believe that he was obliged to say nay
ar of giving mortal offence to his pig-
d people, who were more Turkopho-
han ever after they obtained possession
ir fortresses. The man of low instincts
imited intelligence is apt to hate his
actor for the benefaction's sake; it is
nations as with men. Prince Michael
gentleman of spirit and of honor; his
uous nature was curbed by a strong
nd his chivalrous notions were perforce
ed by the difficulties of his position;
am very certain that, had he followed
omptings of his own feelings and con-
e, nothing would have prevented him
greeting the Sultan at the gates of his
er fortress; and, moreover, that he must
suffered bitterly at being compelled to
a lame and impotent excuse for his ab-

.

en his Imperial Majesty was made ac-
ted at Vienna with his great vassal's
nination, he at once declared that he
l not make a moment's stay at Belgrade,
gh the prince had respectfully inform-
ad Pasha that orders had been given to
ervian authorities to receive his Imperi-
jesty with every demonstration of alle-
e and respect; and so firmly did he ad-
o this resolution that he would not even
n speed at Semlin, where a brilliant
ry display was made by the Austrian
al commanding the garrison, because
own happens to be opposite Belgrade,
e would not have the Servians think
e delayed his journey for a moment on
account. Moreover, he would have been
o cast anchor for the night at Semlin or
ade, as the tremendous storm which
over his head as he passed the fortress
een gathering for an hour before the
reached the confluence of the Danube
ave, and the Sultan was somewhat nerv-
n the water in bad weather. Pride,
er (and very proper pride in this in-
), was stronger than timidity, and it
ot till we had passed Pançova that the
was given to moor the *Szechenyi* under
low Danube island, sheltered by which
perial traveller felt little inconvenience
the tail of the tempest, although it had
hard enough to make the broad-bot-
l, heavily freighted steamer roll so deep-
t one or two of my companions, portly
plete Mohammedans, disappeared mys-
sly into the lower regions, and were
en again that evening.

I heard two anecdotes during the trip from Pesth to Orsova, one about the Sultan himself, and the other about the little prince, neither of which has, I believe, been made public. I will vouch for their authenticity. When the Sultan first landed in France, at Toulon, and commenced his railway journey thence to Paris, he was very much struck with the appearance of the peasants, laborers, and artisans lining the smaller stations traversed by the imperial train. "Why," he said to an exalted personage nearly attached to his person, "these people have all got strong, clean shoes, good caps and blouses, and trousers without holes in them. Why are not my people dressed like these? Why am I obliged to see rags and dirt in Turkey, instead of whole clothes and cleanliness as here? Be sure that this shall be altered as soon as I return." And, parenthetically, I may remark that his Imperial Majesty did not forget his word; for as soon as he had signified to his great officials that it was his intention to proceed from Rustchuk to Stamboul by land, through Bulgaria, the mayors of the different villages through which he intended to pass were advised by mounted expresses that they would have to provide well-clothed children in abundance, of both creeds, for the Sultan's inspection, and that the new costumes of the Mohammedan little ones would be paid for by the State, while the parents of the Christian infants would be expected to rig them out afresh at their own expense. His Majesty must have recurred to the subject of his above-quoted remarks pretty frequently and in somewhat strong terms, else such a measure of precaution against imperial displeasure would scarcely have been deemed necessary. At any rate, some hundreds of barefooted and tattered urchins were comfortably equipped for once in their lives, and that was a positively beneficial result of the great trip, if a comparatively unimportant one.

Now for the little prince's little saying, quite unprompted by any tutor, attendant, or intellectual flapper whatever. When the amiable child—of whom everybody, even his cousins, seemed to be fond—was being driven to Buckingham Palace with his father, amid the hearty cheers of a great English crowd, he exclaimed, all of a sudden, "If these people come some day to see us in Constantinople, shall we ever be able to show them anything like this, or will our lazy Osmanli give themselves half the trouble to be kind to them that they have taken about us?" The Sultan was immensely delighted, and told the boy that the Turks would do their best; but that he did not think people living in such a town as London would ever leave it for Constantinople. He subsequently repeated the

little fellow's question with considerable glee to the person who told it to me.

Among other dicta of his Majesty during his long and fatiguing round of visits, I venture to cite one in particular, as illustrative of the sound discrimination which was one of the late Sultan's especial characteristics. Speaking of his receptions in France and England, he said to an eminent diplomatist, "I liked the manner of my greeting in London much better than that accorded me in Paris. While I was in France I felt that I was the guest of the Emperor Napoleon, who treated me with perfect courtesy and delicate consideration; but when I was in England I felt that I was the guest of the English nation, and the grandeur and fervor of their hospitality went to my heart." I heard awful rumors, though, about the city reception: that the Sultan was exhibited "like a dancing-bear"—to use the very words of the Pasha who related the affair, in a tone of unmitigated disgust—to the wives of the corporation; and that one vulgar person, in a tail-coat and flushed countenance, seized hold of the Oriental monarch's hand and shook it vehemently, exclaiming, "Sultan, welcome to the city!" to the great discomfiture and even alarm of his Majesty, who for several appalling seconds thought that he had fallen into the clutches of a dangerous maniac.

The constitutional nervousness of the Padishah, and more particularly the strange prescience that beset him, day and night, of a violent death, to be brought about by the treachery and remorseless ambition of those who, as he firmly believed, were resolutely bent upon ridding him of throne and life at one fell blow, complicated the natural embarrassments of his long European tour, and gave rise to several quaint incidents, which would have been wholly absurd but for the element of tragical terror that underlay their apparent ridiculousness.

It is tolerably well known to Englishmen, whom two centuries of Indian experiences have rendered familiar with Asiatic peculiarities of thought and feeling, that the members of Oriental sovereign families are not remarkable for entertaining particularly comfortable feelings towards one another; nor, if the leading events of the irrespective domestic histories be taken into consideration, can it be wondered at that they should look upon one another with sentiments in which lively suspicion and profound dislike are predominant over all mere considerations of blood and association. These sentiments were entertained by Abdul Aziz towards his nephew Murad with remarkable vigor and intensity to such an extent, indeed, that, regarded by the light of subsequent events, they appear to have been inspired by some secret premonition of the fate awaiting him at the hands of the young prince, whose birthright he would fain have robbed him of, and who himself lived in chronic terror of assassination by poison or the cord, being well aware that his uncle both hated and feared him. During the Sultan's trip down the Danube in 1867 I was a witness to a highly interesting illustration of the state of feeling existing between these august personages, each as afraid of the other as a nervous old lady is of a mad dog; and I trust that it may not be considered indiscreet on my part, twenty years having expired since the curious occurrence in question took place, to narrate a circumstance which in some sort belongs to history, but from recounting which, at the time when it happened, I was precluded by considerations which will probably be obvious to my readers.

As I have before mentioned, when Abdul Aziz signified his desire to return to Constantinople from his long and fatiguing tour in Europe by the grand water-way traversing Lower Austria, Hungary, the Banats, Servia, and Roumania, four splendid boats belonging to the Danube Steam Navigation Company were chartered by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and placed at the Padishah's disposal—the *Mátyas Kiralyi*, *Conte Szechenyi*, *Rudolf*, and *Hildegarde*. These vessels conveyed the Sultan and his suite down the Danube in the order I have observed in recording their names above. Poor Fuad Pasha, Midhat Pasha, the grand Court officials, and great State dignitaries led the way in the *Mátyas Kiralyi;* the Sultan, his personal attendants and body-guard, Prince Izzedin, Field-marshal von Hauslab (since dead, as well as Fuad, Aali, Midhat, and one or two more remarkable men with whom I spent many pleasant hours in the course of the journey, which was made by easy stages to suit his Majesty's convenience), and two other privileged personages, followed in the *Szechenyi*. Next came Mechmed Murad Effendi and Abdul Hamid Effendi, with their attendants, in the *Rudolf;* and, last of all, the members of the Turkish Embassy in Vienna, the Austrian orderly officers sent down to the frontier with the Sultan, and some municipal, ministerial, and diplomatic notabilities brought up the rear in the *Hildegarde*. The weather was fine; and, as I have already related, amid the cheering of the crowds on the quays of the twin-cities, the thunder of the guns from the Blocksberg, and the braying of military bands engaged in a conscientious rendering of the Mahmoud march that must have been fraught with

to every performer — for Austrian
en have musical ears — we steamed
; a rattling rate down the giant river,
ɜ distances prescribed by Court eti-
being duly observed between the re-
ɜ vessels of the tiny squadron. The
as the *Szechenyi* glided into mid-
came out of his cabin into the quar-
ery, and, leaning on the rail, appeared
emplate the gay scene with something
erest. Presently, however, as we lost
f the Ofener Schloss and the Pesth
ɜ palaces, it was noticeable that his
y's attention became exclusively di-
to—in fact, riveted upon—the *Rudolf*,
n the head of which and the *Szechenyi's*
ıbout fifty fathoms of Danube inter-

Presently the Sultan called up an
ınt out of the cabin and spoke to him.
ute later one of the imperial chamber-
sked to see the captain of the steamer,
Handsome Stettiner," as the skipper
Szechenyi was generally called in the
of which (especially when in all the
of gala uniform) he was a conspicu-
nament, descended from the bridge.
t colloquy ensued, after which Stetti-
ve some whispered orders to his sig-
officer, and a profuse interchange of
oblems took place between the *Szech-*
nd the *Rudolf*. Nothing further oc-
until, about an hour later, the *Szech-*
ıd to slacken speed in a sharp bend of
er. The Sultan was still in the quar-
llery, steadily watching the *Rudolf*.
a sudden he turned hastily into his

Again was Stettiner summoned down
the bridge — this time into the ante-
where he was requested, by the Sul-
ɔrder, to stop the steamer, and to sum-
y signal the captain of the *Rudolf* on
instantly. The perplexity of those on
vho were not in the secret was great.
n Stettiner's countenance wore a puz-
xpression, faintly lighted up by a re-
ıd smile that hovered round the cor-
f his mouth. The wondering skipper
Rudolf came on board, the whole pro-
ɔ of boats having been arrested in its
ɔareer to allow of the Sultan's com-
being executed, and received from
ıl von Hauslab stern and imperious
, which the worthy old soldier-linguist
nsiderable difficulty in delivering with-
ırsting into a fit of laughter, to keep
tance "*with the utmost punctiliousness.*"
ıct was simply this: Abdul Aziz had
ɔ his whole soul into his examination
Rudolf's movements, knowing that
ɔhews, one of whom was heir-apparent
throne, were on board of that vessel;
I noticed once or twice that she got a
trifle nearer to the *Szechenyi* than she had been at starting (I found out afterwards that in the matter of speed she had a little the better of the *Szechenyi*, and had to be kept in hand not to overhaul the latter boat, both being at "full speed"), and promptly jumped to the conclusion, probably from a consciousness of what would have been his own line of action had the positions of the *dramatis personæ* in this quaint little comedy been reversed—I mean, had Aziz been the nephew and heir, and Murad the uncle and Sultan—that his successor *in posse* had bribed the commander of the *Rudolf* to run down the *Szechenyi* and drown him, the Sultan, without benefit of clergy. Everybody in the suite enjoyed a hearty laugh when this grisly suspicion of the Khalif was disclosed to us; but the officers of the Danube Navigation Company were furious, as well they might be, that it should be deemed within the limits of the wildest possibility that a monarch, the guest of their sovereign, confided to their care and conduct, should be dismally done to death by one of them for—a bribe! The Sultan's apprehensions with respect to his nephew were, nevertheless, subsequently realized; there is, I regret to say, only too solid ground for the belief that Murad, yielding to evil counsels and the promptings of a "low ambition," connived at his uncle's dethronement and assassination, if he did not directly authorize those treacherous acts. He was a weak vessel, and retribution befell him with terrible swiftness, only a few weeks after he ascended the throne, stepping over the mutilated corpse of his father's brother. Agonies of remorse overthrew his intellect, and rendered his deposition necessary. Within a brief space after the termination of the Tcheragan tragedy Murad was compelled to exchange the splendors of sovereignty for the restraints of a palace-prison, where, trembling and panic-stricken, he signed his abdication in favor of his brother, Abdul Hamid, the present Sultan of the Osmanli. His reign, which lasted barely a trimester, brought him nothing but misery and madness. "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."

I made the luckless Mechmed Murad's acquaintance, as well as that of Abdul Hamid Khan, in July, 1867. The heir-apparent to the Khalifate was then a singularly handsome young man in his twenty-seventh year, fair of complexion, gray-eyed, light-haired, well and gracefully built, with a peculiarly sweet smile and extremely prepossessing manners. He spoke French with ease and fluency, conversed sensibly and brightly upon the topics of the day, and appeared to be deeply impressed by the experiences of West-

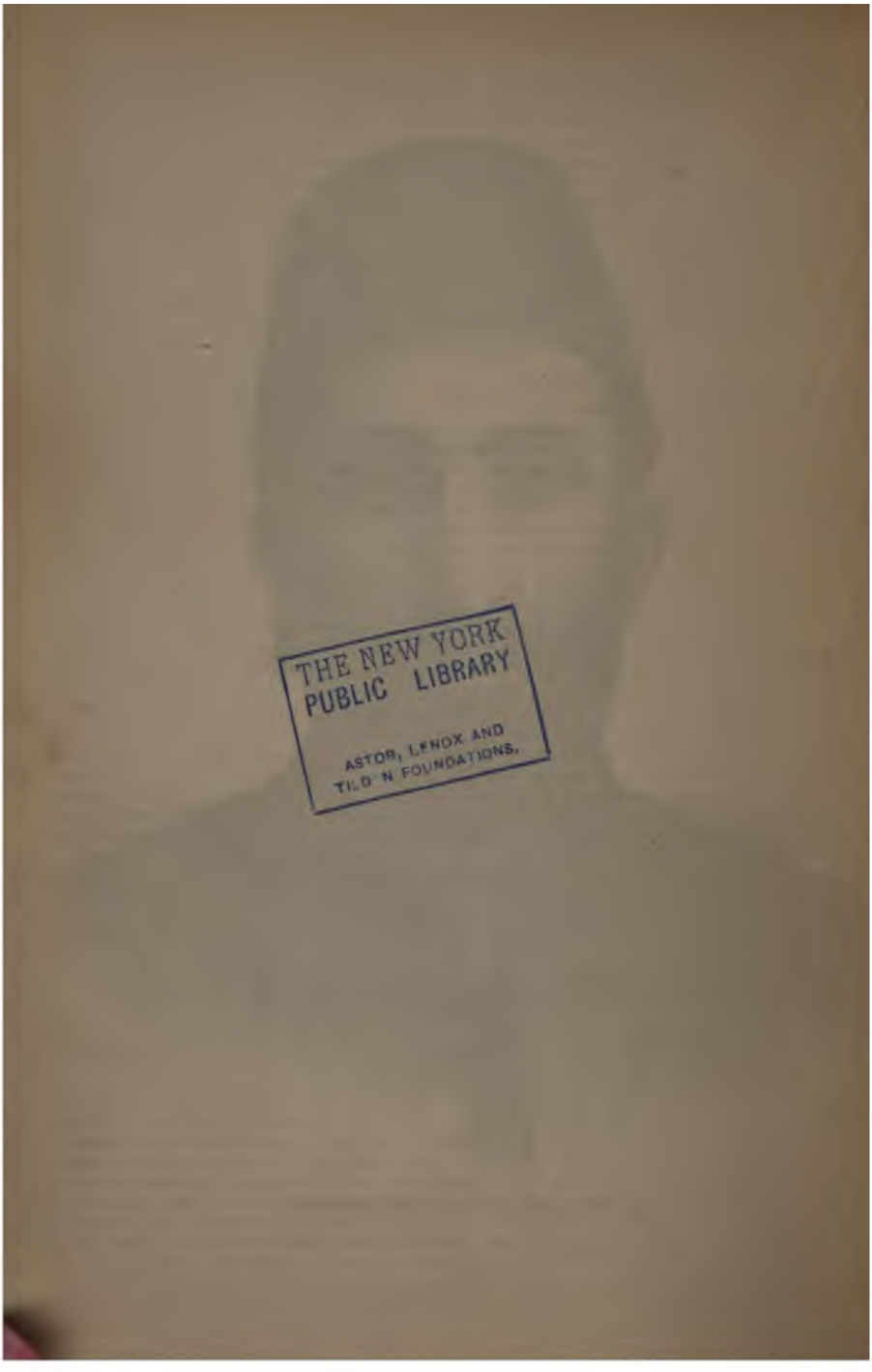
ern civilization and enterprise that had accrued to him during his sojourn in Paris, London, and Vienna. While chatting with me *de choses et autres*, he repeatedly laid stress upon the urgent necessity of administrative and sanitary reform throughout the Ottoman realm, and observed more than once, "It is Constantinople that should show an example to all our provincial towns, and I hope that my uncle will inaugurate a period of progress and enlightenment when he gets home again. But you do not know what difficulties any reforming Sultan has to contend against. The Old Turks are, after all, his most loyal and trustworthy subjects; and it is just they who are most afraid of Occidental ideas, and most unconquerably opposed to their adoption in our country. There are limits to Mohammedan patience that no Khalif dares overstep. Any innovation, no matter how wholesome, must be introduced by degrees and with the greatest caution. If it provokes a serious popular reaction, it must be abandoned for the time being; there is no help for it." From these and many other remarks pregnant with common-sense which fell from the lips of Murad Effendi in the course of conversation, I conceived a high opinion of his intelligence and sagacity. The charm of his manner, moreover, was quite irresistible. When I took leave of him at the Wallachian frontier he exacted from me a promise that I would pay him a long visit at Stamboul, "Where I hope," he added, "that you will not alight at any of our bad hotels, which must be intolerable to an English gentleman, but will do me the pleasure to accept my poor hospitality. I have nothing like your English comfort to offer you; but there are some curious and interesting things to be seen in and about Constantinople, and I should like to show them to you myself." Those were Murad's last words to me, spoken at the gangway of the *Rudolf* as I was preparing to go on shore. I never saw him again.

My own lamentable ignorance of the Turkish idiom, and the circumstance that Abdul Hamid was at the time I refer to a far less proficient French scholar than his elder brother, restricted my two or three brief conversations with the present Sultan to a mere interchange of conventional civilities and of the compliments prescribed by usage. My readers, however, may be interested in even so brief a sketch of his Majesty's youthful characteristics as my casual acquaintance with him enables me to offer to them. Until he accompanied his uncle, brother, and little cousin in their grand European excursion, the quaint by-laws of Oriental etiquette had enveloped *him in a mist of* romantic obscurity. Twenty years ago he was a thin, sinewy-looking lad, with bright dark eyes and a quick, flashing glance. His mustache was then somewhat thin and delicate, like his elder brother's; now it is thick and bushy. His nose is somewhat unusually large, even for a full-blooded Turk, strictly aquiline in shape, and thin, with extremely mobile nostrils. In 1867 he was passionately addicted to athletic sports and calisthenic exercises. I remember that one of his favorite amusements used to be to pick up a heavy chair by one leg and hold it out at arm's-length, by way of showing off his muscular strength; and it would appear that he keeps up this practice to the present day.

He was born on September 22, 1842, the second son and fourth child of Abdul Medjid Khalif. His two elder sisters married—Fatimeh, the Marshal of the Palace, Nouri Pasha, and Refigeh, an Edhem Pasha, not, however, the one who was ambassador at the Court of Vienna in 1876. Abdul Hamid's mother died young, and he was adopted by his father's second wife, herself childless, who was very wealthy, and made him heir to all her property. As long as Abdul Medjid was alive, Hamid, as well as his brother Murad, had a merry life of it, his every wish and fancy being indulged to the utmost; his education chiefly consisting in being diverted by the amusements and tricks devised for his entertainment by the numerous slaves surrounding him—these were mostly little boys in his early childhood, and, as he grew older, playmates of the other sex were given to him in numbers by his father and adoptive mother. His initiation into all the depravities of harem life was unusually early and complete; but his vigorous constitution withstood the effects of the excesses that undermined his brother's health, and when he married he was, despite a great deal of premature indulgence, a strong, hardy lad, capable of enduring an average amount of physical fatigue. He had, of course, learned little enough. Both he and his brother had plenty of tutors and professors of all sorts, specialists who were splendidly rewarded for imparting what they knew to the Padishah's sons; but the lads hardly ever went through an hour's serious study, and all they knew when they were grown men of twenty was to read and write Arabic and Turkish.

When Abdul Aziz took his nephews to the Paris Exhibition, young Hamid was immensely interested in everything he saw in the French capital, where he picked up a few sentences of French, with which he has ever since adorned his conversation. The only foreign books in his library (composed of Arabic and Turkish works) were a French

THE PRESENT SULTAN (ABDUL HAMID).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grammar and dictionary. But during his journey through Christendom he acquired a taste for political geography, and in his kiosque on the Sweet Waters, which he inhabited regularly every summer after he became Padishah, he has a very extensive and comprehensive collection of maps, military, geological, and statistical, the studying of which constituted his favorite *passe-temps*. He also contracted a certain fondness for manners and things European, which is demonstrated in his household arrangements and habits. He has his clothes from Paris, and has introduced French customs and demeanor into the daily existence of all those by whom he is intimately surrounded. The only symptoms of Orientalism in his own personal appearance is in the fez, which he dislikes, but wears for obvious reasons. He is well informed respecting the condition of the various populations in the Turkish provinces, and takes the deepest interest in everything that affects the well-being of the lower classes. Hitherto this feeling has revealed itself more as that of an impulsive and good-hearted child than as that of an intelligent man with a settled purpose in life. But Abdul Hamid is a man of good parts, and phenomenally free from the special vices of Turkish princes. He is neither a drunkard nor a spendthrift—indeed, if anything, he is just a little "near." He contents himself with one wife-in-chief, and lives a quiet, affectionate, and domestic life with his Cadine. Of course he owns a good many female slaves (*odalisques*); but nobody can conscientiously blame him for compliance with the institutions of his religion. He is very fond of all sorts of tame animals, especially birds, and has one pet cockatoo with which he amuses himself for hours at a time. He also has a fancy for stuffed animals, snakes, lizards, and monkeys, and ten years ago commenced collecting butterflies and beetles. One of his strongest *penchants* is for handsome weapons, of which he possesses a splendid collection; but he cares only for modern arms, and all his guns, pistols, etc., are of the newest systems. He inherited from his father a small palace at Kiahat-Hane, also on the Sweet Waters, and there he lived in 1877 with his wife and two children, then a boy of six and a girl of three years old, quite contentedly, *à la française*, eating at the same table with them, and playing with the little ones like a model paterfamilias. That is, he did so until April of the last-mentioned year, when he moved to a large country-house also belonging to him; and there the political conspirators who upset Mahmoud, the Grand Vizier, Hassan, the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and finally Abdul Aziz, apparently took possession of him. The "Beys" were constantly coming and going, and two Telemas were particularly noticed as incessant visitors. These two holy men were the links between Abdul Hamid and the political world. He himself is an orthodox Turk, and a resolute opponent of the "Young Turkish" party. He performs his devotions punctiliously, and even ostentatiously. When he happens to be out-of-doors at prayer-time he has a carpet brought and put down on the grass, whereby he goes through all the rites of his creed *coram populo*. But it is suspected by those who are nearest to him that he is not so outrageously pious as he seems to be; for, while an out-and-out Mussulman never allows anything in the world to take his attention off his prayers when he is actually going through his ritual, Abdul Hamid's glances may frequently be caught roving during his devotional performances, and he even not infrequently interrupts them to give an order to a servant or speak to an attendant. The local "holy man" of Kiahat-Hane, with whom he used to associate a great deal, was never treated by him with the least reverence; he looked upon him as an old buffoon, used to play all sorts of tricks upon him, and even to dress him up in the most absurd costumes. When the old Sheikh-ul-Islam, Hassan, was overthrown, Prince Hamid expressed his delight in the most joyous manner, and more than once, in speaking to his friends of the most exalted ecclesiastic of the Turkish Established Church, used the most vigorous term of abuse in the Turkish language—"pig." There is not the least trace in him of hatred against the "Giaours;" on the contrary, he is very well disposed towards them, and has the highest opinion of their moral and intellectual capacities. But he detests the Greeks, and firmly believes that there is not one single honest person of that race in all Constantinople. He is, in a word, an old Turk, but not a fanatical old Turk.

Within a few weeks of his accession to the throne, Abdul Hamid addressed himself in sober earnest to the thankless and laborious task of introducing economic reforms into every department of his household. It had hitherto been the custom in the imperial *ménage* that the innumerable Court officials should be supplied with provisions in their private residences from the Court kitchens—a system which entailed an incredible amount of waste in comestibles. During the reign of Abdul Aziz the Court kitchens swallowed up £40,000 a month—nearly half a million sterling per annum, or considerably more than the appanages of the whole House of Hohenzollern, including its august and venerable head. A decree of the new Padishah, promulgated in the first week of September,

1876, reduced this culinary budget to less than half its former amount, without diminishing the allowance quantities of any of the persons entitled to be fed at his expense; but ordaining that the officials who had a right to their rations should thenceforth take their meals together at certain fixed hours in the ground-floor saloons of the palace.

Abdul Hamid set his grandees an example in more than one reform. For instance, his predecessors always took their meals by themselves; he assembled his whole family round him every day at his dinner-table. He succeeded in bringing about another important reduction in his household expenses. The mother of the Sultan for the time being (Sultana Valideh is her title) enjoys an exceptional position in Turkey—she is the only Mohammedan woman who may go out-of-doors unveiled, and receive any visitors she pleases; her household is organized upon a footing of the utmost luxury. Abdul Aziz's mother employed no less than eighty eunuchs and over a hundred female slaves for her personal service. Abdul Hamid's mother died when he was a child, and he was, in conformity with ancient custom, intrusted to the care of a lady of the palace, who became his adoptive mother. This lady afterwards claimed admission to the palace and the prerogatives of her maternal station; but all her pretensions in this respect were simply ignored by the Sultan, who thus effected an annual saving of at least £150,000. He also abolished the post of palace grand marshal, a highly remunerative sinecure, and he set his face against several items of the old-fashioned Court etiquette as out of keeping with modern manners and notions. Until he came to the throne the Grand Vizier and ministers had always stood while in audience of the Padishah. At the first interview granted by Abdul Hamid, as Sultan, to Mehemed Ruschdi and Midhat, he asked them to sit down, and offered them cigarettes. The Grand Vizier respectfully declined to smoke in the presence of his sovereign; but Midhat sat down at once, and lighted his cigarette. Presently Abdul Hamid insisted upon Mehemed Ruschdi doing likewise, and a tiresome formality of the past evaporated in smoke.

Besides collections of stuffed birds and impaled beetles, of modern arms and costly mouth-pieces, one of the Sultan's favorite "fads" is a passion for art-carpentry and wood-carving. He has a regular workshop, in which he practises both these handicrafts. A Mecklenburg German, Carl Jenssen, owed his great favor *auprès de sa Majesté* to Abdul Hamid's taste for fancy upholstery. Jenssen was a common artisan, employed in the prince's workshop to do the rougher kinds of carpentering, and became his Highness's sole confidant—the most influential personage in the household. By mere chance the prince's attention was attracted by something the man did or said; he got into the habit of talking with him, and took such pleasure in his conversation that he soon not only made him director of the workshop, but intrusted him with all sorts of commissions. Carl (as Abdul Hamid always called him) justified the confidence placed in him in the most brilliant manner; he not only bought cheap, but got good articles for his money. The prince's delight with his acquisition knew no bounds when Jenssen gradually developed a variety of other talents—fitting up looms, looking after the prince's wardrobe, grooming horses, cleaning carriages, etc.; in short, he became quite indispensable. One day, when Carl had made an unusually lucky hit in his purchases, Abdul Hamid resolved to confer an unprecedented favor upon him. The prince opened one of his wardrobes with his own hands, took therefrom some "Frankish" clothes, and gave them to Jenssen. Let anybody acquainted with Oriental etiquette just reflect for a moment what an astounding condescension it was for an Osmanli heir-presumptive, upon whose beck and nod hundreds of slaves were always waiting, to give a pair of Paris-made breeches with his own hands to a Giaour journeyman carpenter! Such trust, however, had Hamid in the honest Mecklenburger that he even allowed him to enter the apartments of her Highness. Jenssen had one day bought some shoes for the princess; when he saw them on they did not exactly fit, but were so well cut and finished that the illustrious lady could not bear to send them back. She sent for her husband, and, after a long discussion, Carl was called in and requested to see for himself where the shoes did not exactly suit the princess's feet, so that he might have them altered for her.

Opportunity has failed me to pay my respects in person to Abdul Hamid Khan since he succeeded to the Khalifate on the deposition of his brother Mechmed Murad, eleven years ago. But a striking proof that his Majesty is endowed with the tenacious memory that is one of the most conspicuous attributes of royalty was afforded to me a few months after his accession. It had been my good-fortune to witness some of the valorous deeds performed by Turkish troops, under the command of Hussein Pasha, in Herzegovina during the early part of 1875; and, as I subsequently learned, my name had been brought a year later under the

Khalif's notice as having ridden by Hussein's side throughout some sharp encounters between his gallant Redifs and the insurgents under Peko Pavlovich, and having subsequently given publicity to the admirable behavior of the column to which I was attached during a brief but most arduous campaign. It would appear that Abdul Hamid remembered my name, and inquired whether the person mentioned in Hussein's despatches was the same English journalist who had been presented to him at Orsova in 1867, when he was only in the second degree heir-presumptive to the throne. On receiving an affirmative answer, the Sultan gave orders that the Commandery of the Imperial Medjidieh Order should be despatched to me at once, wheresoever I might be, with an official intimation to the effect that he, the Padishah, in conferring that high distinction upon me, desired to do honor to "an intelligent friend of Turkey and defender of the truth." These gracious words, and others of a still more flattering character, were imparted to me in writing by the Ottoman Embassy at Berlin, through which (towards the end of February, 1877) I received the firman of conferment and insignia of the Order; a truly imperial recognition of very slight service, and far more than adequate compensation for having been somewhat profusely shot at by the Khalif's rebellious subjects—who, fortunately for me and for my valiant friend Hussein Pasha, were but poor marksmen, though skilled adepts in the murdering of prisoners, and in the mutilation of the bodies of brave Moslem soldiers who had died fighting gallantly under the banner of the Crescent.

CHAPTER IX.

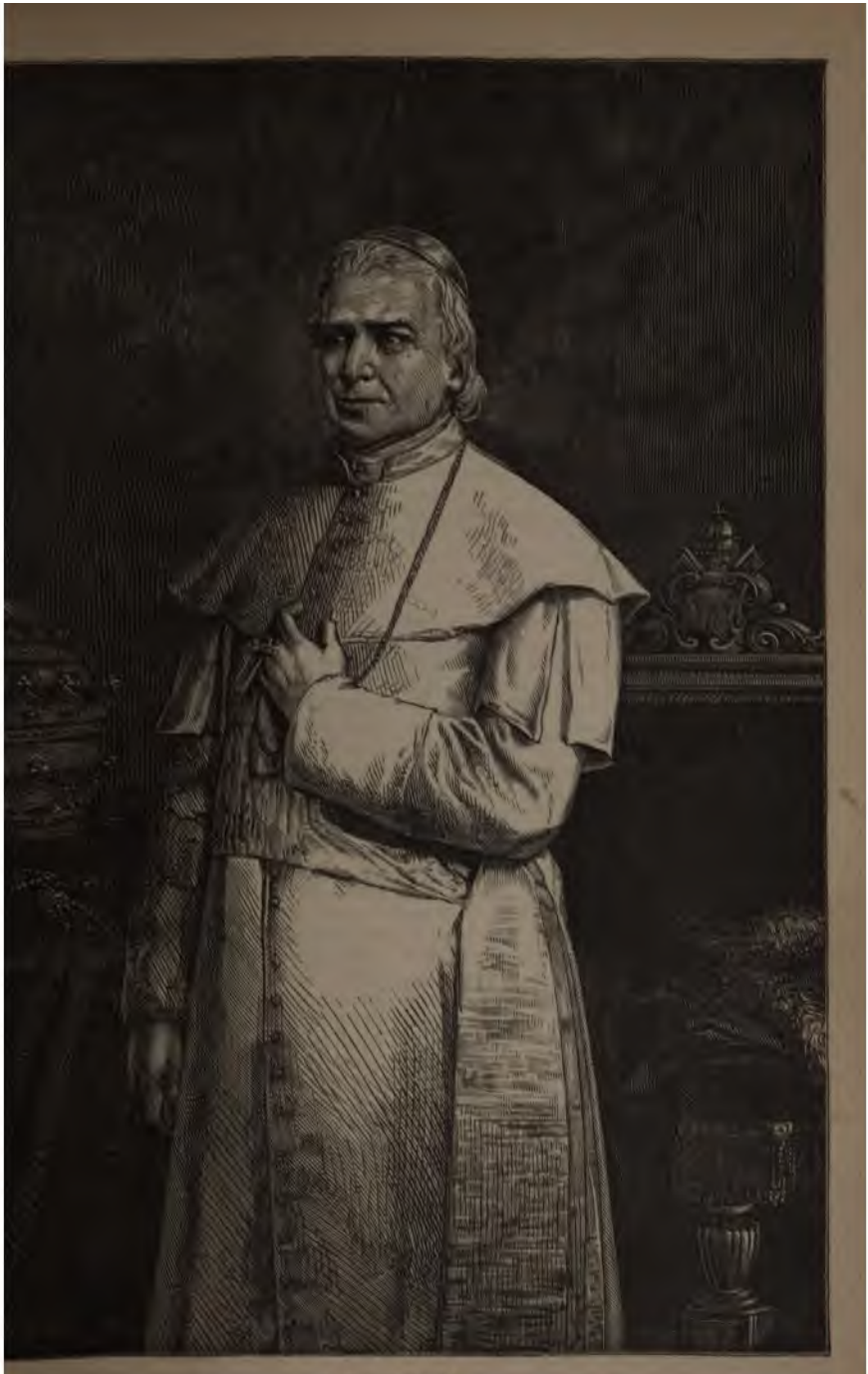
Pope Pius IX.—From Belgrade to Rome.—Tercentenary Celebrations.—A Canonization Ceremony.—Audience of his Holiness.—Pio Nono and British Dissent.—Rome in 1867.—The Œcumenical Council.—An August Jettatore.

In the hottest week of the hottest month of the hottest summer within the memory of Italian man, just twenty years ago, it pleased Count Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, then occupying the holy chair of St. Peter as Sovereign Pontiff, under the title of Pius the Ninth, to advance five-and-twenty Roman Catholic worthies, who had been dead for from two to three centuries, to the celestial rank and terrestrial dignity of sainthood. The canonization of these deceased personages had been appointed to take place in the Basilica of San Pietro at a time of year when Rome is a mere fever-trap, forsaken of foreigners, and shunned by those of its inhabitants who can afford to turn their backs upon it. As the ceremonies appurtenant to the official recruiting of the saintly host by the head of the Apostolic Church were seldom performed, and were, moreover, understood throughout Christendom to be very curious and interesting, the proprietors of the great London newspaper which I was just then representing in Eastern Europe instructed me, with their customary brevity, barely a week before the date fixed for the commencement of the "Tercentenary Celebrations," to proceed forthwith, travelling night and day, to the Eternal City, there to witness and chronicle the ceremonies in question. I was at Belgrade when my marching orders reached me, busily engaged in collecting trustworthy information respecting the Panslavistic agitation that was being assiduously fostered in the Balkan States by the agents of the patriotic committees in Moscow, Odessa, Kiev, and other cities of the Russian Empire, under the auspices of Messrs. Katkoff, Ignatieff, Tchernaieff, and, it was whispered among Bulgarian and Servian sub-committee men, even of the Czarevich himself, Alexander Alexandreivich, now Emperor of all the Russias. My lamented friend Longworth, her Majesty's agent in Belgrade, with whom I was staying, had proposed to me that I should accompany him in an official mission he was about to execute in the Danube Vilayet (Bulgaria), of which our common acquaintance, Midhat Pasha, was Vali; and we were making preparations for our departure when the despatch arrived which started me, four hours after its reception, on one of the most roundabout, but changeful and picturesque, itineraries that I had ever theretofore been required to "make out." At this remarkable route I will venture to cast a retrospective glance before addressing myself to the subject proper of the present chapter; for the journey from Belgrade to Rome was, in the year 1867, about as interesting a four days' trip as an experienced traveller could well pick out upon the map of Europe. There was one great disadvantage about it, viz., that out of the ninety-eight hours occupied in accomplishing it, seventy-nine were spent in railway-carriages more or less un-

comfortable, those running between Basiasch and Pesth being triumphantly inconvenient. The traveller's personal sufferings in them were, however, amply compensated by the reflection that he was urging on his wild career at the (for Austria) tremendous velocity of seventeen miles an hour, while in the far more commodious compartment of the express train conveying him from Florence to Rome his soul was shaken with useless fury by the consciousness that anything above twelve was beyond hope; nor was his very justifiable anger likely to be calmed by the atrocious delays occurring at Orte, where it took a huge gendarme, manfully bearing up under the grandfather of all cocked hats, three-quarters of an hour to collect passports; and at Corese, where an hour was consumed in searching *les petits bagages* for contraband articles, both searchers and searched being perfectly aware that they were going through a futile formality as irritating as it was unnecessary. Perhaps it was through an amiable wish to furnish their visitors with a pastime which might serve to vary the monotony of their journey that the Papal Customs authorities insisted that the said "little luggage"—say a couple of portmanteaus, a travelling-bag, and a hat-box—should be carried from the train to the shed by its proprietor in person; the dread of fever, for which Corese is justly renowned, keeping all non-official *facchini* away from the place, despite the *paoli* to be gained there. At the shed it was picked over, punched, and prodded by other officials in cocked hats (but of a mitigated character). And, finally, the honor and glory of a Papal gendarme being far too high and great to allow of his lending a hand to anything save his mustaches, the passengers were required to transport it *propriis manibus* to the examining shed. I know somebody who wouldn't, and didn't, carry his mails to the douanier's den at Corese, however, although solemnly invited to do so in the name of the law, and who put the dignified officials of his Holiness into a great fix, for they would not hear of establishing a precedent of civility by carrying the luggage in question themselves — and neither threats nor entreaties would induce the Englishman to do porter's work in a heat of ninety-two degrees. There were only two alternatives—to arrest the recalcitrant Anglo-Saxon, or to let him and his "little luggage" alone; and the *Doganieri Papalini* very wisely adopted the latter, greatly to the disgust of all the other passengers, who had meekly conformed to the regulations, dragged their boxes and bags about in the dirt, and submitted to be squeezed and stewed in the frowzy out-house whither they were required to convey their property for inspection.

Les extrêmes se touchant. Between the frontier of the aspiring young Sclavonic principality and the confines of the shaky old Pontifical States passport persecution existed no longer in 1867; Austria and Italy were big and strong enough to dispense with teasing puerilities, and had found something better for their *employés* to do than to spend their lives in vexing their fellow-creatures; but Servia was still very juvenile indeed, and therefore bound to manifest her intense belief in her own importance somehow, for fear other people should fail to be struck by it; while temporal popedom was so old as to be upon the brink of superannuation, and accordingly clung desperately to every outward seeming of power, however trivial and tiresome.

It is difficult to imagine which of the two potentates, Michael Obrenovich III. or Pius IX., would have been the more scandalized at the idea of any similitude being supposed to exist between the characters of their respective governments or peoples. The Romans probably deemed the Servians to be a race of heretical barbarians; and as for the Servians, I shrewdly suspect that not one in ten thousand had ever heard of Rome or the Pope. A similitude, however, and a strong one, existed between the two States, politically and socially, while the inhabitants of Belgrade and Rome had numerous characteristics in common. Both governments, for instance, were narrow-minded, intriguing, and intolerant—fosterers of brigandage, conservators of senseless traditions, neglectful of popular well-being, of public works, of education, and of just administration—in a word, shy of progress and development. The people were alike ignorant, indolent, baggy, prone to sleep about the streets on their faces in the sun, loose in their morals and clothing, dirty, and redolent of garlic; the women appeared to spend their whole time in sitting on little benches outside their doors, or on the door-steps themselves. A Roman matron twenty years ago resembled a Servian dame, in that her upper half was often statuesque, and her lower always shapeless, chaotic. She was dark-haired, ox-eyed, large-bosomed, and brown—a rich, warm, glowing brown—but then she was cow-hocked, flat-footed, and eccentrically developed. The lower classes of Belgrade and Rome, including in this category the small tradespeople, artisans, seamstresses, etc., appeared to have no notion whatever of comfort in their manner of living; their habitations were squalid, often windowless, always teeming with vermin; they themselves rarely smiled, were seldom loquacious, and appeared to be in a chronic state of bodily and mental lethargy.



POPE PIUS IX.

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Having, I trust, satisfactorily demonstrated that the two ends of my four days' scamper through Europe might be fairly said to bear a sort of family likeness to each other, I will make so bold as to say a few words about the journey itself. *Commençons par le commencement.* Belgrade was one of those out-of-the-way places from which it is somewhat difficult to get away in a hurry. In 1867 it was distant nearly fifty miles from either of the nearest railway-stations, Basiasch or Verschetz. To reach the former you were obliged to go down the Danube by steamer in an exactly opposite direction to that which it was your purpose to follow, and when you had arrived at the Banat terminus of the Staatsbahn, you were compelled to wait five hours and a half in a place utterly destitute of any means whatever of driving dull care away; there was not even a billiard-table in the huge straggling hotel attached to, or rather part of, the station. To get to Verschetz it was necessary to cross the Danube about five miles below Semlin, at a small town called Pançova, once famous for its beer; and thence to take diligence or cart for Verschetz, at the risk of dislocating all your joints by the fearful jolting of either vehicle over the country roads—roads, did I say? but never mind! For eight hours of acute suffering to the traveller, that journey from Pançova to Verschetz could successfully compete with anything European of the same length. Besides these two modes of transit—always supposing your object to be Vienna—there was a third afforded by the Danube steamers, which used to call four or five times a week at Semlin on their route up the Danube, and any one not in a hurry did well to embark in any one of these boats—they were all comfortable and clean—and to meander up the grand old river at an average rate of about five miles an hour, which brought him to Vienna in four days or so; for steaming up the Danube is a very different matter from steaming down that swift stream. Of course this easy-going expedient was altogether out of the question for him who was condemned to travel in haste and repent at leisure; so I selected the Basiasch route, and left Belgrade by the 7 A.M. boat, arriving at Basiasch about 1 P.M. Besides a couple of Servian ministers bound for the Paris Exhibition, and a handful of senators bent upon holiday-making, we had a large wedding-party on board; a young gentleman, named Simich, accompanied by his family and a select circle of friends, travelling to Pesth, where his bride, the daughter of Prince Karageorgevich, the representative of the opposition Servian dynasty, was anxiously expecting him, the ceremony being appointed for June 24, 1867. All Mr. Simich's female relations were in Servian national costume—open velvet jackets of various colors, dark green being the favorite, edged with gold; white chemisette, stays reaching just above the waist—*i.e.*, terminating beneath the bust, over which the semi-transparent chemisette is strained tightly; colored silk scarf passing round the neck, crosswise over the bosom, and fastened in a knot behind the waist; light muslin skirt; red or yellow morocco boots; the hair braided in a sort of coronet, a purple or green handkerchief being twisted in and out of the braids, the whole edifice completed by a tiny red fez fitting tightly to the crown of the head; huge ear-rings and pendants, brooches and necklaces of massive gold; and, finally, long gloves, fastened midway between wrist and elbow. If the wearer of this dress be endowed by nature with a fine figure and pretty face, the result of her *tout ensemble* is wonderfully picturesque; but beauties are rare in Servia, and ladies are apt to expand a good deal after the age of twenty, so that the effect of this peculiar costume on charms, to say the least of it, exuberant, is the reverse of pleasing to the eye.

About the five-and-twenty hours' railway ride from Basiasch to Vienna there is little to be said, except that between Pesth and Gran the line follows the left bank of the Danube, and is rich in lovely river scenery. As for the pusztas of the Banat and Lower Hungary, nothing can be more fertile, monotonous, and uninteresting. The huge flat district extending from Weiszkirchen to Vécses is one of Europe's richest granaries, and in June, 1867, gave promise of an enormous harvest. The Magyars attributed this slice of luck to the coronation of their king.

From Vienna to Nabresina is simply Fairyland plus Paradise. Once past Payerbach and across the Schwarza, the rest of the journey can only be compared to the happy day-dream of a civil engineer with a turn for poetry and a taste for landscape gardening. I don't know how many tunnels and viaducts there are between Klamm and Bruck, but I do know that the train attains an altitude of about six thousand feet above the sea-level, and that during the intervals of sunshine and cool breeze, dividing one gloomy cavern from another, you peep down into wooded valleys so deep that the comfortable Styrian farm-houses look like dominos, and the broad high-road like a strip of white tape. Sunburnt children hold out to you bouquets of forget-me-not and feathery grass attached to long pea-sticks, and baskets of red, ripe cherries; every inspiration of the sharp mountain air seems to add to the girth

of your chest; old ruined castles crop up under your nose, themselves high above the villages of the vale, but far, far beneath the giddy edge along which your monster locomotive is panting and snorting; you turn, twist, and wind from the brink of an abyss to the verge of a precipice till you lose all idea of direction; sometimes you dip downward for a few seconds with an awful sweep, only to climb again higher than before; and finally you descend from the Alpine regions into the valley of the Mur, walled in with gigantic rocks, under whose shadow you rush along for many a mile, every minute bringing with it a new freak of Nature in her most genial mood. Grätz, Marburg (Tegethoff's birthplace), Laybach, each surrounded by hills, woods, and stately castles, are left behind. Adlersberg, a rocky nest overlooking an arena of marsh-land, dotted with unfathomable pools, and backed by a forest which, commencing in Carniola, terminates in Turkey, is, as it were, the portal to a region of stone and heather, intersected by low granite walls—desolate, melancholy, forbidding; and just before the thirsty engine drags itself and you into Nabresina, a break in the hill-tops gives you a minute's glimpse of the blue, solemn Adriatic, embosomed in round-topped, fir-clad mountains. Between Nabresina and Mestre you can gaze your fill upon the queen of seas; she is tenderly and sadly lovely.

From Mestre, through Padua, Rovigo, and Ferrara to Bologna, Italy, though rich in corn and wine (the strips of narrow wheat-land are divided by rows of luxuriant vines), is scarcely beautiful. And if she were, the heat which prevailed when I first traversed the Emilia and Lombardy was so exhausting as to be too many for my sense of the picturesque. Having an hour and a half before me in Bologna, I chartered an open cab, and drove about that city of arcades until the top of my head glowed again. Everything was closely shut up, the very arches of the Piazzetta being draped with white and tawny linen hangings; for all the life to be seen in the streets it might have been a city of tombs, so quiet and empty was every strada and contrada. In front of the cathedral a big fountain was playing away idustriously; it was the only thing at once active and cool-looking that I saw during my hour's drive.

But what shall I say about the passage of the Apennines, about the wonderful railroad, with its forty-six tunnels, leading from Bologna to Florence, about Pistoja, first perceived from a mountain-top so high that the thriving little town looked like a collection *of shining* white pebbles irregularly set in a *bed of malachite?* Between Lugano and Poretta, as we were creeping along a huge stone viaduct connecting two giant mountains, we peered down into a tiny valley, intersected by the Italian Rhine, and beheld a triple circle of peasants eagerly watching the antics of a saltimbanque, attired as Pulcinella, gambolling with strange gestures. Although we were at least twelve hundred feet above the active gymnast and his admirers, there were other spectators higher placed than ourselves; for happening to look out of the other window of our compartment at the background of Apennines, I spied, about a hundred feet above us, ranged on a mountain-path, some forty or fifty contadini staring down at the performance. Just outside Florence came fireworks and illuminated church steeples; for was it not the eve of St. John's Day? From Florence to Foligno, and Foligno to Orte, all I can remember is a crowded first-class carriage, awful heat, myriads of large flies, a tepid glass of lemonade handed in at the window by an audacious proletary who demanded a franc and got fifteen centimes; a fruitless attempt to sleep, resulting in slipping off the seat and falling among the feet of my fellow-passengers, who were kind enough not to curse me; suffocation, thirst, fever, weariness, and despair.

From the time I left Vienna up to the moment of my arrival in Rome a gradual accumulation of bishops, abbots, priests, and friars had been taking place around me; but it was only at Orte that I awoke to a full sense of my situation. Here were spiritual fathers, indeed, with a vengeance; and nice objects they were, to be sure. A Roman Catholic priest, or a Franciscan, Benedictine, or Capuchin monk, is not a pretty sight at the best of times; what must he have been after forty-eight hours' immunity from razor, soap, water, and natural rest? Only the bishops (and not all of them) travelled first-class; the minor dignitaries and clerical outsiders were all wedged into second and third compartments, like herrings in a barrel; and when they emerged from their steaming lairs at Orte, a more dirty, degraded, dissipated-looking crew I never inspected. There were white, gray, and brown friars, all as black as tinkers—French, German, Croatian, Spanish, and Italian priests, one more disconsolate-looking and begrimed than the other. I noticed among them all only one cheerful ecclesiastic, and he was a lively little Irishman, who hopped and clapped his hands together every time a fat bishop of his acquaintance spoke to him.

There were sixty thousand foreign priests in Rome when I arrived there, and over seven hundred archbishops and bishops. The Corso was crammed with them on the evening of

June 24th. St. Peter's was nearly full of them about three o'clock. In the afternoon I drove out to the Colosseum—which I am not going to describe, *n'ayez pas peur*—but about which I will take leave to repeat a remark made to me by an American gentleman whom I met loafing about in the lower gallery, and who, being alone, was rather low-spirited and communicative. "Well, sir," he observed, walking towards me and raising his hat, "this is a big thing, ain't it?" It so emphatically *is* a big thing that I had not a chance of contradicting him and raising a discussion. To return to my priests. I very soon recognized two fellow-travellers, who had got out to the "big thing" already, and were performing their round of prayers and genuflections before the very worst nine pictures in Christendom—those representing the nine stages of the Crucifixion, and ranged round the inner circle of the arena. Two profound reflections, deduced from observations taken that afternoon, may here be recorded. Handbills do not improve the appearance of the Colosseum's ancient walls. It would, perhaps, be more respectful, less disgusting, and altogether pleasanter if the Romans would not spit all over the floor of St. Peter's, which, after all, is a sacred edifice dedicated to the worship of God.

Had it not been for the enormous herd of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics gathered together in the Eternal City for the purpose of attending the canonization ceremonies, Rome would have been nearly empty, in the conventional sense of the word; for high summer is the height, or the depth, of the *saison morte*. Fever was about, cholera was hinted at, and the heat was violent, painful, exhausting. In linen clothing, and as little of it as possible, existence was just tolerable. What must not the shaven gentlemen in black, with their heavy hats and long robes, have suffered as they took their walks abroad from one church to another! Religious ecstasy will carry a man, I believe, triumphantly through great tortures and heavy trials, but I question whether the moral stimulus derived from it can be brought to bear upon the minor evils which a sojourn in Rome during the dog-days inflicts upon a stout ecclesiastic, equipped from head to foot in black cloth. *Imprimis*, there was not a bit of clear ice to be had in the Eternal City; whatever liquid was cooled at all had to be inserted in salt snow, of which the Pontifical Government had a monopoly, and which accordingly it sold at so astonishingly dear a price that few hotel-keepers or café proprietors could afford to buy it. Enterprising Americans tried in vain to get permission from the authorities to introduce ice by importation *via* Civita Vecchia. His Holiness would not hear of it, and poor Spielmann (of world-wide renown), who ventured to sweep together a little heap of snow—of snow that fell gratis from heaven—in his back yard, during the previous winter, with a view to putting it in his cellar and keeping it till summer, was promptly denounced, pulled up before a holy beak, and fined twenty scudi—about four pounds. In the next place, nothing fit to eat was to be got anywhere in Rome, except perhaps in the convents—forbidden Elysia to a heretic like myself. I say this advisedly, having tried, one after the other, all the restaurants of note, from the Caffè di Roma to the Lepre, of which last establishment I shall never think without a shudder. The food was bad, the cooking abominable, and the wine worst of all. English beer, which in Berlin is sixpence a bottle, and in Hungary only a shilling, cost four francs in Rome; and if it had been cheaper, who could drink warm Guinness and tepid Bass? The Romans did not care about cool liquor—they did not, indeed, seem to care much about anything; but I am filled with compassion when I think of what the plethoric, jolly clergy of Austria and Bavaria—in which favored countries not only is beer abundant, excellent, cheap, thirst-allaying, non-intoxicating, but *iced*—must have felt when offered a warm glass of sickly Orvieto or a mockery of lemonade, when they were burning with that ardent desire for cold drinks which is only fully developed in the man who has been accustomed all his life to have them at hand, and to imbibe them with pleasing frequency. For such kindly, bibulous prelates and priests, Rome in June, 1867, was pretty nearly unendurable, as well as for some other people I could mention. These latter, who shall be nameless, were not any the better satisfied with the cruel heat and the physical privations they had to undergo, because the town had become a vast hive of black bees, or because endless processions blocked up the Corso and other principal streets every afternoon. A person of simple piety was apt also to be rather taken off his feet by seeing the Host carried round the town to the strains of Strauss, the populace kneeling the while. There is a song in the last act of the "Belle Hélène," converted by one of the brethren of Vienna into a most insinuating, chirpy polka, redolent of Sperl, the Neue Welt, and—dare I whisper it?—Schwott and Reissiger. Well, they played it on Canonization-day, in the most solemn part of the sacred ceremony, while the attendant priests, some two hundred or so, were chanting a penitential psalm. The effect was not so ludicrous as revolting. Indeed, all one's sympathies for art, beauty,

harmony were exposed to grief and trouble in the *soi-disant* most artistic city of Europe. Pretty falbalas they had made of St. Peter's! It was quite distressing to look at the rubbish with which they had disfigured the interior of the gorgeous old church. Among other vulgar and tawdry absurdities the big rugs, hung all about, hiding the pillars, and covered with embroidered tableaus of the miraculous actions performed by the persons to be canonized, were the most offensive. One would have expected at least fair designs for these tapestry pictures; they were, however, hideous, both in drawing and combinations of color. It would seem as if bad taste had become a part of the Roman religion, and that pious artists had one and all been overtaken and subdued by it.

But all these grievances were mere drawbacks to outsiders. What did it matter that I, and such as I, were starved, athirst, *ébranlés dans la base*, made forlorn of the truthful and the beautiful, driven to envy St. Peter and St. Paul for having been hastily put out of their misery? For the Papacy was having a good time, a quick-hitting innings, a triumph of glorification. Was it the last flicker of prosperity, or was it not? Nobody knew, I suppose, but Zadkiel. At any rate, if it was destined to be a short life, it was certainly a merry one; for there was his Holiness pocketing so much cash, receiving so many presents, drawing in so much tribute, that he and his establishment—Zouaves, monumental gendarmes, field-officers, doganieri, colored friars and all—were set on their feet once more, clear of debt arrears, and comfortably solvent. On June 24th Pius IX. was "be-gifted" with a silver yacht, full of gold eagles, by the American Episcopacy; a gigantic cake, full of bullion and jewels, by the Latins of the Orient; a big silver fish, stuffed with louis d'ors, by a religious transatlantic sisterhood; £4000 (100,000f.) by the Poles, through their Primate—money, money, money, drifting in from north, south, east, and west. More than £300,000 were poured out at his feet in the shape of voluntary contributions, and Monsignor Negrotti told me that the good old Pontiff kept it all under his bed, and locked his chamber door with care. He and his Government were in many respects very primitive in their ideas. As an illustration of the patriarchal simplicity with which public business was transacted under the Papal *régime*, I may here record an incident of the Tercentenary, related to me by a person who was present when it occurred. The Minister of Finance, Ferrari, went to his Holiness for some money a few days after *the golden stream* had begun to flow in, and *showed Pio Nono* a voucher for the amount he required—a pretty heavy one. The sovereign Pontiff counted it out, all in gold, and cheerfully offered it to his Excellency, who took out his pocket-handkerchief, filled it as full as he could of coin, and tried to fasten the four corners, but *le contenu étant plus grand que le contenant*, he could not contrive to hold them together—the money surged out. His Holiness, laughing at the embarrassment of Signor Ferrari, sent one of his attendants into his bedroom for a towel, which was duly brought, and in that the Minister of Finance contrived to carry away the "extraordinary supply" granted him by the Head of the State.

It being a rule of the Roman Catholic Church not to canonize anybody who has been dead less than a couple of hundred years—there are exceptions, I know, but this is the rule—the twenty-five notabilities—twenty-three gentlemen and two ladies—who were promoted to saintships on June 29, 1867, lived and flourished in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, all save one, Ste. Marie-Françoise, *alias* Gallo, a Neapolitan damsel, born in 1715; she died in 1791, at the age of seventy-five, after a series of long and violent struggles with the devil, who in the shape of an enormous dog sought to rob her of her mature innocence. Another of the new members of the heavenly hierarchy was St. Joshaphat Kuncewitz, formerly (1614) Archimandrite of Vilna in Russian Poland. Having burned a good many people who did not share his religious opinions, retribution overtook him in the shape of drowning. Some agents of the schismatic Patriarch of Constantinople put him in the Dwina, with a stone round his neck, and on this account, and to vex the Russians, against whom Pius IX. was very angry a score of years ago, he was put first on the list. St. Peter d'Arbues, another of the chosen, was Inquisitor-general of Aragon in 1484, and was specially active in that capacity. Who could be fitter for nomination to a saintship than he, by whose orders many hundreds of Jews and infidels had been tortured and cremated, for the comfort of their souls, and above all *ad majorem ecclesiæ gloriam?* But this appointment unfortunately gave great offence to the Roman Catholic clergy of Germany, who said that they did not think the nineteenth century was quite the age in which to canonize wholesale murderers like a Spanish Grand Inquisitor. The rest of the permanently-to-be-glorified company appeared to have been insignificant people enough—an ordinary Frenchman or two—I somehow could not fancy a Frenchman being made a saint—and a clump of nineteen Dutchmen executed in Goskom, anno 1572.

On June 25th, at the Grand Consistory, the Pope delivered a long speech to his councillors, and finished by stating that he had made up his mind to hold a General Council the following year, for the purpose of altering the statutes of Holy Church, and introducing some necessary modifications in the Catholic code. His Holiness proposed that fast-day restrictions should suffer radical reform, and that the clergy should be allowed to speculate, which they had thitherto done without permission. The last similar Council had been that of Trent, and it lasted twenty odd years. Perhaps his Holiness fancied that the next Council might be as long-lived as its predecessor, or at any rate might last out his time. As a matter of fact, the Sovereign Pontiff was in excellent health, capital spirits, and likely to live for many a year. Until he occupied the Chair of St. Peter no Pope had, I believe, reigned more than twenty-five years since the Papacy became an institution. Pio Nono, however, wore the Triple Tiara for thirty-one years and a half, throughout the most eventful period of modern Italian history, and, unlike the majority of his predecessors, died a natural death at the ripe age of eighty-six.

The Colosseum was twice illuminated during the Tercentenary week with Bengal fire of three colors—green, violet, and bright red. Two bands of music played within the building, and rockets with explosive stars were let off at intervals. The whole business seemed to me to be a horrible barbarism, although one or two of the effects produced by the contrasts of color were pretty enough. The two great gate-ways were converted into arches of red lurid fire, and brought up Virgil, Dante, Offenbach, and Gounod in my mind, all mixed together in an *olla podrida* of infernal association. The heights round the huge amphitheatre were crowded with spectators at fifty centimes, and shouts of applause greeted the music and the fireworks. I was astounded to hear a selection from "Norma"—very well played, too—performed in a city where Verdi's reign would be absolute but for dance music. The Romans of the Papacy were very fond of bric-à-brac even in music, and adored "*M. le patron des orgues de barbarie.*"

Had it been the good-fortune of the lamented George Robins to terminate his brilliant career in the joys of martyrdom; had he subsequently been deemed worthy of the same honorific advancement as the five-and-twenty personages whose canonization I had the fatiguing pleasure of witnessing on the morning of June 29, 1867; and had he consequently been in a position to afford me the inspiration I so greatly need in order to give my readers an idea of the gorgeous show—triumph of ecclesiastical tailoring and upholstery—that dazed and stupefied me during four consecutive hours, I would have spared no pains to propitiate the departed Prince of Adjectives. His inexhaustible wealth of epithet, his rounded periods, his astonishing command of hyperbole, graciously imparted to me but for a brief while, would have enabled me, perhaps, to do justice to the costly, elaborate, piled-up magnificence of the accessaries to the ceremonies performed within the walls of St. Peter's, in honor of two celebrated martyrs, one of whom was crucified upside down, and the other decapitated with such violence that his head, acquiring an artificial impetus from the vigor of the blow by which it was separated from his body, bounded three times from one place to another before coming to a stop, fountains of fresh water springing up out of the earth at each spot touched by it during its transit. As it is, altogether unaided by any supernatural agency, I confess that I scarcely hope to succeed, even in plain words, in telling what I saw, far less what I smelled and breathed.

There were more than seventy thousand people in the cathedral, two-thirds at least of that multitudinous crowd being composed of foreign priests, monks, and friars. The previous day had been a solemn fast-day, so that thirty per cent. of those present had partaken immoderately of garlic. To judge from the appearance of a great many holy brethren, they must have made, early in life, vows of uncleanliness, and solemnly adhered to them ever after. A hundred thousand wax-candles flickered, splashed, and reeked. Incense was lavished prodigally, regardless of expense; and, finally, the heat was so awful as to make strong men stagger, gasp for breath, and turn sick with exhaustion. What wonder if I came drooping out of the church at the end of the ceremony dazzled, faint, cloyed with color, feverish, athirst, *quasi* physically and intellectually annihilated? The hot, sultry air, languidly spreading out the watery fan of the fountain on the Vatican side of the Piazza, felt cool and invigorating by comparison with the composite atmosphere I had just quitted. So thick and murky was that asphyxiating mixture which we had breathed inside the cathedral that, being seated in a gallery (Nichia di Sant 'Elena) on one side of the dome's broad base, it was scarcely possible, even by the aid of powerful glasses, to distinguish the faces of those occupying a sister gallery on the opposite side—an unwholesome fog filled the entire building. Every arch was edged, every pillar festooned, every gallery dotted, and every architecturally marked outline indicated

with lights; and from the circle beneath the dome, where stands the famous canopy with bronze pillars made of the Pantheon spoils, to the Pope's throne at the extreme end of the church opposite the main entrance door, heaved, swayed, and surged from side to side a dense mass of a thousand changing hues—gold and silver cloth, silk, satin, and velvet; white and black plumes, polished armor, floods of purple and scarlet, a leavening of tender gray, inlaid cuirasses, halberds, and spear-heads so bright that they flashed even through the dense mist; in short, a surfeit of color, huge and heterogeneous enough to drive an ambitious artist to divine despair. Turner in his latest style—during which period it is said that he used to cover his palette with pads of every known color, place it on a chair, sit down upon it, turn twice round upon his axis, rise, substitute a virgin canvas for the palette, reseat himself, turn twice round as before, but in an opposite direction, and thus furnish the expectant world with another glorious picture bearing the stamp of his inimitable individuality — Turner, I say, supposing this theory about his most recent manner to be founded on fact, might, had he been alive, have produced a work conveying to the public something like the impression made upon me by the body and central aisles of St. Peter's Church during the canonization of Sts. Kuncewitz, Marie-Françoise of the Five Wounds, Poppel, Pik, and the rest. It was like a dusky rainbow twisted up into a knot. It was like a kaleidoscope gone mad. It was—well, it was not like anything I ever saw before, or probably shall ever see again. As I came through the side door into the private passage leading to the Vatican, an acquaintance of mine, commanding a detachment of the Noble Guard —splendid fellows they were — stopped me to say that the popular rapture at the glory of the sight had been so great that an enthusiast, believing that from such a scene to heaven could be but a step, had drawn his *coltellaccio* and cut his throat just in front of St. Peter's effigy during the early part of the canonization ceremony.

The prettiest of the preliminaries was shown to us on the night preceding Canonization-day, namely, the illumination of the cathedral, which from its base to the top of the cross, was ablaze with bright white light until a few minutes past nine, when, at a signal given by a swarm of rockets, a small army of supers, stationed at short intervals over every part of the dome and façade, fired, every man, in his four tar-buckets, and converted the grand old church into an edifice of golden flame. *I and two* English colleagues had *climbed the Trinità de' Monti*, and perched ourselves upon a stone parapet overhanging a black abyss, knowing that no chattering, self-elected cicerone would share with us that bad eminence; and there we lingered, gazed, admired, and wondered at the mighty dome, burnished with living fire, till we had fixed the picture forever in our minds. I may remark that, in order to insure the sobriety of the acolytes intrusted with the firing of the resin, they are put in their respective places four-and-twenty hours before the important moment arrives, and nourished on simples and fair water. As soon as their ticklish functions are over they are let down, and receive a Roman crown apiece, which will purchase them just enough bad fiery wine to swim in.

At 8 A.M. of the great day the procession, specially arranged for the Tercentenary, left the Vatican, and sallied—no, not sallied, crept —forth into the Piazza, escorting Pius IX., who was borne aloft in an arm-chair balanced on a stretcher, and canopied in crimson, wearing his triple crown, fans, sandals, and white robes. Every description of Catholic ecclesiastic, including Græco-Latin, Coptic, Armenian bishops, Cordeliers, Dominicans, Franciscans, Benedictines, Jesuits, Brothers of Mercy, of Charity—I did not notice any professing Hope—beadles, choristers, cardinals, monsignori, and members of other denominations, with which I am not so intimately acquainted as I might wish to be, marched in the cortége, escorted by the Swiss Guard, the Guardia dei Nobili, and some companies of Papal Zouaves. The Swiss Guard are the finest men, wear the most expensive uniform, and are more to be pitied in hot weather than any *corps d'élite* in Europe. They are shelled in, from the crown of the head to the waist, in heavy plate armor; farther down come knickerbockers of red, yellow, and black cloth, in stripes. They carry a weighty halberd, and a heavy plume depends from each man's massive morion. The Pope was received by more clergy at the door of the cathedral, conveyed to his throne, and duly kissed. This osculation lasted a long time, during which his Holiness looked patient and resigned. Then the formula of the canonization itself was gone through, and the Pope, being summoned three times to pronounce sentence of saintdom upon the deceased worthies, replied, the first time, "Instanter," the second "Instantius," and the third "Instantissime;" after which he prayed a little, and then declared the aforesaid twenty-five elect, mentioning each by name, to be then and forever thereafter saints. Then followed a prolonged service, in the middle of which the Pontiff interpolated a Latin homily appropriate to the occasion. The

Greek Catholics had recourse to their native tongue. I think the leader of their bishops read the epistle in Romäic, for a cheery old abbot sitting next to me nudged me in the side, and whispered, "*Est longa epistola;*" an observation in which I cordially agreed with him. Then the Pope assisted at the performance of high mass, choral service, etc. The singing was disgracefully bad generally, but the Pope's voice rang out clearly and sonorously. During this part of the programme a number of prelates assisted the Holy Father in changing his robes; then the presents, emblematical of Christian virtues, and consisting of wax-candles, gilt and silvered leaves, gilt barrels of wine, cages of doves, linnets, and canaries, were borne to the Pontiff's feet by dignitaries of the Church. The candle purporting to stand for St. Marie-Françoise des Cinq Plaies was carried by the head canon of the cathedral at Naples; that representing Ste.-Germaine Cousin, by the Archbishop of Toulouse. Soon after this ceremony mass was concluded, and the Pope was carried away in the same conveyance which had brought him to the church door some three hours and a half earlier. The canaries piped and chirped, the doves cooed, and the linnets sang during the whole performance. Formerly it was customary to turn these birds loose in the church, but on this occasion they were kept in close durance, their predecessors having generally got into trouble with the lighted candles.

As soon as the canonization rites were concluded, I inquired about the hysterical fanatic who had desecrated the holy fane with his fevered peasant blood an hour previously. The poor wretch was dead, and his body had already been conveyed beyond the precincts of St. Peter's. Of course the Pope had been obliged to reconsecrate the Basilica during the ceremony. He did so, however, without any fuss, and in a very concise manner, so that nobody except his immediate *entourage* noticed it. The only other accident was the burning of a hanging, which caught fire, but was at once torn down by the *sapeur-pompiers*.

The destruction of a curtain and the suicide of a crazy enthusiast — such were the mishaps of a festival more significant to the world at large than any political event of the previous decade; and upon the frail foundation of these unimportant misadventures a minority of the Roman and a majority of the Italian people thought fit to add another story to their favorite edifice of belief, namely, the approaching downfall of the Pope's temporal power. As a means to this end certain enemies of the Papal *status quo* industriously disseminated among the proletaries of Rome the belief that the aged Pontiff was afflicted with *mal'occhio;* that whatever he undertook turned out badly; and that it was a great misfortune for Rome and her dependent provinces that so unlucky a prince, to say nothing more, should reign over them. I did not attach much importance to the spreading of this ingenious notion, although it was likely to work insidiously enough upon so ignorant and superstitious a people as the Italians; but it was worth recording at the time, as one of the many elements of a coming politico-social eruption, by which some of the oldest of European landmarks were uprooted and consumed. Other ingredients of a more combustible nature still were abundantly scattered throughout the breadth and length of the holy dominions some days before the celebration of the canonization ceremony, and set the petticoated conclave in a great flutter. Tracts, in which history, nationalism, and incendiarism were pleasantly combined, were smuggled by thousands across the jealously guarded frontiers, under the very noses of those sons of Anak, the Pontifical gendarmes, who were far too large and beautiful to be either useful or intelligent. A raid of feckless shop-boys and unhealthy students — self-christened Garibaldini, with nothing of the great Giuseppe save his poverty, and naught sanguinary about them but the color of their shirts—was organized over the border, and resulted in a hundred and forty limp and thirsty riffraff throwing down their arms and taking to their legs on the appearance of a select assortment of huge cocked hats within range of the ambitious band. I do not wonder at the collapse of those weak-kneed ragamuffins, for stern must be the soul that did not quake before such an apparition. Fierceness, high daring, and invincibility positively radiated from the wearers of these and the other paraphernalia adorning the stately forms of the Pope's centurions. In a few small Italian towns—notably in Verona—demonstrations of a more or less aggressive character were made on Corpus Domini Day against prelates and priests, and burning coals were dropped out of windows upon the canopy sheltering the Sacrosanto from the summer sun. In one case a desperate dash was made at the Host itself; a bishop was upset, some minor ecclesiastics were heartily mauled, and the sacred procession was compelled to beat an undignified retreat. Threats, printed and written, found their way into the awful precincts of the Vatican itself, and the presence of a hundred and sixty thousand foreigners —that number of passports had been viséd up to June 29th at the Police-office — al-

though, probably, at least ninety-nine hundredths of them were working members of the Church Establishment in the capital of Christendom, did not tend to calm the troubled spirits of the Pontiff and his councillors. Guards were therefore doubled, spies encouraged to reap a rich harvest, hat-boxes were explored for bombs and brochures, a comprehensive indulgence was promised to every one who should be present at the canonization ceremonies, or witness the procession; every precaution that long practice in the art of fencing round an insecure position could suggest was taken to insure the Tercentenary celebration. And no one in his right senses could deny that it was a success in more ways than one. As a pageant it was striking and splendid; as an expedient for replenishing the lean coffers of his Holiness its results surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its promulgator; and as a confutation of the assertions so frequently made to the effect that the Roman Church was divided against herself, and that her many misdeeds had caused her very acolytes to become indifferent to her fate, it was apparently complete and triumphant—the presence of twenty-seven American prelates (five archbishops and twenty-two bishops), besides four hundred and fifty-nine other spiritual lords, and fifty thousand or so priests of all nations, languages, and colors, bearing irrefragable testimony to the power and cohesiveness of the Papacy. It was one of the ana of the Centenary that Austria, with a Catholic population of 30,000,000, sent only twenty-five prelates to the show, while Uncle Sam, whose Papist nephews and nieces numbered only 5,000,000, sent twenty-seven.

For richness of gifts our transatlantic cousins showed, indeed, a generous spirit. More in consideration of his needs than in tribute to his sovereignty, they loaded their spiritual chief with donations of gold and silver, substantial tokens of their desire to see him paying his way. Besides the silver *Henrietta*, filled with almighty dollars, individual pillars of the faith emptied their congregational money-boxes to such good tune that the Papal treasury overflowed, and the Pontifical army rejoiced in a shadowy hope of getting in its arrears of pay. Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia, had been intrusted by the inhabitants of his diocese alone with $60,000 for the *menus plaisirs* of the Holy Father. Think of £12,000, all in specie, in the worthy prelate's *sac de nuit!* And the contributions from the British Isles, though none of them were so individually magnificent as the Philadelphia "trifle," were considerable in number and amount. It is agreeable to remember that the gentlemen representing America and Great Britain, one and all, were eminently respectable-looking, some even spruce; they were the only clean clergy at Rome during the whole tedious business.

There was no *émeute*, no attempt to interfere with the progress of the procession, no disorder in the church; there were no unseemly outcries or unfriendly manifestations whatsoever, even towards the least liked—perhaps I ought to say most hated—of the cardinals as they drove in their lumbering carriages through the narrow, dirty, tumble-down streets of Rome, in all the pride of new red hats, new liveries, new everything, except their scowling faces, which were all old enough. I wondered why the Roman Catholic faith should be administered by such awful-looking personages, just as I marvelled why Rome itself, the seat of a priestly government, should be the most beggarly-looking city in Europe. I can find no other word to describe the impression Rome made upon me twenty years ago. Such a squalid, degraded den of impoverished and ignorant people could only exist through the agency and under the administration of a priest. There was at that time scarcely a decent street in the whole town. Sickening stenches overcame you with nameless loathings at every corner. You hardly dared to look from side to side as you walked along thoroughfares within hail of the Corso, lest the revelations of poverty, superstition, and vice forced upon your eyes by the dismal gaps on either hand, through which you glanced into interiors too gloomy to think of without a shudder, but peopled by the unfortunate citizens of Rome, should disgust you into a resolve of never venturing outside your hotel except to drive to the railway-station. I will not pain and fatigue my readers by describing the scenes of abject misery that obtruded themselves upon the notice of pedestrians in every small street. Who could wonder that the poorer classes were wretchedly clothed and housed in a town of which the most fashionable artistic rendezvous, the Caffé Greco, was then a dingy, filthy den, in which no English gentleman would kennel his hounds; where the only four cleanly, wholesome-looking plebeians I encountered in the course of a week's persevering, but, oh! such weary wanderings through the city and its suburbs, belonged to a family of models waiting for hire, grouped on the low parapet of the fountain playing in the Piazza di Spagna; where armies of black priests stalked or prowled, according to their variety, through this human wilderness, heedless of its horrors, themselves objects scarcely less offensive than the half-clothed, wolfish-looking men and women crouching in door-ways or leaning on win-

dow-sills—all idle, all ignorant, nearly all broken-spirited? Italians of other and more fortunate provinces than the Papal States professed to be astonished at the absence of anything like an aspiration towards freedom in the Roman people; to me the only marvel was that they could live at all under such conditions, certainly not that they were wanting in energy or ambition to be as their brethren across the frontier, though Heaven knows that the Tuscan, Lombard, and Neapolitan peasantry were not to be envied! I could have forgiven Rome for being an enormous sham, for being the worst-built city in Europe, for being peopled by a nerveless, etiolated race, with narrow foreheads, sallow faces, drooping shoulders, for being dear, inconvenient, and unhealthy—but not for exhaling sighs of misery and groans of degradation, as it did to the heart of every layman who visited it in the bright months of June and July only two decades ago. During the winter many things were put away into corners and hidden from the gaze of the twenty thousand well-to-do enthusiasts who annually settled down upon the Eternal City, bought the trashy ornaments and pitiful bric-à-brac with which it was carefully crammed every autumn *à leur intention*, patronized the Pope, talked art-gossip, and hovered on the boundaries of Bohemianism; wore ear-rings of trumpery mosaic, inlaid with the official monogram of Count G. M. Mastai-Ferretti, and disported themselves gayly, without wasting a thought on the ragged, burrowing, spiritless people; but during summer-tide the great *recueil* of ruins—as many, alas! modern as ancient—was to be seen draped in dirty rags, hungry and athirst, scorched under the blazing sunshine, utterly hopeless. Walking about Rome in the days of the Papacy, it was impossible not to ask one's self the question, "Is this the sort of condition to which a concentration of Christianity should have taken eighteen centuries to bring the former Mistress of the World?"

Beyond all doubt, Rome, in 1867, was not a place suggestive of merriment. I left it a sadder, if not a wiser, man. Not that I had found the Tercentenary uninstructive. On the contrary, it had taught me many things; among others, for instance, why Mlle. Germaine Cousin had been created a saint. It was thus. This unfortunate young person, of humble extraction, poor though honest, labored under a step-mother—a very painful complaint, as many victims know. One would have thought that this trial, in itself, would have involved martyrdom enough to insure the privileges of canonization to the sufferer; but superadded to the moral pangs inflicted upon her by her vicarious parent, who, it would seem, was a strong-minded woman of savage disposition, Germaine Cousin had to put up with physical inconvenience of no ordinary character. Her step-mother sowed warts all over her hands, and when those excrescences had grown to maturity, beat them with a stick, and abused her for wearing them; made her sleep in the stable, gave her little to eat and plenty of dry blows; altogether treated her as a good many poor ignorant women treat their offspring, who are not, as a rule, made any the more saintly thereby. Germaine's health, however, gave way under this system of persecution, and she died at twenty-two years of age, beginning, immediately after her death, to perform a series of miracles. As she was canonized on account of her domestic sufferings, it is but logical to infer that her singularly unpleasant relative met with a diametrically opposite sort of promotion.

A hundred thousand yards of crimson silk were used in the decoration of St. Peter's for the great celebration. I have already mentioned the grotesque abominations, in the way of illustrated hangings, which were displayed along the principal nave and round the dome. One of these was a marvel of coloristic heresy, for the perpetration of which its executant deserved to be canonized downward. It professed to represent a thrilling passage in the life of St. Paul Francis Danei, *alias* De La Croix, who was depicted by the artist in life-size, wearing a pea-green coat, pink silk waistcoat, canary-colored knee-breeches, white silk stockings, powder, and ruffles, and carrying a *chapeau tricorne* in his hand. It was difficult to believe that any respectable and right-minded saint would have made such a gaudy guy of himself as the sprightly being in the picture; but of course the artist must have been furnished with the particulars of the costume, and one could only be thankful that the saints of our epoch had adopted a quieter style of dress.

After the pyrotechnists had shot off their last rocket from the summit of the Pincian Hill, about 10.30 P.M., a portion of the wooden framework upon which their ingenious designs had been displayed caught fire from some unexplained cause. Oddly enough, it was the portion shaped into a rough timber outline of the Papal tiara and the keys of St. Peter. Although connected with the rest of the wood-work, and elbowed, as it were, by devices in similar material intended to typify Europe, Africa, America, and Oceanica, this part of the frame was the only one destroyed; indeed, the flames spread neither to right nor left, but although energetic efforts were made to extinguish them, stuck persevering-ly to the Pontifical insignia, and utterly con-

sumed them. I heard some curious comments on so singular a freak of the "*freie Tochter der Natur*" as I struggled across the Piazza del Popolo towards the Via Babuino. Among the fireworks most applauded by the dense mass of people occupying the huge Piazza were some magnificent Catherine wheels, the central circle or revolving nucleus of which was of a brilliant rose-color, while the showers of sparks given out were grass-green. One or two other "pieces" were good, but on the whole I fancied that the pleasure of contemplating them was dearly purchased by two hours' standing on a rickety chair in an open wooden gallery, for which proud privilege the sight-seer was mulcted in the pretty little sum of six francs. The King of Naples, who watched the entire display from the balcony of a palace near the fountain of Neptune, did not, as I thought, seem to be half so much entertained as he had been in the morning during the ceremony at St. Peter's, in which he took the liveliest interest. His pretty queen was away in Switzerland, alas! very ill indeed, and said to be wasting slowly away. He looked sleek and well, as one in the odor of sanctity, who lived a quiet, godly, and useless life.

The only amusing specialty of the canonization ceremony was that by which, in virtue of ancient precedent, the Pope had to be requested by the Vicar-general three several times to canonize the candidates for saintly honors before he would do it, although it was the very thing he had got up at such an unnatural hour of the morning to do—poor old gentleman! On the first two occasions his secretary returned evasive answers to the Cardinal Vicar; everybody, the Pope included, prayed for a spell; the "Litany of Saints" was chanted by a choir high up in the cupola; and after the enunciation of each name the congregation intoned "Ora pro nobis." The third time, however, another cardinal put it to his Holiness, in pretty strong language, that surely it was time to pronounce the decree of canonization, which the Pontiff accordingly did in a clear, cheery, tenor voice, perfectly audible throughout the gigantic edifice. Besides the choir in the roof of the dome there were two others—one placed over the entrance and the other near the great canopy. All of them sang execrably, and Liszt's music, composed for the occasion, was, if anything, duller and more manneristic than his Coronation Mass, performed on June 8, 1867, at Ofen.

It was during the Tercentenary week that I was presented to his Holiness by one of the most gifted and accomplished gentlemen *in Europe—my* never-sufficiently-to-be-*lamented friend Odo* Russell, at that time a secretary of her Majesty's legation at Florence, but *facendo funzioni* in Rome, where he was accredited to the Holy See in a semi-official, ambiguous sort of way. Within twenty-four hours of my arrival in the Eternal City, Mr. Russell, at my solicitation, signified to the Vatican authorities my earnest desire to be received in audience by Pius IX.; and the Sovereign Pontiff, although unusually heavy demands were made upon his time by the numerous prelates gathered together in Rome from all parts of the world in order to attend the canonization ceremonies, graciously consented to receive me the following morning. Accordingly, at the hour indicated, I presented myself at the Vatican, and on handing in my credentials, was ushered by a *hallebardier* of the Swiss Guard through a hall in which several of his gorgeously attired comrades were stationed on duty, to a room in which an officer of the same corps verified my *carte de légitimation*, and handed me over to the escort of a gentleman-private of the Guardia Nobile. This illustrious legionary conducted me up two staircases and through a corridor and saloon to an antechamber, where a chamberlain—an ecclesiastic, I need scarcely say—was in waiting.

Monsignore in his turn, having inspected my official pass, led me into a small room, very plainly furnished, at the farther end of which was another door. Two windows looked out on the Vatican gardens, and between them was a gilt console under a large mirror. On this console stood the silver model of a full-rigged yacht, the *Henrietta*. "Be so good as to wait here for two or three minutes," murmured Monsignore, in the subdued tone of voice affected by palace officials; "his Holiness will enter by that door." Pointing to the entrance opposite us, he quitted the room, leaving me alone with the *Henrietta* and her precious freight.

I stood there expectant, my eyes fixed upon the farther entrance, through which a stout elderly gentleman of a benevolent and ruddy countenance, attired in a long white robe of some soft material, fastened round his body by a girdle, from which depended a plain rosary, presently passed into the room. Another ecclesiastic in a black suit and purple stockings followed him; but the Pope almost immediately dismissed this gentleman with a slight wave of his right hand, which he then graciously held out to me, saying in French, "I am glad to see you. Englishmen are always welcome here." I bent low over the venerable Pontiff's plump and shapely fingers, and briefly expressed my deep gratitude for the favor he had been pleased to grant me at a time when he was

necessarily beset by so many applications for audience. The Pope then asked me what was the immediate purpose of my visit to Rome. I told him, mentioning the distance I had come, and the place at which I had received my instructions to hasten to the Eternal City, and there describe, for the information of my fellow-countrymen, the imposing ceremony of canonization. Pio Nono expressed his pleasure that the English press should have taken so much interest in the Tercentenary as to summon one of its representatives to Rome from "the farthermost parts of Europe" in order to chronicle the coming celebrations; adding, "I am sorry not to be able to converse with you in your noble mother-tongue; but we Italians are seldom proficient in any but the idioms of Latin origin." I respectfully rejoined that I was sufficiently well acquainted with the Italian language to understand whatever his Holiness might deign to say to me in that tongue; whereupon the Pope, changing his idiom at once from French to Italian, said, "I am very glad of that, for I am not a great French scholar. It has often surprised me to hear Englishmen speaking Italian with extraordinary fluency, correctness, and good accent. There is your distinguished compatriot, Mr. Russell, for instance—his Italian is simply wonderful. Your great statesman, Mr. Gladstone, again; he speaks Italian with amazing purity, and his Latin is quite Ciceronian—much more classical and elegant than the Latin generally spoken by poor Italian priests like myself." I explained that to English of the more educated classes Italian was, above all, the language of music; that cultivated English men and women were anxious to prove the musicality of the British nation, upon which our Continental neighbors delighted in casting doubt; and that, therefore, many of them took pains to perfect themselves in the knowledge of Italian, as a first step towards the attainment of that object. The Pope smiled, and said, "That is very ingenious. You, at least, whatever your motive, have studied our language much to the purpose."

Pio Nono then introduced the subject of English sectarianism by asking me whether I believed that the "dissidenti" in my country took a lively interest, or, indeed, any interest at all, in the sayings and doings of the Holy See. I assured him (I hope correctly) that they did; adding, "How could they, as Christians, fail to do so?" "You are not a Catholic?" he inquired. "No, Santità; I am a Protestant," I replied, and related to him how, in Spain, when I had given a like answer to a noble young señorita who had put the same question to me, she at once rejoined, "Yes, yes, I understand; the señor is a Jew!" At this the Pope laughed quite heartily, saying, "You could excuse the mistake in a pious Spanish girl; to many such—in Italy too—a heretic and a Jew are the same thing. They have not been taught to make so many distinctions as you do in England, where, I am told, there are about seventy religions." "Pardon me, Holiness," I ventured to say; "not religions, but varieties of worship—more in form than substance." I had imprudently, by this respectful correction, let myself in for an examination which probably few Englishmen were less competent to sustain with credit than myself. The Pope forthwith put me through my facings about the *nuances* of British Dissent, of which, alas! I knew very little, and asked me all sorts of pertinent questions about Plymouth Brethren, "Soutcotisti," as he called the disciples of Joanna Southcote, Pædobaptists, Shakers, and other sectarians, to which I returned the most cogent answers that I could conjure up from the depths of my inner consciousness. I suppose that I acquitted myself fairly to the amiable Pontiff's satisfaction, for after about ten minutes of a kindly but incisive cross-examination that moistened my brow with the dew of perplexity and nervousness, he broke off with the words, "As you wish to see the celebrations, I will give orders that every facility be afforded to you. Whenever you revisit Rome, have the kindness to come and see me. I shall always be glad to receive you." His Holiness added a complimentary rider to this gracious utterance, which I will not trouble my readers with, lest they accuse me of conceit. I humbly asked the kind old man for his blessing, which he gave me with manifest pleasure, and took my leave with the accustomed obeisances, deeply impressed by the intelligence as well as the geniality of "La Santità del Nostro Signore."

I may mention that, a little more than two years later, being again sent to Rome for the purpose of chronicling the proceedings of the great Œcumenical Council, I applied to his Holiness for an audience, in compliance with the wish expressed by him during the interview above referred to, and was once more received by him with the utmost cordiality and kindness. On both occasions Pio Nono was so good as to bestow upon me small personal souvenirs, "to remind me," as he was pleased to say, "in times to come of an old Italian ecclesiastic who wished me well" (*che mi voleva bene*).

After the ceremonies were concluded I spent two or three days in Rome, despite the tremendous heat—it was my first visit to the chief city of Italy—in sight-seeing. At the

commencement of the week following that of the canonization, however, a cholera panic set in, and, being myself extremely unwell at the time, I followed the example of some hundreds of bishops, who departed in haste as soon as the precautionary measures against the epidemic were officially promulgated (on July 4th, if I remember aright), and hurried away to Florence. The impression made upon me by the Eternal City twenty years ago, when it was still under the Papal sway, was on the whole a disagreeable and distressing one. Of all the great cities of Europe it was the one which was unquestionably most directly and comprehensively indebted to foreigners for its prosperity; nay, for its very means of existence. And yet, less provision was then made for the comfort and amusement of strangers sojourning in Rome than I had been accustomed to find in the smallest, most insignificant of all the German spas or tiny townships haunted by autumn and winter pleasure-seekers. In the year of grace 1867 there were no good dining-rooms, cafés, lounges, billiard-rooms, reading-rooms, public gardens, open-air concerts, theatrical performances, or *al fresco* dancing-places in Rome. It was not possible to purchase a smokable cigar or a pound of decent tobacco within the limits of the Pontifical dominions. There was at that time only one thing worse than Roman cookery, and that was Roman wine; in fact, the only resources of the melancholy Anglo-Saxon afflicted with a chronic indigestion, consequent on a course of study in the schools of the leading *trattorie*, were to dawdle among dilapidations, roost on ruins, stare at statuary, crawl through cathedrals, prowl round pictures, buy beads, and long for release.

For a week after Canonization-day St. Peter's chair was exhibited in one of the chapels branching out from the nave of the huge church bearing the Apostle's name. Crimson hangings excluded the dust created by the army of workmen engaged in removing the scaffoldings and decorations with which the main aisle was encumbered on the day of the ceremony. This chair is believed by the faithful to be a genuine relic of the eminent fisherman, and is invested with a peculiar sanctity, which it has the faculty of communicating to any object rubbed against it. All day long, therefore, relays of dealers in curiosities, and manufacturers of rosaries, crucifixes, and the like, poured into the little chapel laden with their wares, for the purpose of having them rubbed by the attendant priest against the sacred seat, and thereby adding a considerable percentage to their market price. Women, soldiers, priests, peasants, and proletaries thronged around the old low-backed chair and prayed devoutly. Hard by was the bronze statue, life-size, of St. Peter, at whose feet the desperate aspirant to celestial joys let out his life while the choirs were chanting the Litany of new Saints on Canonization morning. This effigy had been dressed up in full pontificals; the triple crown set upon its senseless head; nothing left bare save the face—which is as that of a negro—and one foot, the great toe of which has been nearly kissed away. People of all ranks and conditions, many of them having travelled from country places distant some hours from the gates of Rome, go through the form of kissing this metal toe, reverently wiping it after such osculation; and this performance appears to do them a great deal of good, if one may judge from the satisfied expression of their countenances as they retired from the presence of the richly attired brazen image. It can scarcely fail to strike any person with an artistic turn of mind that it would appear far more easy, natural, and logical to fall down and worship such a noble impersonation of a demigod as the grand gilt Hercules up-stairs in the Vatican, than a seedy old chair or a bronze doll with a black face. The old heathens had better taste than we have in this, as well as in some other respects. Admitting image-worship as an outlet for devotional feeling, they at least took care that the simulacra of the gods they served should be beautiful or majestic. The Roman Catholic Church, or rather its officials in uncritical times, thought fit in their infinite wisdom to substitute for these grand and harmonious typifications of immortality and power, knock-kneed, dislocated, ill-proportioned figures, rigged out in tawdry finery; hence the humiliating spectacle to be witnessed daily at St. Peter's, and in a thousand other papistical churches; for art of this sort, such as it is, has remained stationary throughout eighteen centuries, and the abortions set up by the early fathers of the Church have been faithfully copied and reproduced, as though their ugliness were an intrinsic quality of their sanctity.

In passing through the statuary galleries of the Vatican it is impossible not to be deeply impressed with the wonderful humanity of the countless marble busts ranged apparently without classification or order on either side of the long, lofty apartments. These are unknown men and women of ancient Rome, by unknown artists—I mean unknown to their posterity; and many of them are astoundingly life-like. Modern portrait sculptors should inspect these marvellous busts, and take a lesson from artists two thousand years dead. Smiles, frowns, the curl of the lip, the bend of the brow, the wave in the

hair, nay, even the accidental excrescences so carefully subdued in stone portraits of our own age, were all fashioned into immortality by these ancient hewers of marble. Senators, poets, voluptuaries, centurions, courtesans, stand revealed by the cunning craft of the departed masters. Of all the art exhibitions in Rome, many of which are wearisome and below mediocrity, this one most pleased and interested me; and it is, I believe, worthier of careful attention and study than many acknowledged great works by men of renown. English art-students visiting Rome will do well to look out for a life-size Augustus and his Empress, dug up in the neighborhood of Rome some two-and-twenty years ago, and therefore *not* in guide-books or catalogues. They are perfect, if anything is.

Two years and four months after my hurried departure from the scene of the Tercentenary celebrations I was again despatched post-haste to Rome, in order to chronicle the proceedings of the Œcumenical Council convoked by Pius IX. for the express purpose of promulgating the dogma of Papal Infallibility Again I witnessed an influx into the Eternal City of patriarchs and archbishops, diocesed prelates and prelates *in partibus*—some of them old acquaintances, with whom I had dined in sacred colleges and strolled upon the Pincian during the merciless summer of 1867—from every quarter of the habitable globe. Again I foregathered with anecdotic Monsignori, who entertained me right royally at their apartments in the upper stories of the Vatican, and with jovial friars, who drank whiskey-punch and sang comic songs to my accompaniment in the studios of eminent Scottish and American artists. Again I witnessed ceremonies of extreme length and cloying gorgeousness, performed in glorification of the Holy Roman Church in general, and of its terrestrial head in particular. Of these "funzioni" the most remarkable in many respects—one, moreover, fraught with supreme interest to some two hundred and fifty millions of Roman Catholics—was that celebrated on the occasion of the solemn opening of the Œcumenical Council by the Sovereign Pontiff in person. Accordingly, I propose to give a faithful and detailed account of it in this chapter, as it was the prelude to the most momentous and most infelicitous act achieved by Pio Nono during his long and eventful occupancy of St. Peter's chair—an act that brought about a serious scission in the Roman Catholic Episcopacy, and led to many defections among those who, in France, Germany, Austria, and Italy itself, had theretofore been reckoned among the most devoted adherents to the Papacy.

A few statistics relative to the ecclesiastical *personnel* bidden by Pius IX. to the Œcumenical Council may not be void of interest to some of my readers. Twelve patriarchs headed the list—those of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem, Venice, West Indies, and Lisbon (Latin rite), of Antioch (Melchite rite), Antioch (Maronite), Antioch (Syrian), Babylon (Chaldean), and Cilicia (Armenian). The prelates of the orthodox Greek Church were also asked by special Papal letter, but refused to come, the Metropolitan of Chalcedonia greeting it, when presented to him, with the one word "Epistrefete!" (send it back). One hundred and thirty-two archbishops (Latin rite) and seven archbishops (Oriental) came next, followed by 651 bishops (Latin) and 63 (Oriental). The English Establishment was composed of an archbishop and twelve suffragans. Of these eight were already in Rome when I arrived there (including Dr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster), and two more, Dr. Amherst (Northampton) and Dr. Clifford (Clifton), were expected daily. Dr. Brown, Archbishop of Shrewsbury, was prevented by illness from obeying the summons addressed to him; in fact, he had received the last sacraments, and was *in extremis*. The Bishop of Caerleon and Newport was precluded by extreme old age from joining the Council. The Irish Establishment consisted of four archbishops (Dublin, Armagh, Cashel, and Tuam) and twenty-four bishops, most of whom put in an appearance early in November. In Scotland there is no Catholic hierarchy, but the ordinations and other diocesan work are performed by vicars-apostolic (bishops *in partibus*), of whom several, including Drs. Ranald, Macdonald, and Strain, joined the Œcumenical host. Fully one-third of the Council was made up of English or English-speaking bishops; there were 110 prelates belonging to Great Britain and our colonies, besides the United States bishops, who mustered very strong.

It was rather a singular coincidence, brought about partly by the Council, partly by the Roman season, that in December, 1869, there were two bishops of Buffalo in the Eternal City, coeval and coequal, except that one was alone, in grim celibacy, and the other was pleasantly accompanied by Mrs. Buffalo and a small herd of little Buffaloes. Dr. Cleveland Cox, whose epistolary rally with the Supreme Pontiff created such a sensation some time before the Council, was one of these episcopal Dromios; the other's name I have forgotten. By-the-way, the promoters or commissioners, as we should call them, of the Council were Messrs. Gian Battista de Dominicis-Tosti and Filippo Ralli; and the notaries—who had a good

deal of important business to transact—were Messrs. Pacifici, Colombo (good names these for ecclesiastical lawyers), Simeoni, Pericoli (anomalous nomenclature), Bartolini, Palottini, and Santi. The scrutators of votes were named Serafini, Naris, Pellegrini, Dialti, Cristofori, Montani, Du Falloux du Coudray, and Nina. There were, moreover, engaged in the internal discipline and "ordering" of the Council fifteen masters of ceremonies, and ten assigners of places, among whom I noticed our countryman, Edmund Stonor. He did not occupy a particularly distinguished office, nor were any Englishmen included among the higher officials of the Synod.

Before describing what I saw *meis oculis* on the morning of December 8, 1869, in the Basilica of St. Peter, I will take leave—as the ceremony then performed was not only a curious one, but had a special archæological as well as historical interest, being an exact reproduction of that organized three centuries previously for the inauguration of the Council of Trent—to subjoin a brief *resumé* (in translation from the Latin) of the official programme, which, I may observe, was carried out to the letter, accompanying this somewhat dry recital of facts by a few explanatory comments and interpolated ana.

On the morning, then, of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, at about 7.30 A.M., all the clergy of the Eternal City assembled and took their stand upon the Scala Regia of the Vatican, and under the portico, as well as in the body, of the Cathedral of St. Peter. At the same hour the cardinals, patriarchs, primates, archbishops, bishops, abbots exempt, and abbots-general, as well as the auditors of the Rota, clerks of the Chamber, writers to the Signet, and abbreviators, entered the Vatican by the staircase leading from the chief atrium of that palace to the library and museum. The cardinals arrayed themselves in their vestments in the apartment generally used by the Pontiff alone for that purpose; the patriarchs in a room contiguous, to which also the above-mentioned officials of the Council had access for the purpose of putting on their surplices. The primates, archbishops, bishops, and abbots assumed their copes and mitres in the Julian Gallery, adjacent to the Museum.

As the 8th was an anniversary specially dedicated to the Virgin, under whose patronage, moreover, the Pope had placed the Council, all the prelates of the Latin rite taking part in the ceremonies of the day wore vestments of pure white and linen mitres—white being one of the Virgin's colors, according to Roman traditions, as red is that of the Holy Ghost, violet that of penitence, and black of mourning. When all these gentlemen were clothed, they repaired to the chapel above the portico of St. Peter's, each cardinal followed by his train-bearer, there to await the coming of the Supreme Pontiff: the two senior deacons of the Sacred College, the Cardinal Chief Priest, two Prothonotaries Participant, and two writers to the Signet, entered the Pauline Chapel with the Papal vestments, the chapel in question being considered, *pro tempore*, as a sacristy. The apostolic sub-deacon brought in the Papal cross, and two more writers to the Signet bore candelabra—two bishops being told off to carry the bell and the book. The Pope having put on his holy vestments in the Pauline Chapel, and the Cardinal Chief Priest having placed incense in the thurible and boat prepared for that purpose, his Holiness donned cope and tiara, and entered the chapel above the portico, blessing the prelates as he passed between them. Arrived at the faldstool, he took off his tiara, knelt down and prayed; then, still kneeling, he intoned the hymn, "Veni Creator," which was taken up by the choristers, all on bended knees. After the first verse everybody rose; and the Pope, putting on his mitre, took his seat upon the faldstool, his doing so being the signal for the formation of the procession, in the following order: Two chamberlains extraordinary, two privy chaplains participant, two consistorial advocates, two commissioners—*promotores*—of the Council, two honorary ecclesiastical chamberlains, and two privy ecclesiastical chamberlains. All the singers or choristers, two abbreviators, and two scrutators of Suffrages. All the writers to the Signet, among whom two scrutators of Suffrages, two clerks of the Apostolical Chamber (also scrutators), two auditors of the Rota (scrutators), and the grand steward (*Magister Sacri Hospitii*), chaplain with regalia, privy chaplain with every-day mitre of the Pope, thurifer of Signet with thurible, and apostolic sub-deacon clothed in sacred vestments, bearing the Papal cross, between two acolytes of the Signet carrying candelabra; abbots general, abbots exempt, bishops, archbishops, primates, patriarchs, and cardinals (deacons, priests, and bishops), all *parati*, or arrayed in their gala costumes; the cardinals wearing damask silk mitres, the rest of the prelates wearing white linen mitres. To each cardinal was attached a priest and a train-bearer; to each other prelate a priest or chaplain wearing a cassock. The Cardinal Prior Presbyterorum came last in the company of cardinal priests; and at the door of the chapel every prelate put on his mitre. The chief senator, the conservators of Rome, and the nobles of the Papal Guard, a capped vice-

chamberlain on the right of Prince John Colonna and Prince Dominic Orsini, keepers (*custodes*) of the Council; two prothonotaries participant; a cardinal deacon, singing the "Evangelists," between two assistant cardinal deacons; two assistant masters of ceremonials to the Pope, the Supreme Pontiff, seated under a baldaquin, the poles of which were borne by referendaries of the Signet, and attended by two supernumerary privy chamberlains bearing fans; by the dean of the Rota, between two privy ecclesiastical chamberlains participant; by men-at-arms, mace-bearers, and eight chanters singing the abovementioned hymn, "Veni Creator;" the auditor and the treasurer of the apostolic chamber; four prothonotaries participant; the undersecretary of the Council and the prefect of the bedchamber; capped generals and vicars-general of orders or monastic congregations, not wearing mitres; generals and vicars-general of mendicant orders, all clothed in the garments of their orders; the officials of the Council. Last of all, after the officials, came the stenographers in cassocks. In this order the procession moved on to St. Peter's, at the principal entrance of which the Pope alighted, and proceeded to the high altar, where he was awaited by the cardinal deacon (celebrating mass, at which all the ministers and priests assisted), the dean, sub-dean, master of ceremonies, five acolytes, and three clerks of the chapel. Meanwhile the chaplains of the prelates, etc., took places in the chapel of Sts. Simon and Jude. The cardinals occupied the dais in front of the Papal throne. Arrived at the high altar, upon which the Holy of Holies was exposed, the Pope first took his seat upon the faldstool, then knelt down, removed his tiara, and prayed, and then, still kneeling, intoned the prayer, "Protector noster," invoking Divine aid.

On rising his Holiness intoned four other short prayers, which I forbear transcribing; after which he again knelt, and two choristers sang, "Exaudiat nos omnipotens et misericors Dominus, et custodiat nos semper, Amen." The Pope then blessed the prelates, and proceeded to the celebration of high mass in the usual form, with these exceptions, that the customary obeisances, as well as the sermon, "post Evangelium," were omitted, and that the cardinals did not make their "circulum," which I cannot translate otherwise than "grand round." After the termination of mass the clerks of the chapel set up a throne on the altar for the reception of the New Testament, which was placed thereon by the bishop-secretary of the Council (Monsignor Fessler), with uncovered head, all present rising to their feet. The procession then entered the council-room, in which an altar had been erected, as well as a Papal throne, and stalls in compartments of twelve for about six hundred and fifty bishops. All the prelates, etc., having taken their places, his Holiness celebrated mass with the Cardinal Doyen (poor old Mattei was represented on the occasion by a deputy); then the bishop-orator approached the Pontifical throne, holding his mitre in his hand, and having kissed the Pope's right knee, asked his indulgence, mounted the pulpit, and addressed the prelates in an appropriate sermon, at the end of which he published the indulgences. The Pope then rose and intoned the prayer commencing "Sit nomen Domini," the officiating cardinal descended from the altar, reciting the Gospel of St. John, and, having thrown off his ministrant robes, resumed his place among the other cardinals. Two bishops, with book and candle, then approached the Pontiff, who recited the Psalm "Quam dilecta," etc.; the assistant sub-dean brought in the sandals and shoon of State, which the Pope put on, as well as the rest of his pontifical vestments —mitre, cope, stole, dalmatic, pectoral cross, mozzetta, tunicle, subcinctory, etc., etc.— and then received the obeisance of all the Church dignitaries present, the cardinals kissing his hand, the patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops—first making a profound inclination to the throne—his right knee, standing, and the abbots—who seemed to be treated throughout the whole ceremonial in a somewhat contemptuous manner—his right foot, kneeling. The Pope, having taken off his tiara, knelt on the faldstool, and the prelates, every one in his stall; he alone then rose, and, "in a competent tone," according to the Latin programme—there was little fear but that his high, clear, tenor voice would make itself heard to the very remotest corner of the council-chamber—pronounced a prayer invoking the descent of the Holy Spirit.

Upon the conclusion of this prayer the cardinal assisting exclaimed, "Erigite vos," and everybody rose, whereupon the choir chanted, "Exaudi nos, Domine," after which all knelt again, and prayed in silence for a short time. Then, rising, the Pope intoned the prayer, "Mentes nostras, quæsumus Domine, Paraclitus," supplicating for all present illumination by the Holy Spirit. After that two choristers chanted the Litany of Saints. Then the Pope rising, with tiara on head, and holding in his left hand the cross instead of a pastoral staff, blessed the Synod thus: "Ut hanc Synodum sanctam, et omnes gradus ecclesiasticos benedicere digneris, te rogamus, Domine." The ordinary litanies were then recited, all kneeling, and the Pope

rose uttering a prayer that the Council might be preserved from hostile attack or intrusion, having concluded which, he resumed his tiara and throne — the prelates, etc., also seating themselves and putting on their mitres. A cardinal then invited him to kindle the incense in the boat or navicula—the dean took the Book from the altar, asked his Holiness's blessing, and sang "Munda cor meum," etc. —after which the Pope kissed the Book, and offered incense in the usual manner. All present being then seated, with their mitres on, the Supreme Pontiff, "in appropriate terms"—"congruis verbis"—addressed an exhortation to them, begging them to do their duties in the Council righteously and industriously, and then, taking off his tiara and kneeling on the faldstool, intoned the hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus," all the prelates, royal personages, diplomatists, and others present kneeling until the end of the first verse. The Pope then pronounced another short prayer, having reference to the coming deliberations, two chanters sang "Benedicamus Domino, Deo gratias," and the prefect of ceremonies, in a loud voice, ordered the exodus of every person not actually engaged in the functions of the Council, saying, "Exeant omnes locum non habentes in Concilio!" —whereupon all the chamberlains, chaplains, acolytes, train-bearers, clerks, etc., were obliged to clear out, and take refuge in the chapels of the Blessed Virgin and of St. Petronilla, where they awaited the close of the proceedings.

The bishop-secretary then ascended the tribune near the Pope, and read aloud the decrees hitherto promulgated respecting the Council, after which, uncovering his head, he asked the cardinals and other prelates whether they were content with such decrees, whereupon the scrutators, accompanied by notaries, took the votes — in the words "Placet" or "Non-placet"—from each reverend gentleman in succession, bishops and higher dignitaries pronouncing their votes sitting and covered, but the poor abbots and generals of orders, standing bareheaded, and with a genuflection towards the Pope. Having collected the votes, the tellers (*scrutatores*) conveyed the result of their labors to the Pontiff, who at once pronounced his supreme sentence in the following form: "Decreta modo lecta placuerunt omnibus Patribus, nemine dissentiente (or, if any should dissent, 'tot numero exceptis'). Nosque sacro approbante Concilio illa ita decernimus atque sancimus ut lecta sint." He then acquainted the prelates with the date fixed for the next Council, and, baring his head, intoned the "Te Deum Laudamus." Subsequently taking off his sacred garments and ornata, which he deposited on the altar, he put on a mozzetta and stole, and after making a short speech from the faldstool, rose, blessed the assembly, and retired. The bishops, etc., followed his example in disrobing, stowed away their gala vestments in places assigned to them for that purpose, and went home to dinner with, I should imagine, lupine appetites, considering that they had been compelled to fast rigidly for twenty-four hours before the opening of the Synod, and that the ceremonies in which they hungrily took part lasted from seven to eight hours, at least. I pitied some of my countrymen, who were by no means in the enjoyment of robust health, and who had to go through so terrible an ordeal at a trying season of the year; it was enough to impair even the iron constitution of the venerable Pontiff, tough by nature and seasoned to fatigue by long custom as he was.

For the subsequent meetings of the Council the following regulations were enacted: There was to be no procession; but the cardinals, bishops, etc., were before each "session" directed to betake themselves to St. Peter's, where, having worshipped the Holy of Holies, they were to put on vestments of a red color—unless otherwise commanded—and enter the Council-hall. On bended knees they were there to utter a short prayer before the cross, and then every man was to look for and occupy his own particular bench or stall (*subsellium*). The mass to be celebrated each day before going to work was not to be accompanied by the hymn "de Spiritu Sancto," nor by a sermon to the prelates, nor by obeisances to be rendered to the Supreme Pontiff. All the bills, amendments, motions, debates, and discussions were to be carried on in Latin; and the English, German, French, and Spanish bishops had been for some time drilling themselves into the pronunciation of that classic tongue, according to the prescriptions of the Italian alphabet. What a mess some of them made of it was, as Douglas Jerrold said of the baby, "more easily conceived than described." I was at a large party a few nights before the opening of the Council, to which foreign prelates of all nations had been invited, many of whom could not speak a word of one another's native languages, and I got among a few who, in sheer despair, had adopted the "lingua morta" as a medium of conversation. *Ai! ai!* what barbarous construction, and strange troubles with knotty participles and heavy-sterned ablative cases plural, rang in my ears! One or two Frenchmen, to whose remarks I listened with deep but concealed delight, dashed over the fences of syntax with admirable and characteristic noncha-

lance, knocking their concords about so recklessly, and making such humorous mouths over their open "u's," that one could have wished a stern Scotch pedagogue near them armed with a stout ferule and "pleins pouvoirs." At least one-third of their lordships was, to put it in the mildest form, shaky on its Latin pins; nor could it be expected that the oratory of the other two-thirds should be seductively Ciceronian. The Hungarian, German, and a few of the Roman bishops were the best Latinists of the lot; the rest, when they went in for speech-making of the genuine, ecclesiastical, long-winded pattern, ran something more than the risk of coming to hideous grief. Yet out of this nettle danger did we profane ones pluck the flower safety; that is, less figuratively, we were enabled to joyfully hope that the check to volubility, cunningly supplied by those who "ordered" the Council, in the shape of the dear old intricate dead language, would considerably abbreviate the session of Messeigneurs the Œcumenical Councillors. There was many a bold bishop in their ranks who would cheerfully and enthusiastically have talked a donkey's hind-leg off, had he been allowed to avail himself of his native idiom, but who thought twice of it before he attempted to stammer and gasp out a few incoherent sentences in a tongue with which he was colloquially unfamiliar.

Up to midnight of December 7, everything bade fair for the inauguration day of the great Council that was to define the Catholic faith, put down the spirit of revolution, annihilate schismatic and irreverent journalism (pleasantly characterized in the Pope's Bull of Intimation by the adjective "pestiferous"), quell and confound heresy, and convulse hell itself with horrid terror. The 5th, 6th, and 7th of December were bright, warm days. The Empress of Austria (under the alias of Countess von Hohenembs) had arrived safely in Rome; so had a long batch of tardy bishops—Monseigneur Dupanloup d'Orleans among the number. His Holiness had been satisfactorily, though by no means enthusiastically, greeted by his subjects during a "grand round" which he made in state on the afternoon of the 7th, from the Vatican to the Church of the Apostles, where he officiated, with much splendor, to a crowded congregation. The hotels were all full, the streets nearly dry, the composite fragrance of the Eternal City had been mitigated by a bracing breeze to something less than its customary vigor and insidiousness. All the omens were propitious. Inspired by a holy joy, throbbing with affection for its sovereign, and obedient to a strong hint conveyed to it by the vicariate, Rome illuminated on the Tuesday evening: it had seldom been my lot to contemplate a more dismal, half-hearted demonstration in the way of oil and colored glass than that presented by the Corso, Babuino, and the different Piazze, under the influence of the official stimulus. Most of the large palaces were beaded round one story only with green, red, and yellow globes, three or four yards intervening between every two "lampioni"—there was not a star, transparency, or device of gas-jets to be seen within the length and breadth of the whole city. However, nothing interfered with the consummation of this rejoicing, such as it was; the wind had lulled, the evening was peculiarly mild, and thousands upon thousands of loungers strolled up and down the principal thoroughfares, until the scanty dose of oil administered to the glass globes in question had been consumed. About ten o'clock the streets assumed their usual nocturnal aspect of desolation, and everybody went betimes to bed to snatch a few hours of repose and fortify himself against the fatigues of the following day. Hundreds of carriages and cabs were ordered at the dreadful hour of 5 A.M., and it was expected that the entrances to the cathedral would be beset even at an earlier hour by crowds of the faithful, determined, at any sacrifice of time and comfort, to secure good places for viewing the procession. All the ladies of my acquaintance in Rome had been in great distress of mind, because the usual accommodation provided for them at the great ecclesiastical shows by the Roman clergy (which was celebrated for its gallantry towards the sex) had been omitted on this occasion, the Pope having decided that the erection of galleries in the body of the basilica, while aiding to satisfy the curiosity of the few, was a serious obstacle to the enjoyment of the many. When the wives and daughters of the Roman nobles heard this, they raised a storm of protest and entreaty, which could be allayed only by the following judicious concession—that room should be, somehow or other, squeezed out for twenty of them in a corner of one of the galleries by the Council-hall, but that they must draw lots among themselves for these two-score places. The compromise was accepted, and at the drawing, which took place at the Palazzo Teano, no fewer than two "prizes" fell to the ladies of the Doria family. Foreign dames and damsels, however, having neither art nor part in this lottery (than which nothing could be more characteristic of Roman notions) were obliged to put their trust in early rising, and take their chance with the *hoi polloi*. Donning the black dress and veil *de rigueur*, therefore, they got up, as indeed we all did

that morning, by candlelight, and flocked in hundreds to the cathedral before the doors were opened but, alas! during the few hours of broken sleep that visited their eyelids, a melancholy change had come over the face of the heavens. Shortly after midnight the rain began to fall in a steady stream that increased towards daybreak to a very deluge, and when I drove down to St. Peter's at half-past six, nothing could be more dismal and dispiriting than the state of affairs out-of-doors.

It was still dark when I entered the basilica, which I found, comparatively speaking, empty, the few hundred ladies who had been beforehand with me being dispersed along either side of the double line, railed and guarded by troops, through which the procession was to pass from the portico to the Council-room. Romans there were next to none, the middle and lower classes of the Papal capital having a cat-like antipathy to getting wet; the sacristy itself, in which I had been requested to wait by a friendly chamberlain, was almost empty; and a profound silence reigned throughout the gigantic building, broken every now and then by the ringing of some fussy little bell from one of the many chapels in which early matins were being performed. I strolled up to have one last look at the Œcumenical Hall in its unoccupied state. The Papal throne at its farther end, the seven rows of benches, and the gilded altar near the entrance were rendered dimly visible by the dull gray light of incipient day, and the empty galleries on either side seemed like gaping black chasms of unfathomable depth. About seven o'clock an unintermittent torrent of spectators began to pour in and spread itself over the marble of the nave with marvellous rapidity, and by the time I was told off to my place by Monsignor Negrotti, who confided me to a captain of the Palatine Guard, and caused me to be so admirably posted that I was able to command a view of the procession as it moved up the nave, and of the Council-hall itself, the cathedral was thronged to suffocation. Indeed, so densely was the public packed together, and so oppressive the heat—not to mention a sort of mosaic of unpleasant smells, among which were distinguishable the mingled odors of garlic, damp cloth, boiling grease, and shoe-leather—that from time to time women's shrieks rang through the church, dominating the "cliquetis" of bayonets, the crash of musket-butts, the portentous hum that rises from a dense living mass, composed of, say, a hundred thousand human beings; and tiny currents forcing their way through the vast sea of heads filling the nave—all save a steel-fringed lane extending from the great entrance to the tomb of St. Peter—told us of fainting forms carried out to the open air by sheer physical strength. At eight I took possession of the place assigned me, but the procession, announced to commence at half-past, did not enter the cathedral till nearly ten. In the interim, however, there was much to occupy the attention and delight the eye. After the several battalions—Palatine Guards, Zouaves, and liners—intrusted with the inner discipline of the holy fane had taken up their respective positions, the Swiss Guard advanced towards the doors of the Council-chamber, looking thoroughly picturesque in their gala uniforms of black, red, and yellow, back and breast plates, and glittering halberds; then the choir, robed in purple and white, marched up to the left of St. Peter's statue, and, arranging their ranks, struck up the first strophe of "Veni Creator." The bronze ex-Jupiter, by-the-way, was arrayed in gorgeous vestments of cloth of gold, and crowned with a triple tiara that literally blazed with jewels—a curious costume in which to array a statue supposed to represent the humble fisherman. It was by far the most splendid object of the whole ceremony, though some of the Oriental prelates and a few of the ambassadors shone like humming-birds; but the contrast between its black face and its glowing garments was decidedly ludicrous. The choir was followed by an irregular force of royal personages, Roman ladies, ecclesiastics non-participant in the deliberations of the Council, secretaries of legation, mysterious swells in undefinable uniforms, and French staff-officers. The Grand-duke of Tuscany, *en grande tenue* as an Austrian general, was much admired by the crowd; and the scarlet with black velvet facings of some half-dozen imperial royal chamberlains seemed to be exceptionally popular among the ladies round me. Presently the report of cannon came faintly to our ears, and we could see the enormous gallery over the portico filling with dusky forms—the prelates gathering together to receive the Pope and form the procession. A few minutes more of breathless suspense ensued; then the great doors were thrown open, and the head of the cortège—consisting of Papal chaplains and chamberlains, consistorial advocates, incense and cross bearers—made its appearance, while the choir chanted another verse of its hymn with trebled power. Slowly, but in utter disorder, the cohort of ecclesiastical officials wandered up the nave towards us, followed immediately by the mitred abbots, generals of orders, bishops, and archbishops—the latter walking two by two, but at irregular in-

tervals and various paces. As a procession, the whole train failed to impress me; it was badly kept together, very monotonous and tiresome, and, probably in consequence of the narrowness of the path along which it advanced in very straggling form, wanting in grandeur and dignity. Most of the bishops, etc., were robed in white, their copes trimmed with orange-colored silk; but the Græco-Latin, Armenian, and Maronite prelates were arrayed in all the hues of the rainbow—blue and gold, green and gold, crimson, green and silver, lilac and gold, and so forth, rendering them prominent among their white-clad brethren. No distinctions, however, were observed in the *personnel* of the different rites; Roman and Armenian bishops marched along together in couples with agreeable incongruity. In rough numbers, about six hundred prelates took part in the procession, and occupied exactly twenty minutes in passing by the statue of St. Peter. At the entrance door every abbot, bishop, etc., took off his mitre, which he carried to the Council-room in his hand, the Host being exposed upon the high altar; and before turning into the hall every one made a reverential obeisance. Presently we perceived in the far distance the plumed baldaquin upon which his Holiness is carried on high days and holidays; but it stopped at the entrance. The Supreme Pontiff got down, and, attended by the members of the Sacred College, proceeded on foot up the nave, the soldiers presenting arms, and the populace bending the knee. Arrived at a small temporary altar erected some few yards in front of St. Peter's tomb, Pius the Ninth knelt down for a minute or two, and then, rising, intoned a long Latin prayer, the choir every now and then chanting a response. His Holiness looked exceedingly well and happy; his voice was as clear and tuneful as when I had last heard it, two years previously, and he had decidedly grown stouter within the same period. As soon as his short function had terminated he moved towards the hall, stepping slowly but firmly along with folded hands, and casting piercing glances on the by-standers nearest to him. Four officials—I cannot say of what rank—bore up his magnificent white robes, and the triple crown was carried on a velvet cushion before him.

Meanwhile the bishops had been ranging themselves along the green benches of the Council-chamber; and when his Holiness mounted the dais and sat down in the Papal throne they also assumed their seats. Preliminary prayer was then offered up by a cardinal, the Pope rising and kneeling, being crowned and uncrowned, alternately, for a few minutes, after which he appeared to take definitive possession of his throne, and gave the signal that the prelates should be covered by putting on his tiara, flashing with costly gems. This moment afforded the most striking spectacle of the whole ceremony: as if by word of command, the six hundred occupants of the Council benches put on their snow-white linen mitres, and, folding their hands, sat back in their luxurious stalls. They looked like rows of enormous white flowers, planted in curved beds of velvety green moss. Nothing could be more chaste and charming than the tableau presented by the Council at the hour of its opening session.

With the "procession" itself, as I have already stated, I was much disappointed, and I believe that the feeling was shared by a large majority of the spectators. It was wanting in grandeur, breadth, and order—it neither impressed the mind by its solemnity, nor gratified the eye by its symmetry, but was alike dull and unshapely. A Prussian officer of high rank, who is well known throughout Europe as an eminent art dilettante, whispered to me, as it straggled past us, "How much more effectively Taglioni would have put this upon the stage of our opera-house at Berlin!" And he was right. Considering what enormous practice the arrangers of similar spectacles had had in Rome in all kinds of clerico-theatrical pageants, and how desirable it was upon this occasion, considering the importance of the Œcumenical Assembly, to outdo in splendor all preceding pomps, it was really surprising that these gentlemen should not have turned out a better show. It may, perhaps, be advanced with justice, in mitigation of the unfavorable verdict generally pronounced upon the procession, that many of the bishops, who had arrived in Rome only a day or two before the ceremony, were necessarily backward in their drill; the fact being that really they had not had time to learn their movements, and had scarcely even been put through their facings. That this is true there can be no doubt, nor that it is difficult to march well and steadily without considerable training, and a band of music to define the time of your step. The bishops, unfortunately, had nothing whatever to steady them, but appeared to have been turned loose into the church with no further instructions than to get up to the Council-room as well as they could; they were not even sized or sorted—so that every now and then you saw a stalwart prelate of six feet two, and broad in proportion, striding along beside a thin little bishop some fourteen inches shorter than himself, who was compelled to go at a trot in order to keep up with his gigantic companion; or a blue and gold bishop with a flow-

ing beard had been told off to march with a white and orange bishop as hairless about the face as an egg; all which incongruities and harsh contrasts did but little credit to the genius presiding over the arrangement of the cortége. Even among the "supers," or non-ecclesiastical processionists, the only ones who kept pretty well together were the professional singers; the prothonotaries, referendaries, writers to the Signet, senators, abbreviators — I wondered whether their functions were in any way connected with the choir?—stenographers, etc., all scrambled along anyhow—some of them, like the famous Lord Sandwich, looking "as if they were trying to walk down both sides of the street at once." But the gravest error committed in the ordering of the pageant was that the path-way marked off through the nave of the church for the line of march, and kept clear by the military, was not half wide enough. Instead of affording ample space for the display of flowing robes and stiff capes, it had been narrowed to a minimum, so inconvenient that two stout bishops abreast could hardly keep their formation, and, walking with folded hands, as in duty bound, were so pushed for room that they brushed the presented muskets of the soldiers on either side with their elbows. *Où on se gêne, il n'y a pas de plaisir;* and the preoccupation of mind arising from being squeezed up in an alley of bayonets is incompatible with majesty of deportment. Many of the bishops, in consequence of this ill-conceived arrangement, cut rather an abashed figure, and were quite needlessly put out of countenance and conceit with their own appearance. Besides, they were all very hungry, and probably very sleepy; for the eve of the Immaculate Conception had been kept as a strict fast, and all the persons engaged in the procession must have been up at five o'clock in the morning; so it was no wonder that they did not look their best. Among them, however, were to be seen a few almost perfect types of venerable comeliness; I picked out about half a dozen Oriental prelates who, should other resources of emolument fail them, were excellently qualified to earn a handsome living as models of the Moses, King Lear, and Nestor classes. The benevolent looking but wily old impostor who used to stand in a drooping attitude daily on the steps of the Trinità del Monte, and whom every art student visiting Rome during the last century or two had drawn *à plusieur reprises*, would have found his income seriously curtailed had some of the patriarchs of the Œcumenical Council entered into competition with him in his peculiar line of business, and would probably, instead of feasting periodically—as I was informed, on authority, that he did—upon truffled woodcocks, washed down with supernacular Lachryma Christi, have had to come down to the roast hawk, stewed owl, and limp cabbage that are such favorite dishes with the impoverished descendants of the renowned Roman *gourmets*. There was one patriarch—of Antioch, I believe—who, in Sir John Gilbert's skilful hands, might with excellent effect have been turned into Priam, Rip Van Winkle—after the snooze on the Catskill — or a Welsh harper of the ideal sort; most of the real ones are Wesleyan to their very boots, and as unromantic in appearance as may be.

All these sages of the East—who, by-the-way, reminded one curiously of the Magi we see depicted in paintings of the infant Jesus in the manger—were most gorgeously apparelled in colored vestments stiff with gold lace and embroidery, and carried bulbous white shining crowns—I cannot call them mitres—also adorned with gilded devices of strange and fantastic fashion. As things of beauty they deserved "honorable mention," and indeed their wearers excited far more genuine admiration in the lookers-on than did their Roman Catholic colleagues. Princes Orsini and Colonna, in scarlet justaucorps slashed with gold, high ruffs, and scarlet tights, were also the subjects of favorable comment, as were some gentlemen, whom I took to be senators, in Elizabethan costumes of puffed black velvet slashed with black satin, white ruffs, black plumed hats, and lace ruffles. As bishops of political notoriety passed up the narrow lane, one could hear their names distinctly murmured by thousands of voices; Dupanloup, Claret, and Bonnechose, with one or two others, were hailed with a universal whisper that was all but an exclamation.

Respecting the last-named prelate I heard a curious anecdote, which I have good reason to believe was absolutely authentic. It appears that his Eminence—Cardinal Bishop of Rouen—called at the Vatican to pay his respects to the Pontiff a few days before the opening of the Infallibility Conclave, and was received by Pius IX. in private audience. After the customary greetings had been interchanged his Holiness asked, "What do they think about the Council in France?" To which Monseigneur de Bonnechose replied that it had awakened great hopes and anticipations. "That is very well," said the Pope; "but I wish for details. Give me details!" Being thus pressed, his Eminence answered, "Well, Santità, they look forward to great benefits from its deliberations." "What do they say, for instance, about the dogma of Infallibility?" "Upon that point

I cannot conceal from your Holiness that the present moment is, in France, deemed highly inopportune for the decretal of the dogma." At these courageous words the Pope rose from his seat, and, striking the table violently with his hand, exclaimed, "You never come here but you oppose me in everything! It was just the same with regard to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception! Whenever I wish to carry anything through, you are always against me! But I will prove to you that my will is strong enough to overcome all obstacles. I had my way then, and I will again now, in spite of opposition!" The cardinal endeavored to mollify his sovereign's irritation, but in vain; the Pope raised his voice in anger, and his Eminence craved permission to withdraw.

To return to the ceremony of December 8th, from which I have already too frequently digressed, I am bound to say that to me and many other of its lay spectators it was heavily fraught with disappointment—perhaps the more so because, for so many months previous to the opening of the Œcumenical Council, the Papal press organs had kept on the trumpet-stop without intermission respecting its coming splendor. Were I to transcribe some of the editorials and reports contained in the *Giornale di Roma* and the *Osservatore Romano* anent the very lame pageant I have attempted with all fairness to describe, my readers would gather therefrom that the world, since its population by mankind, had never witnessed so imposing, complete, gorgeous, significant, and overpowering a spectacle as that offered to it within the walls of St. Peter's, Rome, on December 8, 1869, at 10 o'clock A.M. I cannot conscientiously endorse the statements, any more than I can share the opinions, of the Roman press. The *coup d'œil* presented by the bishops seated in the Council-hall was striking, certainly; but the procession, to stare at which about a hundred and twenty thousand people put themselves to desperate inconvenience and no little suffering, was gaudy without being effective, and tiresome without being solemn—marshalled, conducted, and performed clumsily and in bad taste. There was nothing overpowering about it save the foul air that always encompasses a Roman crowd; nothing impressive save the cruel, cantankerous crush to which a great many persons of gentle breeding and condition were subjected—truly, through their own fault of over-curiosity—for hours by an "overwhelming majority" of the scowling, dirty, and in every way offensive proletaries of Rome and the surrounding Campagna. Gorgeous, truly, were the vestments arranged upon the senseless statue of the ex-Thunderer and Monarch of Olympus, promoted to canonization and the wicket of Paradise; so were the robes of the reigning Pontiff and of the Oriental prelates; so were the uniforms of the Diplomatic Corps, the Swiss Guard, and the Custodes Concilii; but, taken on its merits as a mere spectacle, got up to dazzle and delight the eye of the public, I consider that the procession was a complete—failure!

The Empress of Austria, who looked charming in her black robes and veil on the morning of the ceremony, paid a long visit to the Pope next day. Besides her Imperial Majesty, the ex-King of Naples, Counts and Countesses Trapani, Caserta, and Girgenti, the ex-Duke and Duchess of Parma, ex-Grand-duke of Tuscany, Queen of Würtemberg, ex-Duke and Duchess of Modena, Marquis of Bute, Earl of Denbigh, General Dumont, etc., witnessed the inaugural ceremony.

Among the ana of the opening day deserving particular mention were one or two curious details connected with the distribution of reserved places in the tribunes constructed on either side of the Council-hall for the accommodation of royal personages and diplomatic functionaries. It appears that M. de Banneville, the French ambassador, was intrusted, as *doyen* of the Corps Diplomatique—a position which he held, although a recent arrival in Rome, through a somewhat remarkable concatenation of circumstances—by the competent Papal authority with the issuing of tickets to his colleagues and their subordinates for the latter of the two galleries.

My readers are probably aware that Russia and England, although they do not maintain embassies or legations at the Pontifical Court, are virtually represented in Rome by gentlemen of distinguished character and position in their respective services. To every Englishman who visited the Eternal City during the years 1866, '7, '8 and '9, the sight or sound of Mr. Odo Russell's name cannot fail to bring back a host of pleasant and grateful memories; few British diplomatists won more respect for their high talents, or more affection for their genuine amiability and graceful courtesy, than did that accomplished and kindly gentleman, as well from foreigners among whom his lot was cast as from his own compatriots. Now, up to within a day or two of December 8, 1869, neither the Russian nor the English "incaricato" had received any invitation to the diplomatic gallery; and, as the day of inauguration drew nearer and nearer, those diplomatists naturally experienced some astonishment at the neglect manifested *à leur adresse*, especially as they found that the *personnel* of all the

embassies, legations, etc., had received tickets betimes. Applying for information to his Eminence the Cardinal Antonelli, they were told that M. de Banneville had been requested to distribute the cards of admission, and were referred to that gentleman; who, however, upon being requested to allot them places, politely but decidedly refused to do so. Russia and England, excluded by France from the diplomatic tribune, were consequently obliged to take their chance in the tremendous crowd of December 8th, with the odoriferous *contadini* of the Campagna and the social lees of Rome—who knows, perhaps with some choice specimens of the truculent indigenous brigand, just then in full bloom throughout the neighboring country. Mr. Russell made an attempt to see the show, but Lady Emily Russell, who accompanied him, and to whom M. de Banneville's gallant prohibition extended, was compelled, by the violence of the crush and intensity of the heat, to withdraw from the church ere the procession entered it, and was, by the courtesy of a Roman soldier, permitted to pass out through the double line of guards, while Mr. Russell himself was swept from his feet in his efforts to reach the door, and first touched ground in the portico, after having been carried along by the current for some fifty yards or so. What became of the Russian official was for many hours a matter of uncertainty—to himself, I believe, as entirely as to the rest of the parboiled, semi-suffocated, wholly-squeezed-out-of-shape sufferers who were pent up within the walls of St. Peter's on that very miserable morning. The Marquis de Banneville, meeting Mr. Odo Russell the day after the ceremony, thought fit to express with much fervor his grief and *désespoir* at having been compelled to return so apparently ungracious a reply to his request. Our accomplished representative simply observed, apropos of the Frenchman's profuse apologies, "But, M. le Marquis, your Excellency, representing the Eldest Daughter of the Holy Roman Church, was perfectly right and altogether justified in excluding heresy and schism from the inauguration of the Council!" Parenthetically, I may remark that dozens of persons, unprovided with tickets, and altogether forlorn of claims to distinction, obtained entrance, as usual on these occasions, to the gallery in question by simply presenting themselves in uniform. So much for the French ambassador's rigorous adherence to his programme!

The Council brought strange visitors to Rome; among others, a number of Squadriglieri, or irregular (volunteer!) troops, employed by the Pope for the special hunting down and bringing to justice of brigands. Report averred that these Papal thief-catchers were principally recruited from the ranks of the broken-down bandits who had failed to make a good thing of their profession—I suppose, on the homœopathic principle of "Similia similibus curantur"—they certainly looked as ruffianly as if they had been still daily engaged in the pursuit of their former avocations. If these Fra Diavolo-hatted, sandalled, and leather-legged gentry were really of any use in checking brigandage (which I cannot help doubting), it was a pity that they were not kept to their work outside the city walls, instead of being indulged in holiday-making by reason of the Œcumenical Council. With Mr. Sinimberghi—shot down in the last week of November, 1869, by a bandit only five miles from Rome—lying between life and death a few hundred yards from the fane of St. Peter—he succumbed to his wounds within a week of the Council's "opening day"—it struck me that more useful employment might have been found for the *Squadriglieri Papalini* than lounging about the Corso, and exhibiting their villanous countenances in all the show-places of the Eternal City.

It is a curious fact that, while Romans of the middle class are, as a rule, utter unbelievers in anything revealed or taught, so far as religion is concerned, they are, in a pagan sort of way, exceedingly superstitious. For example, they regarded Pius IX. as a *jettatore*, and entertained the strongest aversion to being by accident exposed to the baneful influence of his "mal'occhio." Countless instances of this strange prejudice came under my own notice. On several occasions I was driving or walking with Roman ladies, orthodox and observant Catholics, at times when his Holiness was abroad; from afar we caught a glimpse of his escort, and my companions hurriedly turned into a side street, or executed a precipitate *volte-face*, in order to avoid coming under his eye and incurring the dreaded *jettatura*. It was the foreigners who waylaid him, and hustled one another for front places as he passed—who knelt down in the dirt to solicit the apostolic benediction. Romans shrunk away into shops, *vicoli*, and archways, and avoided St. Peter's on grand ceremony days as they would have shunned a fever-teeming lazaretto. Early in February, 1870, a copy of an Italian paper, containing a laboriously compiled list of persons and enterprises that had come to grief within the previous twenty-four years through the mysterious agency of the Pontiff's evil eye, was smuggled into Rome, and went the round of certain coteries with extraordinary swiftness. But the oddest feature of this absurd and barbarous superstition, as ridiculously out of

keeping with the enlightenment of the nineteenth century as the dogma of infallibility itself, was that, because the Pope was popularly credited in Rome with the original authorship of the Œcumenical Council, the Council itself was invested by many people of education and intelligence with the baleful attributes already commonly ascribed to the Holy Father. Nothing could be more painfully ludicrous than to hear gentlemen of good parts gravely asserting, for instance—as I heard more than once during the spring of 1870—that the abominable weather we had been suffering under ever since the last week of the previous October, the unusual amount of sickness, and the foggy season, about which artists, tradesmen, and hotel-keepers had grumbled incessantly, had all been owing to and directly caused by the Œcumenical Council. It was as though the inhabitants of Brighton should complain that a long series of heavy gales, and a falling off in the number of excursion trains, were grievances inflicted upon them by Mr. Kuhe's series of concerts! There was, however, a grim quaintness in the circumstance that the Pope, who claimed spiritual supremacy over two hundred and fifty millions of human souls, should have been looked upon by his own immediate subjects as a supernatural influence, gifted with the involuntary power of blighting everybody within his ken; and that the Council, the very summoning together of which was recognized by Christianity in all parts of the habitable globe as the most important event of modern times, should have been regarded in the seat of its convocation chiefly as something that unfavorably affected the weather, spoiled the season, and brought bad luck to the Eternal City.

Assuredly the Council was for the time being the Roman scapegoat, and many crimes were charged to its account of which I, for one, held it entirely guiltless; but that it made a great change in the appearance of the venerable Pope I could not but observe. Within three months his Holiness aged *à vue d'œil;* in March, 1870, he looked twenty years older than he did in the trying summer of 1867, after the tremendous fatigues of the ceremonies in which he took so leading a part on the Centenary of Sts. Peter and Paul. I had an opportunity, when received by him for the second and third times in special audience, of contemplating him for several minutes at the distance of a few feet, and was much impressed by the alteration in his aspect and bearing. The lines in his face, especially at the corners of the mouth, were visibly deepened; he had lost flesh, and the expression of his countenance, which used to be so cheerful and kindly, was become sad and careworn. Two years before the Council, one would have taken him for an unusually vigorous sexagenarian; at its close he looked even older than he really was, though then approaching his seventy-ninth year.

Before closing this chapter—alas! already much longer than I intended it to be when I commenced it—let me record one of Pius IX.'s many *bons-mots*, of which, as it was addressed to myself, I can guarantee the authenticity. It aptly illustrates the quaint but harmless humorousness that was one of his most agreeable conversational characteristics. As a matter of fact, the venerable Pontiff dearly loved a joke—especially one of his own making—and seldom missed an opportunity of "placing" a play upon words, such as a waggish ecclesiastic might father without compromising his reputation for piety and decorum.

I have already mentioned that my first audience of his Holiness came off in a small second-floor room of the Vatican, in which, displayed upon a marble console, was the silver model of a full-rigged ship, its hold filled with goodly golden coins, presented to Pio Nono by the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the Philadelphia diocese. The conversation happening to turn upon the gifts received by his Holiness from the "faithful" in foreign parts, the Pope called my attention to this particular offering, and, lifting it an inch or two from its stand in both hands, the while his clear gray eyes seemed to me to twinkle with a comic appreciation of what is familiarly termed "the main chance," observed: "Vedi pure, che non è vapore!" (You can see that it is not a steamboat.) But the noun "vapore" means smoke as well as a steamer; and the Pope's mild pun was obviously intended to point out to me that the Philadelphian gift was a solid one, worth a good deal of money, and by no means liable to evaporate or vanish into thin air.

On the morning after the proclamation of Papal Infallibility by the Œcumenical Council of 1869–70, the following scathing *quatrain* was affixed to the great door of St. Peter's, and to several entrances of churches and public buildings in Rome:

"Quando Eva morse e diede a morder' il pomo,
Per liberare l'uomo, Iddio si fece uomo.
Il suo Vicario in terra, il nono Pio,
Per inschiavare l'uomo, si fa Dio!"

CHAPTER X.

Two Kings of Italy.—Victor Emmanuel, "Il Rè Galantuomo."—Marriage of Humbert and Margaret.—Nuptial Festivities in Turin, Florence, and Genoa.—"Il Rè Cavalleresco."—The "Pearl of Savoy."—Lucky Italy.

When I was presented to King Victor Emmanuel, a little more than twenty-one years ago, it seemed to me that I had never theretofore set eyes upon a man—prince or peasant, philanthropist or malefactor—of so forbidding an appearance. The sovereign whom twenty millions of Italians unanimously agreed to distinguish from all other kings, present and past, by bestowing upon him the sobriquet of "Il Rè Galantuomo"—"King Honest-Man"—the supreme patriot, valiant warrior, sagacious statesman, and chivalrous gentleman, who did more in his own proper person, as history will some day prove, to emancipate and unite Italy than Mazzini, Cavour, and Garibaldi put together, was uncomely to the verge of positive ugliness. His features were rough-hewn; his eyes were small and singularly piercing; when his face was in repose his expression was steadfastly fierce; his figure was clumsily bulky; his manner was so abrupt as to be extremely disconcerting to persons lacking self-possession, or ungifted by nature with strong and steady nerves. I had, however, been prepared for his peculiarities of aspect and bearing, and they did not, consequently, distract me from the purpose I had had in view when I sought audience of his Majesty. He received me with stern politeness, which, after I had conversed with him for a few minutes, relaxed into a sort of bluff cordiality, emboldening me to speak much more frankly to the King on the topic which at that moment exclusively engrossed the attention of Italy than I had hoped to do when I entered the Pitti Palace. This, my first interview with Victor Emmanuel, took place during the last week of October, 1867. A few days earlier in the month Garibaldi, having escaped from Caprera, where he had been interned under guard of six ships of war, had actually been in Florence, whence he had departed for the Papal frontier on the abortive expedition that came to so dismal an end at Mentana on November 3d. His appearance in the Italian capital, unhindered oratory at the railway-station, and impetuous commencement of an enterprise which had for its avowed object the emancipation of the Roman States from Papal domination, and their annexation to the kingdom of Italy, had brought down such a storm of indignant rebuke and insolent menace, emanating from the Tuileries, upon the head of King Victor, that the bold but astute patriot-monarch—whose chief political adviser for the moment was Urbano Rattazzi—was extremely perplexed as to the course he should pursue. On the one hand, popular excitement was so tremendous in Italy that, by suppressing the expedition and causing Garibaldi to be arrested, the King well knew that he would bring about a revolution and risk his throne. On the other, he was threatened by France, in the plainest of terms, with a declaration of war if he failed to adhere strictly, in the spirit as well as the letter, to the confidential engagements he had entered into towards Napoleon III. Those were days of terrible anxiety, hesitation, and suspense for King Victor, whose heart was with the Liberator, while his judgment forbade him to imperil the safety of Italy by countenancing a rash and premature enterprise. The defeat and rout of the Garibaldini at Mentana extricated him from the hideous embarrassments in which he was involved when I was admitted to his presence, and when, to my surprise, he deigned to answer several of the questions I had been instructed to address to him. As he prefaced his replies by observing, "You will be good enough to consider all that I say to you in the light of a private communication, to be utilized for your guidance as a journalist, but not on any account to be made public as coming from me," I have never published the text of the conversation in question; nor do I propose to do so now, although the Honest King, alas! is no more. Suffice it to say that he made the situation perfectly clear to me in a few minutes, and that every word he uttered was to the purpose. I never heard any man—not even the great Bismarck himself—speak more pregnantly, concisely, and lucidly than Victor Emmanuel. His *aperçus* were marvellously luminous, and no less marvellously succinct. In short, stertorously delivered sentences he imparted to me more facts in a quarter of an hour than I had been able to elicit from ministers, deputies, and members of the Garibaldian committees during three days' eager questioning and painstaking investigation. Before taking my leave I told the King, "franchise pour franchise," that I

was under orders to get into Rome by hook or by crook, and to see out the siege—if siege there were to be—within its walls. He shook hands with me very warmly, and said, "*Bonne chance!* I am glad you are not going to poor Garibaldi's headquarters, for I foresee a catastrophe which, as the devil will have it, I can do nothing to avert. Don't get shot by the Papalini, who are as likely to damage their friends as their enemies. Once more, good-luck; if you come back to Florence I shall be glad to see you."

Though I do not consider myself justified in repeating what the King told me about the political situation on the above occasion, I shall be guilty of no indiscretion in disclosing a singularly interesting anecdote of his Majesty, related to me by Urbano Rattazzi just before I left Florence, and throwing a curious light on the secret "transaction" by which Garibaldi's departure from the Italian capital, on the afternoon of October 22, 1867, for the Papal frontier, was facilitated by Victor Emmanuel without compromising himself or his Government. As soon as the Chief of Police was informed of the Liberator's presence in Florence, he applied to Rattazzi (still provisionally at the head of public affairs) for instructions, inquiring whether the general were to be arrested or not. Rattazzi replied that, "having resigned office, he could not undertake the responsibility of so grave a political act as the rearrest of Garibaldi would be; Signor —— had better ask Cialdini." Accordingly to Cialdini went the Chef de Police; but Cialdini told him that "he had not yet succeeded in forming a cabinet, and that he really could not undertake," etc. In despair, the perplexed official drove to the Pitti, and requested an audience of the King, which was immediately granted to him. He stated the case, and humbly begged that his Majesty would instruct him in his duty; whereupon Victor Emmanuel drew his cigar-case from his pocket, looking fixedly the while at his interlocutor, selected his cigar, lit it, and turned to an open window, out of which he proceeded to lean and smoke vigorously, not having uttered a word during the whole interview. The Chief of Police waited respectfully for nearly ten minutes, I presume under the idea that his Majesty was excogitating the answer to be given; at the expiration of which time he ventured to renew his inquiry. As, however, the royal silence was unbroken by a single syllable, and the King did not even turn his head, but continued gazing at space and pulling at his weed, the puzzled functionary withdrew, and Garibaldi was let alone. Although the King steadfastly abstained from interfering with the Liberator's movements, his Majesty — who was always on excellent private terms with the Pontiff, though the latter publicly cursed him and his people—kept up a friendly correspondence with Pius IX. throughout the sensational events of 1867, and the Pope derived much of the cheerfulness and firmness he manifested during the state of siege from the comforting assurances which he constantly received from the Rè Galantuomo.

During the year following the reoccupation of Rome by the troops of Imperial France, as well as in the autumn of 1869 and spring of 1870, I was frequently privileged to see and speak with King Victor Emmanuel, from whom, at one time and another, I received many personal kindnesses and marks of consideration. It was not my good-fortune to witness the paramount event that crowned the labors of his life by completing the unity of Italy, with the Eternal City for her capital. I have never, indeed, set foot in Rome since it ceased to be Papal and became Italian; but two opportunities were afforded to me of paying my respects to the Honest King after he had fulfilled his stupendous task; to wit, in Berlin and Vienna, when his Majesty visited those capitals in the summer of 1873. On both occasions he was pleased to receive me as an old acquaintance and welcome visitor. Again, and for the last time, I had audience of him in the late autumn of 1875, at Milan, during the visit paid to him there by the German Emperor—an episode to which detailed reference has been made in a previous chapter of this book. Twelve years have elapsed since I took leave of that truly great man, never to see him again in life or death. But he is present to my mind's eye while I write these lines; and the admiration, respect, and gratitude with which he inspired me will endure undiminished to the end of my days.

To Humbert of Savoy, the actual King of Italy, I was presented at Turin, three days before his marriage to his first cousin Margaret, only daughter of the late and sister of the present Duke of Genoa. The Prince of Piedmont, as he was at that time, honored me by personally presenting me to his beautiful consort at the state ball given during the nuptial festivities, of which I subjoin a few word-sketches, hurriedly set down upon paper between the ceremonies and entertainments they inadequately attempt to describe. The national rejoicings here recorded lasted for the better part of a month, and were celebrated in different parts of the Peninsula, commencing at Turin and terminating at Naples. My chronicle of them, however, came to a full stop at Genoa, whence I was suddenly summoned by my employers to undertake a fresh mission in another part of

Europe. It was in the Piedmontese capital, and on April 16, 1868, that my onerous task began.

Several Continental cities of my acquaintance are gifted with the quality of elasticity; in the matter of accommodation they are something like Houdin's famous bottle—"Quand il n'y en a plus, il y en a encore;" but Turin cometh not under this category. It is easily filled, and, once full, refuses to expand in that genially uncomfortable manner which comes so naturally to a South German capital, or to the City of the Seven Hills. The process of filling Turin took place by anticipation about three weeks before the royal marriage, when every available chamber in every known hotel was disposed of to the mighty or the astute; and great was the tribulation of those happy-go-lucky sight-seers who streamed into the Piedmontese capital at the eleventh hour, apparently believing that money had the power of developing apartments in indefinite number, or that the greed of gain would induce the good Turinese to turn their houses inside out for the sake of the stranger. Now, it happens that the Turinese are by nature at once reserved and stubborn. On the occasion in question they had made up their minds, for more than one reason, not to put themselves out of the way on account of the marriage; and so it came to pass that the late arrivals, or at least those who put their trust in Providence and a well-stuffed note-case, were in a fair way of being compelled to put up at the "Hotel of the Moon." Luckily, the weather was delightful, and arcades were plentiful; a keen little wind from the Alps blew at night, but only for a few hours at a stretch, and the resplendent *gendarmerie* of Italy, though incorruptible by daylight, was amenable to reason in darkness. It may be a matter of surprise to some of my readers familiar with Italian characteristics and cognizant of the fact that a keen appreciation of the main chance is one of them, that the Turinese should have sheltered themselves for the nonce under the umbrella of indifference from the golden shower eager to pour itself into their pockets; it must be recollected, however, that not only were affairs going very badly indeed just then in the Peninsula, but that the hero of the approaching ceremony was at that time no favorite in his royal father's ancient kingdom. As the chief city of Piedmont, Turin did wonders, *par amour propre*, to ornament and glorify the celebration of the royal nuptials; individually, its inhabitants were in a frame of mind as uncongenial to pageantry and festivities as may well be imagined.

So far as the preparations for the fêtes were *concerned, I can only* say that when I arrived in Turin, five days before the nuptial ceremony, they were in a very unfinished and transitory state. The huge wooden and linen amphitheatre (*Carrousel*), erected for the performance of knightly exercises, upon which more than £4000 had been expended, was as unsightly as it was commodious. On the morning of April 18th the gentlemen who had volunteered to play at mediæval chivalry were going through their facings in the ring, despite the uproar of a thousand hammers, and furnished sweet promise of abundant hilarity (on the part of the audience) for the following Friday. Some of the great names of the Piedmontese *noblesse*—such as Balbo, Olivieri, etc. — were not to be found in the list of the "Quadriglia" elect; but it must be admitted that a good many of the cavaliers, whose feats in the circus were destined to astonish their friends on the 24th, were gentlemen of good family and illustrious lineage—*e. g.*, La Marmora, De Villanova, Bertone di Sambuy, Crotti di Costigliole, Litta (Lombardy), Mirafiori (King Victor's natural son), Ponza di San Martino, Scotti-Douglas, De Angelis, and others. One only wondered how they could consent to make such an exhibition of themselves. The Piedmontese fêtes lasted a whole week, and were repeated, with but little variation, at Florence. The following was the programme for Turin:

Sunday, 19th, amateur performance at the Carignano Theatre; Monday, 20th, illuminations, festival of masks at the Victor Emmanuel Theatre; Tuesday, 21st, races in the Place d'Armes; Wednesday, 22d, the marriage, *théâtre paré* at the Royal Opera-house, military music on all the Piazze; Thursday, 23d, fête in the gardens of the King's palace, public ball given by the Philharmonic Academy; Friday, 24th (Carrousel), hippic games and sports of chivalry, tombola, or lottery, tickets gratis, Court ball; Saturday, 25th, races, public ball in the amphitheatre constructed on the Piazza Carlo Emmanuele II., festival of masks at the Teatro d'Angennes; Sunday, 26th, grand review of the troops, processions through the streets of Po and Doragrossa, fireworks on the Place d'Armes.

Besides the entertainments announced in the official programme, there was a host of other pastimes for the people; the museums, galleries of art, etc., were thrown open, and an enormous quantity of bread was distributed to the poor. Fortunately, pleasure devourers have strong digestions—a fact pertinently illustrated by the performances at the Turin Opera-house. On the evening of April 16th they commenced at 7 P.M., and when I was strolling along the Portici della Fiera, at a quarter to two, on my way homeward

from the club, they had not terminated! Next evening the bills announced "Gran Riposo." I should think so, after such an innings—nearly seven hours of "Le Pardon de Plöermel," interlaid with immense ballets!

I was favored on the 17th with a private view of the royal gifts to the bride, which were indeed magnificent, and, above all, tasteful. Besides *parures* of diamonds, emeralds, and brilliants, and all sorts of marvels in precious stones, there was a plain necklace of Neapolitan coral, worthy of Venus Anadyomene, and to be coveted by queens—merely round pale rose-colored beads, strung on elastic, but worth sixty thousand francs! The chief *parure* of brilliants cost one million three hundred thousand lire, and that of emeralds and brilliants but little less. Besides these and a host of family gifts, Marguerite of Savoy received a golden casket, richly chased and enamelled, from the town of Turin, for which the municipality paid £4000. Florence, Venice, Naples, Milan, and other cities of "United" Italy, made nuptial offerings to the fair young bride. The laces and robes of the trousseau were splendid beyond description.

The Queen of Portugal (Maria Pia of Savoy), Princess Maria Clotilde Napoleon, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and Prince Napoleon had announced their intention to be present at the marriage ceremony. The visit of Prince Frederick William was a spontaneous act of courtesy towards Prince Humbert, the King not having invited any royal personages, save the members of his own family, to witness his son's wedding. Indeed, his Majesty, beyond the giving of costly presents, scarcely manifested any interest in the whole affair—certainly not so much as in a previous "happy event" by which the Marquis Spinola was endowed with a handsome bride (the Honest King's natural daughter) and a princely fortune. The celebration of the nuptials in question within a few days of the marriage of Humbert and Marguerite excited universal comment, and cannot, I fancy, have been very pleasant to the feelings of the Prince of Piedmont. On April 18th and 19th the embassies arrived from Florence in two diplomatic trains, and remained in Turin until the end of the following week. The city was already crowded on the 18th, and the evening lounge under the great arcades, Portici della Fiera and del Po, was as hard to get through as Cheapside on Lord-mayor's day.

The prettiest event of the week's rejoicings was to have come off on Monday, the 20th, evening—namely, the illuminations; but it pleased the Powers above to will otherwise, and to substitute natural and extensive water-works for the display of gas, colored lamps, and electric lights arranged by the secular authorities of Turin. The weather, which, during the whole of the foregoing week, had been bright, clear, and breezy, turned sour and gloomy on Sunday afternoon, an hour before the commencement of the "academy," as it is the fashion to call a concert in Italy; the rain-clouds that had been creeping towards Turin from the Alps all day gave forth their cold contents in a straight, downright fashion that quickly drove everybody into the arcades. I verily believe that several persons were induced to attend the academy in question, to which no one meant to go except those who were obliged to follow the Court, by the sheer impossibility of performing their usual evening lounge round the Portici della Fiera. *Au reste*, a musical friend of mine, one of the Duke d'Aosta's aides-de-camp, gave me a mournful account of the amateur entertainment at which the princes of the House of Savoy spent three weary hours on Sunday evening; "the only difference between the audience and the performers was that the former yawned silently and the latter yawned out of tune." But amateur concerts, dull enough everywhere, are awful inflictions in Italy, where they would never be endured by a public gifted with a peculiarly sensitive ear were it not that those who perpetrate them do so under the cloak of a charitable purpose, and that charity covers a multitude of sins. All the officers and officials *de service*, who had been unwillingly compelled to undergo the beneficent dissonances of the Teatro Carignano, poured into the club about 11 P.M., in an advanced stage of depression. Some cheered their broken spirits with bézique, a game that had just at that time taken deep root in the best Piedmontese society; some plunged into billiard "bowls," an ingenious contrivance in the guise of pastime for the slow but sure destruction of bed and cushions; others went in for diplomatic conversation, plentiful and good, for the two political trains had come in; but nobody (and there could not be a more convincing proof of Italian sobriety) took to drink!

On April 20th, at two o'clock, the Crown Prince of Prussia, who, barring a small stoppage in the Brenner Pass—a baby avalanche blocked the line for a few hours—had had a delightful journey as far as Milan, where the bad weather caught him, arrived in Turin, and was received at the station by the brethren princes, General Humbert, and Admiral Amadeus. The whole of his Royal Highness's transit through Lombardy and Pied

mont was one great ovation; at Vienna and Milan, especially, the crowds assembled to gaze at the victor of Königgrätz gave him a most enthusiastic reception, the popular cry being "Evviva il vincitor degl'Austriaci!" The prince stayed for a couple of hours at Milan, went over the cathedral, with which he expressed himself greatly delighted, and

HUMBERT, OF ITALY (AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE).

was duly mobbed by the kindly Milanese in the Galeria Vittorio Emmanuele, grandest of European lounges. Our princess did not accompany her gallant husband, who looked the very incarnation of manliness, good health, and good spirits. The royal party drove straight from the station to the King's palace, where they stayed for half an hour, and thence to the splendid quarters assigned to the Crown Prince, who had hardly time to inspect his apartments before the King returned his visit in state. I have seldom seen better turn-outs than those of his Majesty and the Crown Prince—liveries, scarlet and silver; horses, bright bay, admirably matched, and quite faultless in points and appointments. After leaving his august guest, the King paid a visit, accompanied by both his sons and the Prince of Carignano, to the Exhibition of National Industry. His Majesty looked wonderfully well, and was deeply tanned by the sun; he sprang out of his carriage at the door

of the exhibition with the activity of a boy, and, though somewhat stouter than when I had last seen him, a year previously, seemed to be as vigorous as ever. Prince Humbert had much improved in personal appearance, and looked every inch a soldier—a thought too stern, perhaps, for the *salon*, but a worthy scion of the warrior race that has given and taken so many hard knocks during the last few centuries. Prince Amadeus also had the light of battle in his eye, but I cannot say that his admiral's uniform became him, and I should fancy him more thoroughly at home in the saddle than on the quarter-deck. His fitness for the maritime vocation was, so at least I was assured by a member of the household, about on a par with that of the Archduke Leopold, whilom commander-in-chief of the Austrian fleet, who was very much puzzled, the first time he inspected the imperial squadron at Pola, to understand what the officer seated behind him in the state barge was doing with the steering-lines. Prince Amadeus had, I believe, commanded a pleasure excursion on the Po successfully, but was not generally

MARGUERITE, OF ITALY.

"as well as might be expected" on the sad sea wave.

Later on in the day Prince Napoleon was received with similar honors, and the list of royal visitors was completed, the Prince of Saxony having telegraphed to say he was "indisposed," and the Archduke Louis Victor having also sent an excuse. Some peo-

ple said that his Imperial Highness could not make up his mind to meet the hero of the great Bohemian campaign. As a matter of fact, there were positively no invitations to the wedding issued out of the immediate domestic circle of the King. Prince Frederick William spontaneously offered to come, during Prince Humbert's visit to Berlin, and any of the Habsburg-Lorraine cousins of the House of Savoy would have been made welcome had they dropped in; but the marriage was essentially an Italian, nay, a family affair, and it was the King's wish to keep it so.

On the eve of the royal wedding rain, wind, clouds, and cold had disappeared, as if by magic, and under a fierce sun and a deep blue sky, in an amphitheatre of Alps, the first day's racing came off with great *éclat*. All the members of the royal family and its visitors attended; so that what with the suite, the Corps Diplomatique, and the followings of the French and Prussian princes, the royal pavilion was crowded to inconvenience. I had the happiness of being sufficiently near the Princess Marguerite to admire at leisure her rare and delicate beauty, which had a strong German *cachet*, refined, however, by a regularity of feature seldom to be seen in a thoroughly Teutonic face. The future Queen of Italy was dazzlingly fair, with a profusion of golden hair, and large violet blue eyes; a little above the middle height, slender, and very gracefully formed. She was dressed that afternoon in dark blue silk, with a white bonnet; the Duchess of Genoa in lilac silk; the Princess Clotilde in pink; and the Queen of Portugal in pale green, a color singularly ill-chosen for a person in very delicate health. All the gentlemen, save the Prince of Prussia, were in full morning suits of black. The racing was indifferent enough, but the company excellent. I noticed two capital drags: one, dark, with bays, belonging to the Duke d'Aosta, and laden with aides-de-camp in mufti; the other, owned and driven by Cavaliere Stella, a bright yellow coach picked out with black, and four as handsome bright bays as you would wish to see. The event of the meeting was a hurdle race for about £600—gentlemen riders, eleven entries—won by a Florentine gentleman, named Martini. During the evening the marriage contract was signed in the apartments of the Duchess of Genoa. The unlucky illuminations were postponed until Friday night. The Crown Prince of Prussia's reception on the race-course was *the* demonstration of the occasion. Everybody was charmed with his kindly face, manly bearing, and fascination *of manner*.

At half-past 11 A.M. of April 22, 1868, Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, was married in the cathedral of St. John to his cousin Margaret, Princess of Savoy, by the Archbishop of Turin, Monsignor Riccardi, assisted by four Italian bishops and a host of lesser Church dignitaries. The marriage was, in many respects, an exceptional one—particularly so in being purely and honestly one of inclination on both sides. It is not, I believe, even now generally known that the youthful couple upon whose union the Divine blessing was invoked nearly twenty years ago, not only by the officiating clergy, but by the people of Italy, were drawn towards each other by sincere mutual affection, uninfluenced by family or political considerations. Not long before they became engaged, propositions for the hand of the lovely princess were made to the Duchess of Genoa, on behalf of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Roumania; and her Royal Highness, before taking these propositions into consideration, consulted the head of the royal family, and received the assurance of the King's approval, whichever way she might decide upon answering the youthful Hospodar's demand.

Immediately after his interview with the Duchess, the King acquainted the Crown Prince with the proposal in question, upon which his Royal Highness observed that he should infinitely regret its acceptance, inasmuch as he considered his fair cousin's hand to be a prize which he himself most earnestly desired to win, and at once requested the King's permission to enter the lists against the Prince of Roumania. The King very heartily accorded his consent, and straightway accompanied his son to the Duchess's palace, where, while his Majesty entertained his august relative in conversation, the Prince of Piedmont conducted Princess Marguerite to a window recess, and asked her, in so many words, whether she would accept him for a husband. Having received an answer altogether satisfactory, he forthwith led the princess back to her mother's chair, and formally solicited her hand, much, as you may fancy, to the Duchess's astonishment. The whole affair did not occupy ten minutes. And so it came to pass that Madame Marguerite de Savoie, instead of sharing an apparently precarious throne in the most frivolous, free-and-easy capital of Europe, remained in her dear native land, to reign one day over a great and noble nation.

While staying in Turin, before and after the royal wedding, I heard a good deal about the future Queen of Italy from persons who had been near her since her birth, and gathered from the many personal anecdotes recounted to me that she was not only ami-

able and pious, but possessed of much energy and decision of character. One trait, and a very charming one, may without indiscretion be recorded in these pages. As soon as the day for the ceremony was fixed—early in February, 1868—no time was lost in commencing the preparation for the trousseau, and it was proposed, by those to whom this important business was confided, to order the dresses, laces, and thousand fineries of which a princess's toilet is composed, from Paris direct. "Madame" Marguerite heard of this intention, and at once interposed, begging that all the articles of dress required for her nuptial equipment might be confided to the charitable institutions, schools, refuges, etc., of which she was an indefatigable and generous patroness. "But," she was told, "the things will be badly made." "It seems to me that, if I am satisfied with them, no one else need be discontented." "But there will be no time to complete them." "If not, let those articles which cannot be got ready by my little people be ordered from abroad if you like, but let them be ordered by Turin tradespeople, so that my countrymen may derive whatever benefit be attainable by them from my marriage." Her wishes were obeyed to the letter, and every article of apparel and jewellery belonging to one of the most splendid trousseaus I have ever seen was bought and paid for *in Italy*.

The invitations to witness the marriage ceremony were issued for half-past nine, and when I reached the King's palace at that hour the *salons de reception* were already crowded with ladies in ravishing morning dresses (only the ladies of honor were in full costume *de cour*), scions of the ancient Piedmontese nobility, diplomacy of all lands and ages, generals, staff-officers, chamberlains, *que sais-je?*—a dense throng of picturesque patricians, the men especially offering remarkable types of physical comeliness. I did not stay long in the "Salle des Suisses," for a friend advised me to take my place with the least possible delay: "the ladies are awfully eager, and nothing is more difficult than to reverse a *fait accompli*, you know." The position courteously assigned to me was certainly the best in the cathedral, immediately behind the Knights of the Annunziata (who are, in virtue of that decoration, "cousins" of the King and members of the royal "Conseil de Famille"), within about five yards of his Majesty and ten of the bride. Exactly opposite my stall was the royal box, in which the tiny Prince of Portugal, a pretty little fair fellow of three years old, wearing already a knightly collar round his slender neck, was enthroned with his suite; to my right, the high altar, adorned with masses of costly exotics; to my left, the senators, ministers, and chamberlains; and immediately in front of me the *fauteuils* of the bride and bridegroom, the King and Duchess of Genoa, and the rest of the royal family. The body of the church was filled with ladies, and the two aisles given up to men of the sword—that on the left of the altar to the officers of the National Guard, and that on the right to the regulars. So far as seeing anything that took place within the altar rails, these gentlemen might as well have been on the summit of Monviso or in the Thames Tunnel; and the frantic efforts of the younger and more enterprising to catch a glance of something led to an accident which might have been attended by serious consequences, but happily resulted in nothing more calamitous than a few bruises and a good deal of irreverent laughter. Along the sides of the church wall are a number of recesses, half chapel, half niche, in which stand statues of saints, votive altars, and the like. Some dozens of young officers climbed up into these recesses, thus obtaining an admirable view of nothing over the heads of their comrades, and unfortunately one small company of four or five came to grief through overcrowding, fell all in a mass down upon the crowd beneath them, and made a grand crash of helmets, sword-hilts, spurs, and sabre-taches, to their own discomfiture and the immense amusement of the numerous ladies occupying the nave of the cathedral.

Shortly after this small episode, the ladies of honor of the late Queen Adelaide came streaming in, gorgeous in satin and diamonds, and took possession of their stalls under the royal box. A wonderful gathering of ancient dames, indeed—one or two so feeble and infirm that they required support into the church from the royal apartments. Presently two coroneted ladies glided into places reserved for them near the altar—one, the political *prima donna assoluta* of Italy, the other the *prima donna* of a past season—Mesdames de Menabrea and Rattazzi. The Premier himself, and the "Commander," as everybody called Urbano di Rattazzi, were both stationed exactly before me, among the King's "cousins," of whom I counted twelve, including the royal princes, Prince Carignano, Generals Cialdini, Della Rocca, Rossi, and Cibrario. The next arrivals were the dons of the University, a few senators, and the ministry. Then all the bells began to ring, half a dozen military bands outside the church struck up different tunes, the organ pealed out something that sounded like musical thunder and lightning with a touch of earthquake, and the bridal party entered the

cathedral by the private door communicating with the palace, in the following order, the drummers of the National Guard beating a tremendous roll the while: The Prince of Piedmont and Madame Marguerite de Savoie, the King and the Duchess of Genoa, the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Queen of Portugal, the Prince Napoleon and the Duchess Aosta, the Duke of Aosta and the Princess Maria Clotilde; *en avant*, the Marquis de Brême (Duca di Santirana) and the Count di Panissera, respectively Lord High Chamberlain and Master of the Ceremonies; the Court, the Corps Diplomatique, a stray minister or two, and a crowd of generals, among whom I noticed Durando and Biscaletti, royal aides-de-camp, etc. The bride and bridegroom occupied two *fauteuils* (*avec prie-dieux*) about ten yards from the altar steps; a little farther back, to their right and left, sat the King and the Duchess of Genoa, flanked by the two witnesses, or sponsors, the Prince de Carignano and the Marchese d'Alfieri, qualified for their dignified position by the fact of being the two oldest Knights of the Annonciade; again, farther backward, the Queen of Portugal, Princess Napoleon, and Duchess of Aosta, behind the King; and the Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince Napoleon, Prince Amadeus, and Prince Thomas of Genoa, behind the Duchess of Genoa. The bride, who looked lovelier than ever, radiant with smiles, and clinging lovingly to her *fiancé's* arm, was robed in a filmy mystery of white and silver, exquisitely delicate in tissue, and quite beyond my powers of analysis; the Duchess of Genoa wore pale lilac point-lace and diamonds; the Queen of Portugal, blue velvet, ermine, coronet of brilliants and emeralds; the Princess Napoleon, pale green silk, Brussels lace, coronet of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; the Duchess of Aosta (formerly Duchess of Cisterna), pale pink, lace, and diamond coronet. The King and the princes were in full uniform (generals of division), wearing the collar of the Annunziata, the star of Savoy, and the military medals—these last gained in fair and fierce fight by all three. Prince Frederick William wore the gala uniform of a Prussian general, and Prince Napoleon that of a French marshal (I think), crossed by the broad red ribbon of the Legion. For the rest of the company, I need only say that it was a collar-day, and everybody was in the fullest possible uniform, set off by the greatest possible number of stars, crosses, and medals. As soon as all had settled into their appointed places the religious ceremony commenced, to which, I am bound in truth to say, the Prince of Piedmont paid *but little attention*; nor did the lovely Marguerite—*who made*, by-the-bye, a delicious little courtesy to her mamma when the time arrived for giving the formal consent of the parents to the marriage—appear to be half so much impressed by the solemnity of the sacred rite as by the intense and absorbing happiness of being near her chosen husband. I never saw innocent affection more frankly and *naïvely* demonstrated by one person towards another than by the sweet young princess—she was only just sixteen—towards the stern and soldierly-looking heir to the throne of Italy. During the preliminary part of the ceremony, the Chapel Royal played Beethoven's symphony No. 3, and played it admirably—an agreeable contrast to the hideous, nasal, out-of-tune chanting of the "Te Deum" by the ecclesiastical magnates, whose robes were kaleidoscopically gorgeous, and as stiff as so many turtle-shells. While the prince and princess knelt at the altar, Prince Carignano and Marquis Alfieri held over their heads a broad scarf of cloth of silver, and as soon as they had returned to their original places, Archbishop Riccardi pronounced in Italian a lengthy nuptial admonition, which should more correctly be described as an extravagant eulogium. Praises of the King, of the prince, of the princess, of all the royal family, formed the foundation, body, and roof of this oratorial edifice. It seemed to me, I confess, strange and inappropriate that a Christian priest should declaim in the house of God broad flatteries of royal personages present, from the steps of the altar on which stood the Holy of Holies! But I heard afterwards that the archbishop, poor man, had been on rather bad terms with the Savoy royalties for some time previously, and could not in reason miss his chance of restoration to favor; so that his eulogistic fluency, whether in good taste or not, was easy to account for. After ten minutes or so of this vigorous adulation, the reverend gentleman proceeded to elevate the Host, and perform the rest of the part assigned him, leading off the "Te Deum," which I had heard done with a clearer voice and in better tune by the venerable Pius IX.

This nuptial exhortation of the Piedmontese primate was not, however, altogether devoid of special and, strange to say, overpoweringly comic interest. When, having deluged the King—whose expression became positively ferocious while he was being praised *à vive voix*—with fulsome laudation, Monsignor Riccardi turned his oratorical tap upon the Prince of Piedmont, he forthwith committed one of those stupendous blunders which stamp a man for life as an inveterate and hopeless bungler. Breaking out into florid hyperbole on the subject of the bridegroom's military virtues, he described the

sposo as a matchless hero, "qual prode e valoroso guerriero, che sparse il rosso e giovane suo sangue per la patria sul glorioso campo di Custozza" (an intrepid, valiant warrior who had shed his red young blood for his country upon the glorious field of Custozza). At the conclusion of this curiously infelicitous sentence, Prince Humbert flushed a deep crimson up to the roots of his hair; Victor Emmanuel grinned a brief and indescribably formidable grin; young Thomas of Genoa chuckled audibly; some of the great ladies stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths, while others hid their faces behind their fans; an audible titter ran through the church; and again a cuirassed officer, one of the body-guard, fell with a frightful crash from the top of a statue or tomb into one of the aisles, this time loosed from his monumental perch by an uncontrollable convulsion of laughter.

Barring foreign diplomatists and a few other outsiders, there was not a person within the sacred edifice—crammed in its every nook and niche with the elect of the Piedmontese and Lombard nobility—who did not know, so to speak, down to the ground, that it was Prince Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, not Prince Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, who had been wounded at Custozza; from which field of honor the latter, though he fought like a lion and risked his life scores of times during the day, returned to his quarters without a scratch. His brother, however, sustained two severe hurts, which, for the time being, put him *hors de combat*. Both princes had taken refuge from a fierce charge of Austrian cavalry in a square of Piedmontese liners, itself sharply "searched" by the brisk fire of an imperial battery, then playing upon it with shell. Almost immediately Amadeo was twice struck by "éclats d'obus," and had to retire. Umberto saw the whole thing out (the Austrian battery was silenced a few minutes later), and left the field, as one of his aides-de-camp told me, "in a deuce of a temper," but unhurt. Hence the indescribable sensation created by the miserable archbishop when, in a paroxysm of rhapsodical snobbishness, he *bled the wrong brother!* I never witnessed anything quite so funny before or since. Olivieri di Vernier, who was close to me—our stalls were in a dark side-pew, like a stage pit-tier box at the opera, so that we could easily withdraw ourselves from royal and public view—vociferated, "Quel imbécile!" in my ear, and there and then sat down upon the floor, where he laughed, invisible but not inaudible, until the tears ran down his bronzed and bearded cheeks.

Meanwhile the service went on, and I am bound to say that everybody seemed very glad when the ecclesiastical melodists got to their last "Amen," after intoning which, in half a dozen keys, they formed in procession and marched out of the enclosed space before the altar, leaving the royal party to follow their example, but in an opposite direction. The King chatted for a few moments with his eldest son and the bride, his niece-daughter, and then gave the signal for breaking up by offering his arm to the Duchess of Genoa, with whom he left the church, followed by the rest of the royal family and guests, in the same order as at entry. I should mention that the cathedral was hung with the national colors, which would have produced an excellent effect had not the harmony of the Italian tricolor been altogether destroyed by the introduction of golden borders to the red, white, and green draperies. The ceiling of the dome above the altar was also draped and adorned with golden stars, altogether very gaudy and glaring.

With the wedding of the future King and Queen of Italy commenced a series of festivities which may be said to have continued for three days and nights without interruption. The programme, as originally issued, had been a good deal knocked about by accidents of weather, and fête upon fête was crowded into an interval of time so short that anything like repose or relaxation from the labor of pleasure was altogether out of the question.

Immediately after the wedding party had broken up, and the royal bride had changed her dress, the Prince and Princess of Piedmont drove in half state to the promenade, which was thronged with carriages and equestrians, and received very hearty welcome from the people of Turin. The princess was in high spirits, as indeed she had been all the morning. On returning to the state apartments, after the conclusion of the ceremony, she said, laughingly, to one of the gentlemen who hastened to offer their congratulations, pushing her train aside with her foot, "What a pity the dress is so long! I should like so much to dance!" Later on, at the state banquet given by the King to the ministry, ambassadors, and high Court officials, she kept his Majesty, by whom she was seated, in high delight by the irrepressible gayety of her conversation. At half-past nine the whole of the royal family visited the Opera-house (Teatro Reggio) in state. An hour before the arrival of the august party the house was crammed to suffocation, with the exception of some dozen boxes on the grand tier, reserved for the Court and Corps Diplomatique. The theatre itself—a magnificent building, with the very meanest and most inconvenient approach that is possible to imagine—was splendidly lighted up; brilliant uniforms,

tasteful toilets, diamonds without number (Turin used to be a very Golconda of precious stones), crachats, plumes, coronets, gay colors, pretty faces, white shoulders, bright eyes, made up an *ensemble* marvellously rich and dazzling. *Par parenthèse*, the fair dames of Piedmont, conscious of their charms, were by no means chary of exhibiting them to an admiring public. I have seldom seen ladies wear less clothing more advantageously to themselves, and agreeably to those who are privileged to contemplate them. At a few minutes past nine the foreign ministers, Knights of the Annonciade, and dignitaries of the State began to drop into their places; and by the time the fall of the curtain, in the middle of Hoël and Corentin's grand duo, announced that the King had left the palace on his way to the theatre, it would have been a matter of some difficulty to pack one more individual into any part of the house save the stage—even the orchestra was filled up with non-professionals. Somewhat to my surprise, the Princess Marguerite entered the royal box first of the party, followed immediately by the King; she advanced towards the front of the box, and was received with a real Italian tempest of acclamation, which she acknowledged by eight or nine profound courtesies, each in its turn the signal for a fresh outburst of "Evviva la sposa!" Dressed in pure white silk, she wore the magnificent *parure* of brilliants (crown-jewels), presented to her by the King, and valued at £50,000. The King was extremely well received, as were the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Queen of Portugal, on taking their places. I noticed that the advance of Prince Napoleon to his seat did not elicit a single plaudit, and that but a faint shout was raised for Prince Humbert, "lo sposo." Prince Thomas of Savoy, Duke of Genoa, appeared to be a great favorite of the public; he was then an interesting, amiable-looking lad, and endowed with very eminent qualities. The reception of the Duchess of Genoa, mother of the bride, was one of marked coldness, as might have been expected, considering that at least three-fourths of the audience belonged to the ancient nobility of Piedmont, a body which her Royal Highness had irretrievably offended by her second marriage to her chamberlain, Rapallo. As soon as the tumult caused by the royal entry had somewhat subsided, the curtain rose and discovered a small army of blue and white chorists, who performed a loud epithalamium, to which I do not think anybody listened; and as soon as this joyful anthem, the composition of a local *maestro*, was over, the curtain fell for a few minutes, and the business of the stage was resumed. Upon leaving the theatre at eleven, the princess and King were enthusiastically greeted by a crowd that completely filled the Piazza del Castello, and with this demonstration the wedding-day closed. During the evening, from 7 P.M. till 10 P.M., military bands performed all sorts and conditions of music, in the several huge squares of the city.

The morning and afternoon of Thursday, April 23d, were devoted to popular rejoicings in the Royal Gardens. As these fêtes were of the primitive, country fair, Easter-Monday kind, such as have amused the people for centuries, and will, it is to be hoped, continue to do so for many centuries more, I forbear inflicting their details upon my readers. But of the great event of the week—the ball given by the Philharmonic Academy to the *nouveaux mariés*, which came off on the Thursday night—I will take leave to give a few particulars, inasmuch as it was, in some respects, the most brilliant entertainment of its class at which I was ever present. The *salles de reception* of the Academy are among the largest and handsomest in Europe, and especially remarkable for the exquisite beauty of their ceilings, painted by master hands. When I arrived dancing had already set in—that is, dancing in the royal circle—and the Princess Marguerite was whirling round a *champ clos* of courtiers in the arms of an exceedingly handsome aide-de-camp attached to her husband's suite. The King, the four Italian princes, Frederick William of Prussia, and the Prince Napoleon were standing in a line, at right angles with the row of gold and crimson thrones disposed on a raised dais for the royal guests of the Academy. His Majesty and the Prince di Carignano wore their collars of the Annonciade; Princes Humbert, Amadeus, and Thomas, the broad green ribbon of St. Maurice and Lazarus; the Prince of Prussia, the Annonciade and the grand cordon of the Black Eagle; and Prince Napoleon, the Annonciade and the cordon of the Legion; all over plain black evening dress.

One incident of the dance, and I will quit the royal to turn to the general company—one well worthy of description by an abler pen than mine. During the polka in question, in which several privileged couples joined, the Princess of Piedmont's dress caught in the spur of an officer of Lancers; result, a tremendous rent in the sweeping skirt, and a long wisp of gauze trailing on the floor. Before the princess had time to appeal to one of her ladies-in-waiting, the Crown Prince of Prussia had produced a pretty little morocco *étui*, from which he extracted a dainty pair of scissors, and kneeling down at the feet of the bride, skilfully

cut away the wreck. After he had effectually relieved the princess of her encumbrance he rose, bowed profoundly, returned his "case of emergency" to his pocket, and resumed his place by the King's side, amid the subdued murmurs of satisfaction of all the ladies near him. From that moment he was the hero of the evening. Everybody acquainted with Italian character will at once understand the delight of all present at the readiness, gallantry, and fertility of resource displayed by the prince, in whose favor Turin society was always strongly prepossessed. The tremendous social success that attended his graceful little action was tenfold enhanced when, later on in the evening, it came out that, on Victor Emmanuel complimenting him anent the forethought he displayed in carrying a complete "trousse" about with him, even in a ball-room, "Our Fritz" replied, "The whole merit of the idea belongs to my wife, sire, not to me. *Long ago* she gave me a pocket *nécessaire* with all sorts of useful things in it—needles and thread, button-hooks, sticking-plaster, and scissors, as you saw just now—and made me promise to keep it always in my pocket, wherever I went. What took place just now only proved that I am a lucky fellow to have such a clever wife to look after me." King Victor was immensely pleased with this revelation, and went about during the next dance imparting it to all the great ladies of the Court, one after another—Madame de Menabrea was the first *dame d'honneur* to whom he repeated the Crown Prince's words—so that within an hour, I need scarcely say, "everybody who was anybody" in the room knew all about it. Madame de Gattinara told it to me, and I subsequently verified her narrative by reference to the Crown Prince himself, who confirmed it in every particular.

How shall I find words to tell of the beauty, of the admirable adornments, of the priceless *parures* distinguishing the noble Italian ladies present at the Academy ball? To commence with youth, beauty, high birth, and wealth, all blended in one person, let me name the Countess Solaro di Monasterolo, a lovely brunette of fairy-like stature, with ten thousand pounds' worth of brilliants on her slender neck, and a diamond as big as a pigeon's egg hanging from each tiny ear. Next, the Countess di Gattinara, of whom it was said by a great dilettante in female charms, "She really ought to be labelled 'Dangerous,' or else to be condemned to wear spectacles," as *spirituelle* as she was beautiful; the fairest of fair young widows, Countess della Villa, whose small head seemed to droop under the weight of her golden hair; the fascinating Contessa di Collobiano, the stately Contessa Villamarina di Montereno, *Juno redivivus;* Signora Noli, and a whole Book of Beauty besides, types of loveliness before whom one bowed down as before a Raphael or a Veronese. The majority of Italian women, especially in the higher classes of society, are attractive rather by their grace and harmony of *ensemble* than by sheer beauty; but when an Italian woman is beautiful, she is, to say truth, extravagantly so. Among other notabilities of the evening, Madame Rattazzi, *née* Wyse Bonaparte, who kept nearly all the evening to her husband's arm, excited great attention, as well by the eccentricity of choice manifested in the colors of her dress as by the exaggerated splendor of her jewellery, far more costly and plentifully distributed over her person than that of any lady present, including the royal princesses. She wore a robe *à queue* of the national colors one would have said she had insufficiently draped herself in the Italian tricolor—her neck and the upper part of her shoulders were hidden by rivers of large diamonds, and her head was surmounted by an edifice of precious stones in the shape of diamond, ruby, and emerald butterflies, that quivered and glittered with each movement of her body; arms and fingers laden with rare and huge jewels, an aigrette of diamonds and emeralds on her breast, and a girdle of brilliants round her waist, she represented, as I was told by a lady intimately acquainted with her *parures* and their history, a capital of over eighty thousand pounds. Who shall say, after this instructive and dazzling spectacle, that a virtuous woman is not sometimes *more* than a *crown* to her husband? The "Commander" looked well, and as impassible as ever. I did not observe him in conversation with any of the Piedmontese nobility, although the collar of the Annonciade adorned his throat. After the royal party had retired, at about 1 A.M., the serious dancing commenced, and was kept up till nearly five o'clock.

April 24th was the day of the Carrousel. In the Piazza Carlo Emmanuele II. had been erected a gigantic circus, in which thirty thousand persons were comfortably accommodated with places, sixteen thousand reserved seats and fourteen thousand "parterre." This wonderful structure of wood and canvas was designed and decorated by the Cavaliere Calcagno, a Piedmontese gentleman of fortune, one of those exceptional beings who are possessed of an unfair share of talent. Signor Calcagno was an eminent artist, excellent musician, and accomplished linguist, distinguished author and humorist,

and, besides all this, an architect of the first rank. In what other country save Italy would so important and enormous a construction have been intrusted to an amateur? A single technical fault might have cost a thousand lives on that day of jubilation; but the Amphitheatre du Carrousel was, happily, as solid as it was elegant and commodious. Although the numbers of the audience surpassed the *chiffre* above mentioned, no one experienced the slightest difficulty in reaching or leaving his or her appointed place, and every person present enjoyed an excellent view of the entertainment. The knightly sports were principally of that class known as feats of *manége*, relieved by a little javelin-throwing, a few episodes of contention for rosettes (to be snatched from the cavalier's shoulder by one or two emulous comrades, who beset him until they succeed in depriving him of the badge in question), and a good deal of hurdle-jumping, for the most part pretty bad. The real attraction of the whole affair was the fact that the performers were, with few exceptions, gentlemen of noble blood and high position. Moreover, the costumes adopted by the three "quadrilles" and their leaders were magnificently mediæval, and two princes of the House of Savoy took active parts in the exercises of the ring. At three punctually the royal family arrived: and five minutes later, with a flourish of trumpets, the barriers were thrown open, and the "whole strength of the company," headed by the Dukes of Aosta and Genoa, the former arrayed in pink silk slashed with white, and mounted on a noble chestnut charger, and the latter clad in lilac satin, white silk hose, and puffed doublet, rode into the arena, over a hundred strong, and, ranged in eight lines before the royal box, saluted the King. The Italian *quadriglia*, commanded by Count Marazzani Visconti, wore a fifteenth-century dress of blue velvet and silver; that of Spain, under the orders of Colonel the Marquis Coardi di Bagnasco, a costume (same period) of violet and gold, and that of Flanders, led by Colonel Cavaliere Lanzavecchia di Buri, a gorgeous uniform of scarlet and green velvet, richly slashed and embroidered with gold. After the first salute all retired from the ring, and the several *quadriglie*, one after another, went in turn through all imaginable evolutions by which the dexterity of the horseman and the training of the horse could be most thoroughly displayed. Unquestionably the best performance was that of Colonel Buri's troop, composed of young cavalry officers belonging to the Pignerol school of equitation. Among *the most* accomplished cavaliers of the day, *I cannot forbear mentioning* Count Colli di Felizzano. After the "quadrille" part of the entertainment was over, the "knightly sports" commenced; the first of which was carrying off a ring attached to a huge vase of flowers, that opened when the ring was removed and disclosed a mass of nosegays. Considerable amusement was caused by the energy with which Prince Thomas took the initiative in this "little game;" the first vase he aimed at with his sword he struck with such vigor that he broke it clean in two, and its upper half rolled sadly into the tan of the arena. The javelin-throwing was enlivened by a curious contrivance. The object thrown at—a sort of huge chest, with a bull's-eye on the lid—was a hollow case, containing a number of canaries and linnets, and when the bull's-eye was struck—no easy matter at a hand-gallop—the lid of the case sprang asunder, and the birds, regaining their liberty, flew here and there among the audience. Everything went off well except the weather.

The Turinese have a specialty for illuminations; and as, moreover, the configuration of the Piedmontese capital is one peculiarly adapted to a display of devices in light, it may well be imagined that the "Luminaria" of Friday night (April 25th) was a spectacle of unusual beauty and splendor. More or less the whole town was illuminated; but the most costly and tasteful combinations of color were to be seen in the Piazza del Castello itself, the central point towards which converge the principal streets of Turin, and in the streets Via Nuova, Via della Dora Grossa, and Via Portici del Po, which radiate from three sides of the magnificent square, the fourth side of which is occupied by the Royal Palace, while in its centre stands the ancient Palazzo di Madama, crowned by a tiny observatory. The square, save where the enclosure before the Palazza Reale breaks the regularity of the quadrangle, is lined by arcades—the Portici della Fiera, and the exterior arches of these arcades had been embossed with white lamps. Nothing could be more fairy-like than the appearance presented by these fiery arches, encircling the Piazza with a broad luminous belt. At the embouchure of the Via Nuova had been erected, at the expense of the municipality, an enormous scaffolding, faced with jets of gas and *lampions* of many colors, in the form of a triumphal arch overgrown with vines, the arch brilliantly defined in gas, and the vines, with their rich, heavy clusters of purple and golden grapes, in colored lamps. The whole length of the Via Nuova, which extends from the Piazza del Castello to the railway-station, was lighted by bouquets of gas at short intervals; while the Via della Dora Grossa, a street over a mile in length, had been com-

pletely arched in with slender gas-pipes, all ablaze, offering to the spectator standing in the Piazza an apparently interminable vista of bright white light. But the *chef-d'œuvre* of the whole exhibition was the festoon illumination of the Via Portici del Po, one of the handsomest streets in Europe, broad, straight, and fringed with stately arcades, connecting the Piazza del Castello with the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele, which latter is bounded by the rapid river from which the Portici take their name. From end to end this noble thoroughfare was overhung with lamps of all shapes, sizes, and colors, disposed upon wire forms, tent shaped, so that it resembled an immense jewelled marquee. The balconies of the houses on either side were occupied by gayly dressed ladies, and two mighty currents of pedestrians, one pouring towards the river, the other towards the Palazzo Madama, continued swaying and surging along the carrage-way from 8 P.M. till midnight, by which time the greater number of the myriad lamps had burned themselves out, and the weary holiday-makers dispersed to their respective resting-places. Looking back upon that overpowering week of almost uninterrupted festivities, I cannot choose but say that, among the displays of all sorts, courtly, religious, military, mediæval, and pyrotechnical, the illuminations of Turin were by far the most tasteful, elegant, and complete entertainment of the whole festive programme.

Saturday, the 26th, was the second race-day. I was prevented, however, from attending the meeting, which, *du reste*, was but a poor affair. Indeed, racing on the Continent, with few exceptions, is a caricature of sport, upon which a great many young gentlemen spend time and money to very little purpose, simply because they believe that it is a "chic" pursuit, and that devotion to it, real or simulated, bestows a *cachet* of distinction upon those whose names are connected with its support and cultivation. Neither Frenchmen nor Germans understand much about it, and perhaps so much the better; but Italian racing, as a rule, is a mere farce—a *buffoneria*—as tiresome to the performers as to the public, and a mystery to both. Its only merit is its innocence; for betting is a science as yet unknown to the sons of Italy—at least it was so twenty years ago. Just before the big race on April 21st I heard a spirited and enterprising patrician freely offering two to one against everything all round (there were eleven entries); but then he had lived a long time in England, and was, of course, a proficient in book-making. I asked all about the second day at the Court ball on Saturday night; and, as everybody said the running had been first-rate, I supposed that it must have been so. Who would have thought it?

The ball in question was a tremendous affair: all the world and his wife, to the tune of three thousand eight hundred royal guests, were crowded into saloons which, luckily—the Sala d'Armi and its contiguous antechambers having been thrown open for the occasion—were large enough to contain the huge assemblage; but only just large enough. Strictly speaking, the company was packed as closely as figs in a drum; and as the military element predominated—there were rooms and rooms full of National Guard officers—the unfortunate ladies sprinkled here and there among the armed cohorts suffered dreadfully from chronic sword-hilt in the small of the back, and shako in the eye. I have seldom plunged into a rougher and less savory crowd than that with which the state apartments of the Palazzo Reale were crammed on that occasion. Surely gentlemen honored by a royal invitation to pass the evening in the same rooms with hundreds of delicate ladies might have abstained from gorging themselves with garlic, however deep-set might be their passion for that wholesome but pestilent vegetable. But officers of the National Guard, strange to say—I hardly expect to be believed!—are not *always* gentlemen; neither are syndics of small villages, nor deputies, for that matter; and of such, in great measure, was composed the male section of the King's guests on Saturday evening. Of the ladies I have no words but of praise and admiration to utter. One could not but grieve to see how even the youngest, loveliest, and most fragile of the slender dames and demoiselles, gathered together in the royal ball-room, were squeezed, elbowed, and thrust about by the shopkeepers in uniform, who *would* force their way into the presence, *would* stare at the King and his family for hours at a stretch, and would *not* be courteous, considerate, or self-denying for a single second, on any consideration whatever. It was a Collar night, and everybody, of course, was in full uniform, or its prescribed equivalent. There was scarcely any dancing, except in the small circle dedicated to Royalty, and everybody went away early—2 A.M. As usual, the Princess Marguerite was the most indefatigable dancer of the occasion. She missed nothing, and seemed as merry as a happy child, although the heat was stifling, and the priceless *parure* of emeralds and diamonds with which her head and breast were adorned must have been oppressively heavy. I must not, by-the-way, forget to complete the little anecdote of Prince Frederick William which furnished

so pleasant an illustration of his readiness and gallantry. My readers will remember that at the Academy ball he adroitly relieved the Princess of Piedmont of a troublesome *dépouille* hanging to the skirt of her dress, from the body of which it had been torn in the *mêlée* of the waltz. I omitted to mention that, after the princess had resumed dancing, his Royal Highness turned to her husband, and craved permission to keep the fragment of gauze of which he had become possessed as a souvenir of the lovely bride. Naturally, Prince Humbert acceded to the gallant request; upon which the Crown Prince solicited the King's authorization to his courtly "act of appropriation," and, having received a hearty affirmative, folded up his prize and carefully put it away in his pocket-book. A pretty little story, this; and the prettiest part of it is that it is strictly true.

At the Court ball a good deal of attention, and no end of absurd conjectures, were excited by a somewhat animated conversation that took place between General Menabrea and M. de Malaret, in which the Premier appeared to be deprecating the French minister's excitement upon some topic—perhaps the merits of the prima donna *pro tempore* at the Reggio; well, she was desperately bad, to be sure! There could not have been much of a seriously disquieting nature in the ball-room discussion between the eminent statesmen in question, however, for, at an awfully late diplomatic *séance* that came off at the Whist Club after everybody had taken off his embroidery and *cruchats*, I heard nothing but pleasant news—*entre autres*, that M. de Kübeck had that very morning presented to the King an autograph letter of congratulation on the "happy event" from the Emperor Francis Joseph; and that his Majesty, *qui ne s'y attendait pas*, was immensely delighted at this fresh proof of Austrian goodwill towards Italy. Royal personages, by departing ever so little from the strict rules of traditional etiquette, can often confer great pleasure. This imperial felicitation was a case in point.

One more trait of "Garde Nationale" character, and I have done with the state ball, from which I came away blind with heat, and panting with the exertion of getting through the crowd in the antechamber of the great ball-room. There were three spacious buffets, in three different rooms, established *en permanence* for the refreshment of the guests. Early in the evening I passed by the largest of the three, and noticed that it was beleaguered by a triple row of officers belonging to the estimable force in question. Happening to be detained in conversation with a friend for a few minutes close by the besiegers, I had time to fix a few faces in my memory. An hour or so later I again passed by this buffet, still beset by the citizen-defenders of their country; what was my surprise to recognize the "old familiar faces" just where I had left them. Not being able to account to myself for this strange coincidence, as I at first deemed it, I inquired of a chamberlain how it was that the officers of the National Guard resembled one another so marvellously that one could almost have believed they were the same I had gazed on so fondly an hour syne. "But they *are* the same, my dear! my word of honor they are! *Ces Messieurs ont déjà disposé d'une vingtaine de consommations, et ils en disposeraient jusqu'à la fin des siècles!* You do not know the capacities of our National Guard!"

On the morning after the Court ball the King held a grand review—that is to say, a few thousand troops of all arms defiled before the royal balcony, in which was seated the family party I have already more than once described. First came the National Guard—fine men, but hideously dressed; then the gendarmerie and *élèves* of that corps; afterwards some infantry, whose marching past would scarcely have passed muster among our laziest of volunteer regiments; then some of the finest and most useful-looking artillery I have ever set eyes on, the Duke of Genoa, in the uniform of a private artilleryman, riding at the extreme right of the first line, and riding admirably; then some excellent heavy lancers, the regiment of Nice, and some no less excellent Chevaux Légers, the perfection of mounting and equipment. Cavalry had always been the crack arm of the Italian (Piedmontese) service, and had, times without number, won the respect and admiration of the Austrians on the battle-field.

Nothing could be more practical, and yet well finished off, than the appearance of these horsemen, with their plain dark uniforms, polished weapons, and sturdy, hardy little horses. Last came a regiment of Guides, headed by its colonel, Marquis Coardi di Bagnasco, one of the captains at the Carrousel; and a good show those gallant fellows made in light blue and silver, gorgeous trappings, and huge bear-skins, mounted on picked chargers, and officered by the flower of the *noblesse*. After the march past the royal family lunched, and then drove out to take part in the Corso di Gala, notified for 3 P.M., in the Via del Po and Via Dora Grossa. This Corso, to witness which tens of thousands of people crowded the streets in question (in particular, more peasant-women than I had fancied existed in all Piedmont), consisted in an "omnium gatherum" of all the vehicles in the city of Turin, the very dirty and dila-

tory cab native to the soil, with its one broken-kneed horse and unwashed driver, being decidedly predominant. Of the private carriages I can say but little that is complimentary. Of course, the royal equipages were good and respectably appointed. Marquis Pallavacini produced a fair four-in-hand, badly driven by a small coachman; and there were three or four decent open barouches. One or two *bourgeoisie* families came out with postilions, in purple and fine linen, and powder to boot, and were duly smiled at with kindly pity by the plainly dressed men on the thorough-bred horses who rode slowly up and down the chosen line of route between the double rank of ascending and descending carriages. Between a Piedmontese and an English gentleman there is but little difference, save in the fashion of wearing the beard —most of the men of great names in the Alpine Principality are intensely quiet, reserved, and uncommunicative—as different from the Italians of other provinces as an Austrian *grand seigneur* is from a Parisian *petit crevé*. Once the ice broken, a more charming set of men cannot be imagined than the members of the old Piedmontese aristocracy; and if the surface be somewhat hard, still it is perfectly smooth and highly polished.

Last scene of all, and worst, was the exhibition of fireworks on the Place d'Armes, admitted by everybody present to have been the greatest *fiasco* since Lissa. The only thing the fireworkers succeeded in doing was in slaying an unfortunate woman of the people, whose skull was fractured by a clumsily discharged rocket, and in dangerously wounding an artilleryman with the case of some ingenious contrivance for spitting fire of many colors. The whole Court, and above a hundred thousand people of all ages and sexes, assembled on the noble exercise ground, amphitheatred by Alps, to witness the discharge of a few rockets, serpents, and Roman candles, that would have been scorned by the dear old Surrey Gardens on an off-night. A pretty little town of pasteboard, with an imitation river flowing between two palaces, and an abortive Vesuvius in the background, had been erected, as everybody thought, for some purpose—an earthquake, perhaps, with an eruption thrown in. No such thing. After a certain number of squibs had been let off, and a good many cannon fired, the said town was made to look very red by means of the usual side-scene fire, which was let out in the centre, and then everybody, the Court included, waited three quarters of an hour to see what was coming next. But nothing came; and Galvagno, the Syndic of Turin, who was in the royal box, was as much in the dark as the King and the public. As long as the royal party hung on in vain hopes so did the people; but at last, tired of waiting, the party in the grand tribune retired, and their example was speedily followed. Next morning the local papers said, "The fireworks were so splendid, so beautiful, so entrancing, that even after they had come to a close, the public longed for more, and could not persuade themselves to leave the Piazza d'Armi!" Is it not much after this manner that history is often written?

Les fêtes se suivant et se ressemblant—they are all fabricated on pretty nearly the same pattern, and are varied only by the local *nuances* of character peculiar to the different races or tribes for whose delectation they are instituted. In England the culmination of a national rejoicing finds its expression in a heavy dinner, garnished with orations inspired by repletion; in France, the emphasis of a public holiday is a grand review; in Germany, joy is made manifest by part-singing, declamations of poetry, absorption of diluvian beer, and assimilation of sausage; while I am given to understand that in parts of Africa as yet untainted by civilization the gladness of kings is celebrated in a manner admirably calculated to keep down a surplus of the population. Italy is a country as full of contradictions as of beauties, and inhabited by races which, although at present united under one crown and one denomination, differ as much one from the other as does an Englishman from a Frenchman, or a Greek from a Turk. So, although the programmes of the royal marriage festivities in Turin and Florence were as nearly as possible identical —two days' racing, two balls, one *carrousel*, one *théâtre paré*, one illumination, one exhibition of fireworks, one *gala corso*, etc.—the contrast of the Turinese and Florentine individualities, infused into the respective fêtes offered by those towns to their inhabitants, was strongly apparent, and furnished the foreign spectator with that element of interest and variety which would else have been altogether wanting. In Turin, although the fallen fortunes of the once prosperous capital dictated a certain attitude of reserve to the higher and middle classes on the occasion of the recent marriage, strong personal sympathy and affection were entertained for the bride, as well as for the King and his two daughters; and the manifestations of popular regard, if not extravagant or *bruyantes*, were unmistakably sincere and heartfelt. In Florence, where, however, the Prince of Piedmont was a more general favorite than in his native land, the reception of the newly married pair was, on the whole, far colder than that accorded them by the hardy highlanders of Italy.

Owing to the inscrutable arrangements of the Italian railway authorities, whose intelligence seemed to crumple up under any abnormal pressure of traffic, the express train by which I left Turin on a Wednesday afternoon did not arrive in Florence until 4 o'clock P.M. on a Thursday, exactly nine hours after the time appointed for its advent. Consequently, the solemn entry of the prince and princess into the capital took place while I, in company with the exhausted occupants of eighty-four carriages, was panting with heat, thirst, and irritation in a pass of the Apennines, where, as I was subsequently informed by competent authorities, the whole *convoi* was in imminent peril of being shot down the side of a tremendous precipice. From that unexpected terminus we were saved only by the presence of mind of a station-master, who, observing, as our train approached his station, that the impetus given by the tremendous weight of the cars was so powerful that the brakes would not act (we were descending a steep incline leading to a sharp curve), pointed us off into some side-rails, and probably saved the majority of the passengers from a frightful death. It was fortunate that the occupants of the eighty-four huge cars in question were kept in profound ignorance of the danger they were in, else our sufferings, already considerable—for we were packed as close as herrings, hot, hungry, and tired—would have been greatly aggravated, at least half our number being composed of the more timid sex. As it was, the natural annoyance felt by everybody at being robbed of the spectacle which was the especial object of the journey found vent in alternate groans for the *Amministrazione*, and sardonic cheers for the directors of the *vie ferrate*. Every unpleasant epithet and vigorous malediction furnished by the Italian language—one delightfully exuberant in terms of abuse—was poured forth by the indignant passengers upon the managers, railway officials, and Government inspection. Only once was the dire wrath of the victims interrupted by a burst of Homeric laughter, when, during one of the interminable halts at a small mountain station, a Piedmontese gentleman, Count Olivieri di Vernier, who was travelling in the same compartment as myself, gravely walked up to a remarkably hideous, dirty, and sorrowful-looking poodle that was gazing in mute astonishment at the unusual throng, and taking off his hat, with a courteous flourish and a deep bow, addressed the dismal dog in the following deferential words: "Illustrissimo Signor Direttore, Le faccio i miei più sinceri complimenti sull' egregio treno diretto, con cui ho presentemente l' onore di star fisso qui!" ("Most illustrious Sir Director, I offer you my sincerest compliments with regard to the noble express train with which I have at present the honor of being stuck fast here.") The hit was a palpable one, and told marvellously; it was the only bright episode of one of the most wearisome journeys I remember ever to have made.

Of the entry I can only give a few details collected carefully from the most trustworthy sources. It appears that but little cheering or clapping of hands greeted the royal pair during their progress through the streets of Florence, which, along the line taken by the procession, were crowded to suffocation, and adorned with national flags, trophies of arms, and flowers—both real and artificial—in some places massed along the walls of the huge stone palaces with which the City of Flowers abounds, in others trained on wire arches across the road-way, forming enormous bowers of roses and azaleas. Only once was there anything like a demonstration of enthusiasm, and that after the cortége had arrived at its goal, the Pitti Palace. The Piazza Pitti was filled with a dense mass of Florentines (most of the foreign visitors had stationed themselves on Lung'Arno, etc.). My informant told me that at least five-and-twenty thousand people were wedged into the oblong square commanded by the palace windows, so tightly that, to use his own words, "a pea dropped from heaven in the Piazza Pitti would certainly not have reached the ground." As soon as the royal party had disappeared within the portals of the palace, a great cry arose from this multitude for *la sposa*, and was kept up without intermission for a few minutes, when suddenly the windows of the great central balcony were thrown open, and the King in person led out the Princess of Piedmont into the full view of the assemblage. At the sight of the fair young face and graceful form of their future Queen, whom scarcely a citizen of Florence had ever seen before, Florentine indifference was for the moment vanquished, and the mighty crowd greeted Marguerite of Savoy with a roar of welcome such as had never been uttered in that city within the memory of man. I was told that the princess, who had been a little disappointed at her reception in the streets, was much affected by the evident heartiness of the big cheer with which the citizen crowd in the Piazza told her of its regard and goodwill, and that for a few seconds she was manifestly overcome by emotion. She was but a child — only just sixteen — and the physical fatigue she had undergone within the previous ten days, besides the spiritual wear and tear consequent upon successive ovations, had been sufficiently severe to knock up the strongest man. If we spectators, who mere-

ly looked on at the round of ceremonies and festivities, were nearly worn out with sheer weariness, what must have been the condition of the chief actress in all the performances?

After the indispensable drive in the Cascine, where I encountered the whole royal family (except the Princess Clotilde—imperatively summoned back to Paris for "reasons of State,") as well as the whole of the Florentine aristocracy, *bourgeoisie*, and foreign residents, I returned to the city along the banks of the "golden" Arno, by the light of such an illumination as scarcely any other European city could show. Both banks of the river and all the bridges, save one, glowed with light, the magnificent quays having been gemmed with a double row of clear white lights, from the suspension-bridge to the very end of the Cascine, a distance, I should say, of at least two miles and a half.

As the course of the Arno through Florence is nearly straight, the whole extent of this broad avenue of light could be taken in at a single glance, with the dome of the cathedral and Giotto's Campanile in the far distance, both glittering with countless lamps and the long line of splendid palaces fringing the right bank of the river, all blazing with globes of flame. The great attraction of many colors, so tastefully combined and arranged in graceful forms by the Turinese Ottino, was altogether wanting, save in the instance of a square tower belonging to the municipality, which, outlined in lamps of the Italian national colors, stood out in bold relief from the masses of somewhat shabby-looking buildings lining Arno's left bank; but the *coup d'œil* of the river, bound in and bridged over with light, was inexpressibly romantic and fanciful. The illuminations in the city itself were in no way remarkable, with the exception of those covering the Bargello Tower, the Palazzo Vecchio, and one or two more of the glorious relics of an artist age with which Florence is so profusely enriched. They have a way in the Tuscan capital of throwing light upon the edges of the great square towers that loom over the city, so that the stone is made to appear semi-transparent and ghostly, much like those miniature monuments of imitation alabaster which, lighted up inside by a farthing candle, appear so mysteriously mediæval to childish eyes. The effect produced *en grand*, upon such edifices as the Campanile and the Bargello, is very curious and exceedingly picturesque. Late in the evening a strong lime-light was kindled on the river-bank, and kept burning till near midnight, making the very gas look yellow and dim by its fierce whiteness; and floating orchestras, fluttering with tricolors, were slowly poled up and down the stream between the bridges, playing, I am bound to say, the commonest of dance music in the worst style. The Lung'-Arno was crowded by loungers till early morn, and everybody seemed to be thoroughly gratified with the show of the evening.

The second of May, barring the afternoon's drive in the Cascine, during which I was happy to observe that the princess had recovered some of the bloom of which recent exertions had robbed her, was a day of *gran riposo* for the royal family. In the afternoon a regatta came off on the Arno, in the course of which an English crew was badly beaten by a scratch lot of Florentines—more shame for them—but it excited little interest, save among the roughs and river-side population of the city. People reserved themselves for the Pergola, and they were right; for a gala night at that charming little theatre is about as exhausting an ordeal as a hale human being can go through. Many stalls had fetched from sixty to a hundred francs—no small price for people so parsimonious as the Florentines—and by eight o'clock the house was "that full"—well, I never saw anything fuller. I think the notable feature of the occasion was the size and number of the bouquets, some of which were fully as large round as a full-grown peacock's tail. In the box to which I was invited there were two of these monster nosegays, one at each corner. Said my friend, "We had to send in four men with them early, and have then nailed to the front of the *palco*—for *mazzi* do run a little large just now!" As to jewels, diamonds especially, the Florentine ladies were nowhere near the stately dames of Piedmont. I saw as many, and more valuable, *parures* in one box of the Reggio at Turin than in the whole Pergola put together. And in beauty, too, I must give the palm to the Turinese. However, the house looked very pretty; and the opera, "Marta" (to which not one of the aborigines paid the slightest attention) was charmingly performed. At nine o'clock the royal party entered the state box, and was fairly, though by no means enthusiastically received. The Princess of Piedmont wore the diamond coronet presented to her by the ladies of Florence, and looked ethereally lovely. Prince Frederick William got a round of applause all to himself, and the criticisms of the Tuscan ladies *à son adresse* were in the highest degree flattering. The King, Prince Humbert, Prince Carignano, General Menabrea, and several of the royal suite, as well as Count Usedom, the Prussian minister, wore the grand cordon of the new order, "La Corona d'Italia." Madame Rattazzi came out in an entirely new and thitherto unknown-in-the-history-of-decoration *parure*, so

tropical that somebody said, "*Mais, voilà Neluska!*" After the conclusion of the second act the audience rose spontaneously, and turning towards the royal box, applauded the "sposa" loudly; to which expression of kindly feeling the whole royal party responded by rising and saluting the house.

The official fêtes of this capital were splendidly concluded on May 7th by the ball offered by the municipality to the newly married pair, and the grand illumination of the Florentine Prater, the Cascine, in which was held what would be called in Germany a *Volksfest*—gratuitous open-air performances in theatres erected for the occasion, innumerable refreshment booths, fireworks, Bengal lights, and a variety of other attractions too numerous to catalogue. That was the last public entertainment of the programme, and I think everybody was heartily glad of it. Florence streets soon recovered their normal aspect, and the native purveyors of food, drink, and sleeping accommodation had leisure wherein to count their gains—a pleasing occupation, to which for at least ten days they really had not had time to devote themselves. There was a wine-shop of some note in Florence which had not been closed since April 29th; its fortunate proprietor secured relays of waiters, laid in huge stores of *vino del paese*, *salami*, and eggs, and kept the thing going till May 8th without intermission; he solemnly closed that night at the "tocco." He had filled a huge wooden box with bank-notes of all colors and sizes, and probably passed his first hours of relaxation in reckoning his profits, which, I fancy, amounted to a tidy little sum for a Florentine *locandiere*. Whatever objections may have been raised to the lavish expenditure of the civic authorities upon the nuptial rejoicings, there could be no doubt that Florence had made a good thing of the marriage; it was roughly calculated that the visitors alone, taken one with another, spent between £50,000 and £60,000 per diem for at least a clear week, which amount, converted into francs or lire, presented a very pretty appearance upon paper. Hotel-keepers had a princely time; cab proprietors became capitalists, and restaurateurs earned an honorable retirement, of which, however, they did not avail themselves, out of consideration for their fellow-citizens. Fancy Florence suddenly left forlorn of eating-houses! In every way the festive celebration of the royal marriage did good; it brought the leading men of all the provinces together for a common and, fortunately, an agreeable purpose. It involved a general recognition of Florence as the capital of Italy; it was the means of planing down a good many dislikes and prejudices; it poured money into the poor man's pocket, and filled his children's bellies with bread, while it regaled their eyes with fair sights; and it familiarized the Italian people with one of the sweetest, brightest, and most amiable young ladies in Europe—later on to be their queen and friend, at that time their idol and their darling. National fêtes, in a smaller and more transitory degree, were useful to a young and stumbling kingdom in the same manner as the army—namely, as nuclei of amalgamation. If ever the real, sound, sincere unity of Italy be achieved, that much-to-be-desired result will be mainly achieved through the fusion of races effected in the ranks of her armed cohorts; and national rejoicings like those of the royal wedding will have materially contributed to the realization of that which in 1868 was the hope, but then only the hope, of every earnest Italian patriot.

The Giostra, or Joust, so called on the *lucus a non* principle, passed over without accident; five-and-thirty thousand people crammed into a building constructed for the accommodation of twenty-eight thousand endured three hours of acute suffering with astonishing good-temper and cheerfulness; the gentlemen of Italy gave convincing proofs of their capabilities for executing feats of the circus: and the municipality of Florence furnished the world with a remarkable specimen of that muddling and incapacity peculiar to the Italian administrative. One comical incident connected with the pyrotechnical display on the Arno I must not omit to mention. The skeleton palace erected on the temporary bridge below the Ponte della Carraja was flanked at the extremity of either wing by an equestrian statue in wooden framework—I believe, intended to represent Charles Albert and Philibert Emmanuel—and when the colored lights attached to the enormous frame were ignited, one of these horsemen blazed away merrily enough; but the other, where was he? It appears that the men appointed to scramble up narrow planks behind the framework and light up the statue struck at the supreme moment, not liking the look of the black stream rushing beneath their feet from so giddy a height, and that they told the frantic pyrotechnist *en chef* if he wanted his horseman set on fire he might climb up and do it himself. This the artist, despite his anxiety to avoid the coming fiasco, declined to do; and so it came to pass that total darkness was where a shining cavalier should have been. But the slighted statue had its innings, after all; for, half an hour after the Palace of Light had burned itself out, and the *contretemps* had been nearly forgotten,

all of a sudden a flaming horse and horseman made their appearance in the dark sky, to the amusement of the crowd, which immediately christened the vision, "Il Commendatore." Either "l' uom di sasso" had caught fire accidentally from one of the rockets showers which constituted the prettiest exhibition of the evening, or else some sly humorist had crept up behind him and surreptitiously set him alight; at any rate, there he was, all by himself, burning away for the bare life, and more applauded by the public than anything, save a fire-balloon that wouldn't go up.

On Monday, the 5th, the second day's racing came off with rather greater success than the first, for a valuable horse was killed, and a jockey badly hurt, whereas the imbecile exhibition on the 3d had been unrelieved by excitement of any sort. In the evening a number of Florentine ladies were presented to the Princess of Piedmont by Mesdames the Princess Corsini, Princess Strozzi, Marchioness Pelli-Fabbroni, Marchioness Farinola Gentile, Marchioness Torrigiani, and Countess degl'Alessandri. Her Royal Highness created a most favorable impression upon the patrician dames of the capital. She conversed for a few minutes with each lady, and proved herself to be well acquainted with the individualities of the persons introduced to her. For instance, to the Countess Moretti, who was of English extraction, she at once spoke in English, laughing merrily at her own mistakes in a language with which she was imperfectly acquainted. The reception went off brilliantly, and Florence society rang with praises of the fair and amiable Marguerite.

Tuesday, the 6th, was devoted to a review of the few troops gathered together for the occasion. Properly speaking, it was not a review, but an inspection, and in no way different from other inspections, the chief attraction of which is invariably the march past. In the afternoon a regatta was given to the boatmen of the Arno; one of the most curious exhibitions I had ever assisted at. Cavaliere Sebastiano Fenzi, at once a renowned gymnast, a charming poet, and a sound politico-economist, was kind enough to invite me to the judge's barge, in which he had reserved a place for me. I enjoyed, therefore, the advantage of contemplating the crowning struggles of the four races that constituted the programme of the regatta. There were, in all, nine competing boats—*entre autres*, two crews from Pisa—which were divided off into threes for the three first races, the winning boat in each heat, if I may call it so, contending for the prizes in the fourth and last race. I need not say that the style of the rowing was execrable, and the pace anything but killing.

After the regatta came the Court ball, and then the tournament, which was disgracefully managed, and disgusted the public. It was a scene of fighting, swearing, screaming, unblushing robbery, bad accommodation, abundant insolence on the part of the public *employés*—in a word, of disgraceful confusion such as a Greenwich Fair mob might have been fairly ashamed of. The performance was long and tedious, precisely similar, save in the respect of costume, to that given at Turin. All kinds of dance-figures, stars, and letters were made up of mounted gentlemen, arrayed in fifteenth-century dresses; the Milanese quadrille, a gorgeous and gallant company, formed into a gigantic M, which might stand either for Marguerite or Milan, just as one chose to interpret its signification. The Neapolitans were also splendidly arrayed and mounted—Duke de St. Arpino and Prince Moliterno, in particular, rode horses of unusual value and beauty. The Piedmontese went through their work in the ring with all the dash and confidence acquired by their previous success at Turin, and were loudly applauded.

The worst performance by a good deal was that of the Florentine cavaliers, some of whom did not seem altogether at their ease on horseback. After the Piedmontese, and very closely, came the Neapolitans, several of whom were splendid horsemen; their dresses were incredibly rich and tasteful: white, blue, and gold—russet, gold, and violet—black velvet, cloth of gold pourpoint, and red hose and sleeves—purple, russet, and gold. Prince Amadeus, who rode capitally, was attired in a *justaucorps* of gold brocade, green velvet, and ermine mantle, green velvet cap of maintenance with jewelled coronet and heron's plumes, white silk hose, and the collar of the Annunziata in brilliants. Count Eugene Michelozzi, the chief of the Florentine quadrille and bearer of a great historical name, was in gold brocade, white velvet, and scarlet satin. Colonel Mario, captain of the Lombardo-Venetians, wore black velvet, and gold and crimson cap; he was mounted on a priceless Arabian. Count Manazzani (Piedmont) did not look so well in crimson, gold, and sky blue as he did at Turin in black velvet faced with iron gray; he rode his favorite mare, of which he had painted an excellent likeness, shown to me at Count Louis de Balbo's *atélier* the day I left the city of the Alps. After the figure-dances and so forth were finished, throwing the javelin ("barra") and carrying off the ring commenced, and were performed with more or less dexterity by

the *élite* of the four quadrilles. Only one man was thrown; young Marquis Corsini got a bad kick from a horse, and Count Scotti had his knee put out by a similar accident. As a rule, the riding was decidedly good, but the management of the whole entertainment was utterly unworthy of a city claiming to be the capital of Italy.

I must not conclude my account of the brave doings in Florence without paying a tribute of admiration to the taste and liberality displayed by the municipality in their monster ball of May 7th, to which six thousand invitations were issued. It was given in the Palazzo della Cascine, a somewhat neglected one-story building, occupying the right side of the Piazzone. Only a fortnight previously the ball-room, which on the night of the *ricevimeto* presented a brilliant appearance, had been little more than a large and dirty hay-store; the decorators employed by the town had, in an incredibly short space of time, converted it into a gay *salon*, fancifully draped with the city colors, those of the kingdom, and the banners of all the communes, many of them emblazoned with strange devices enough. The outside of the palace was covered with colored lamps, as were two towers and a sort of pagoda facing the *façade* of the building. The huge elm-trees surrounding the Piazzone were also laded with colored *lampions*, which looked like the magic fruit of an enchanted orchard. In the upper floor a suite of some fourteen rooms had been newly furnished and decorated, fitted up with card-tables, etc., *à l'adresse* of the non-dancers. Although the cards of invitation indicated half-past nine as the hour of meeting, the company, anxious to secure a good view of the royal *entrée*, began to arrive at a little after eight, and before the King's advent (at ten precisely) the rooms were already crowded, while a triple line of coming carriages reached from the palace door to the commencement of Lung'Arno Nuovo—about two miles. It may be imagined what the crush was some hours afterwards! When I left at 1 A.M., guests were still pouring in, and I could not distinguish the end of the *filo* of vehicles. The King was in excellent spirits, as was the Princess Marguerite, who, as usual, danced nearly every dance. Supper was provided for the royal party and suite, and a magnificent spread it was; but, unfortunately for one or two of my friends, who were *de service* with the King, hardly had the oysters, or prologue, been swallowed, when the Queen of Portugal complained of faintness (she was much too delicate to undergo all these fatigues), *and the King, rising,* gave her his arm, and *left the supper-room,* followed, of course, by his immediate suite. The princes, however, and the other *invités* remained at table, and partook heartily of the municipal good cheer. The prettiest sight of all was the long drive of the Cascine, illuminated brilliantly from end to end with its thousand globe-lighted booths, tents, and stalls, and its two pretty little theatres, in which the renowned Gianduja, Pulcinella, Stenterello, and Menenghino performed their several and special antics, to the delight of many thousand spectators. The Cascine was turned into fairy-land that night, and did not go to sleep till five next morning.

There were two circumstances connected with the national fêtes held on the occasion of the Italian marriage which must, I should think, have been noticed by every person who, like myself, followed those fêtes up in their progression through different parts of the Peninsula. The one was, that the *personnel* of the royal family assisting at these rejoicings steadily diminished in number at each new set of festivities. The line of golden and crimson arm-chairs which, at all the Turin performances, presented a face twelve strong, dwindled to one of eight at Florence, and was reduced in Genoa to a minimum of five. One by one the august personages that made up such a large family party in the Piedmontese capital dropped out of the ranks; fatigue, heat, indisposition, and, above all, political considerations, successively did their appointed work. One well-beloved member of the royal family (Princess Clotilde) was written to from afar, and told that "it was *très convenable* to be present at the *fêtes de famille*, but not at all necessary to take part in the *fêtes officielles*." A princely visitor (Frederick William of Prussia) received a hint that political significance was being attached to his journey, and that it would be well to silence the *mauvaises langues*. He would have liked to "see the thing out," but very prudently packed up his traps and hurried away. How difficult it is to see one's way in the fierce light that shines upon a throne and its *entourage*.

The other of the two circumstances above alluded to was the gradual but regular depreciation in quality of the national rejoicings, as they were transferred from one large city to another. In Turin, with one or two unimportant exceptions, the entertainments provided in the official programme were splendid, tasteful, and admirably carried out. They were conceived in a large spirit, and put into execution with fitting liberality; above all, order and justice reigned over their organization. In Florence, much money was spent to little purpose (I fear a good deal of it found its way into official pockets);

failure was the rule, success the exception; the municipality broke down miserably under the load of its engagements; the public was subjected to shameful abuses, and confusion worse confounded was the order of the day. In Genoa there was no fear of much *imbroglio*, for the list of festivities had been cut down to the smallest possible dimensions, and but little spontaneity was manifested by the worthy "Zenesi" to heighten the attractions of the programme.

I hasten to mention one splendid exception to this rule—the Syndic of Genoa, Baron Andrea Podestà, who, when it was proposed that the municipality should offer a ball to the "Sposi Reali," at once declared that the citizens of Genoa should be put to no expense in the matter, as he intended to give the ball in question himself, at his own proper charges. A pavilion had been erected at the water's edge, on the right side of the port, not far from the railway-station, whence the King and his following, the *nouveaux mariés*, and the Duchess of Genoa, were to contemplate the regatta; but it was so ridiculously small that there was only just room for the royal party, the general commanding at Genoa, the Syndic, and one or two other persons of corresponding rank. For the gala night at the theatre all the stalls were taken at an average price of two guineas, and the management encroached on the parterre, to the extent of a couple of extra rows, each seat in which fetched a good round sum. Taking into consideration the economical, not to say parsimonious, habits of the Genoese, the fact that such unheard of prices were freely paid to obtain a sight of Madame Marguerite (ten francs were charged for standing in tribunes erected in the Via Balbi, through which the royal cortége passed from the railway-station to the royal palace), went far to prove the great good-will entertained towards her in the city from which her gallant father took his title.

The naval review and sham-fight—the anticipation of seeing which I feel sure attracted many foreigners to Genoa—were given up. This decision was arrived at in compliance with the wishes of the navy itself, which was just then by no means desirous of thrusting itself into public notice. There was a strong squadron of iron-clads at Genoa — among others, the *Affondatore*, *Principe di Carignano*, and *Maria Pia;* but their part in the marriage festivities was confined to furnishing a number of boats for the police of the port on the regatta day. One could not contemplate these fine vessels without thinking of Persano, the man who lost as grand an opportunity as a sailor could have wished for, and was, in consequence, for some time, the most intensely hated man in Italy. As I was leaving Turin on the afternoon of May 14th, in passing through the great dining-room of the station, I caught sight of and recognized him, although he was much altered, and had grown a tremendous tawny-gray beard. He lived at that time a very retired life, with some members of his wife's family, in one of the new houses near the *embarcadère*, and dined often at the restaurant there, which, by-the-way, was one of the two places in Turin where you could get anything decent to eat. There was then a gentleman in the city of arcades who was afflicted (even to his beard) with an extraordinary resemblance to Persano. During the wedding fêtes he was very vigorously mobbed by a number of his erring fellow-citizens, and had to run for it. A good thing was said to me about Persano by a distinguished naval authority, as wise as he was witty. "If Persano, after Lissa, had, before entering Ancona, held a court-martial on board his ship upon Vacca and Albini, and had them both shot, he would have been the greatest man in Italy!" The whole time his trial lasted he manifested the most cynical indifference to the shame and horror of his position, for he was assured that his life was safe; and when he left the court, after his sentence of degradation had been pronounced by the Senate, he exclaimed, in the hearing of several persons, "The devil take me if ever they persuade me again to command their infernal fleet!" For cool cynicism, I fancy that utterance was altogether unrivalled in history.

On May 15, 1868, I saw a most refreshing and pleasant sight, the entry of the Princess Marguerite and her husband into stately Genoa, amid acclamations such as they had not been greeted with in any of the cities through which they had passed since their marriage. The population of Genova la Superba is one far more vigorous, physically and morally, than that of the capital; the men are as tall and square as Lombards, the women as fully developed and far lovelier than the Romans. The Genoese race is flavored with the sea-salt and enriched with Oriental color. Curious and picturesque types of comeliness abound in the narrow, hilly ways, lined with frontless shops and teeming with vitality, that lead from the upper town of palaces to the not over-clean port. There may be seen any number of those antique bronzed faces, half hidden by flowing white beards, behind which the large bright black eyes gleam with apparent fierceness—contrasts of color seldom met with in pale northern climes—marvellous feminine obesity, supported with bustling alacrity—all the hues of the palette combined in the dress of both sexes—great knotty muscles, care-

lessly exhibited by *facchini* with classical heads, close-cropped and tanned a bright bay by exposure to the sun. Of such elements, the hardy sons of the sea slightly predominant, was composed the enormous crowd, reaching from the station to the royal palace, which gave the Pearl of Savoy so enthusiastic a reception.

Late at night, on the fourteenth, returning to my hotel from a house upon whose kindly and accomplished hostess countless blessings had in foregoing years been invoked by travelling generations of her wandering countrymen, I strolled along the line of route adopted for the next morning's state entry, and was not a little surprised at the change a few hours had brought about in the appearance of the streets. The out-of-door decorations had, it seems, been put off to the last minute; and it being far too hot to work at them during the steaming, sweltering day, hosts of workmen had been put on at nightfall, and enjoined to finish the job straight off during the small hours. The Via Balbi (in which is situate the royal palace) had been festooned from end to end with flowers, flags, and gay-colored ribbons—ropes stretched from roof to roof of the houses, supported with devices of colored lamps, bell-shaped, set in frames of evergreens. Nothing could be more graceful than these hangings, invented, I believe, by the Turinese Ottino, whose triumphs in the Portici di Po have already been described to my readers.

It was in this very Via Balbi, under the windows of the Palazzo Reale, that I took up the position assigned to me the following morning. Both sides of the street were lined with troops; on one pavement infantry of the line, on the other "cette chère Garde Nationale," in brand-new uniforms, with a wealth of hirsute sappers, terrible to the view, such as were seldom to be met with in real fighting troops. A little beyond the palace half a squadron of lancers (such fine men and horses) kept the crowd from encroaching on the course reserved for the passage of the royal pair. All the windows of the Palazzi, six and seven storied, were filled with ladies richly dressed, peeping out with some difficulty over enormous basket-trays piled up high with flowers, soon to be showered on the pretty princess's head. The street was a wonderful sight, teeming with color, bristling with bayonets, shaded by thousands of garlands and festoons, tremulous with the movement of fans. Up and down the guarded road-way gorgeous visions flitted to and fro in gilded carriages; in one place the cheerful briskness of the light-blue military hedge, *broken by* a black phalanx of fierce little *bersaglieri, as grim-looking* as may be. In another enlivened by the hundred *cuirassiers*, very gods of war, in their dark burnished cuirasses—to which the men had to be fitted, as they were all made to order before the corps was instituted; ancient Roman casques with red plumes on horse-tails hanging down behind them at greater length than most ladies' "back hair;" magnificent men on magnificent horses, indeed, but not nearly so big as they were meant to be, by reason of the cuirasses having been made a couple of sizes too small for the gigantic Lombards and Piedmontese, of whom the Hundred was to have been constituted.

Here let me express my admiration for the municipal police of Genoa, by far the most cheery objects I had theretofore seen in Europe. They are picked men, selected not only for strength, stature, and good looks, but for good character, intelligence, and education. They wear a long dark-blue coat, with a silver number on the collar, a black glazed chimney-pot of the old London "Bobby" pattern, dark trousers, and a long Malacca cane with a big plated head and silver tassel. From their ruddy faces and portly condition, I should say that they subsisted chiefly on beef and beer. They are genial fellows, beaming with smiles—good-humored giants, whose very breadth of shoulder inspires respect for the city whose peace they keep. How soothing, in a country so deeply imbued with the cocked hat and all the French insolence of office with which that detestable head-covering inoculates its wearers, to behold policemen—real policemen, fat, humane, and brimming over with amenity—armed with no cutting weapon, clad in garments as nearly approaching civil garb as possible—polite, friendly, paternal—above all, intelligent and well-mannered! I would such guardians of the public weal could be found anywhere in Italy—everywhere, I should say—as well as in Genoa. The Genoese themselves delight in them, and call them "policemen," not "poliziotti," or "sbirri."

At eleven o'clock precisely a salvo of artillery announced the arrival of the royal train (the King had preceded his son and daughter-in-law by a few hours, and awaited them in the palace), and a few minutes later the cortège made its appearance at the western end of the Via Balbi. Then commenced a torrent of fresh flowers from the windows on both sides of the street, which continued without intermission up to the gates of the Palazzo. By the time the prince and princess reached the portico of their temporary abode, their carriage was filled and overflowing with roses, daisies, heart's-ease, azaleas, and geraniums. As for the enthusiasm of the people and the passionate manner of its

expression, I had seen and heard nothing like it throughout the whole series of fêtes thitherto given to Marguerite and Humbert. The men cheered—one would have thought they were Englishmen—the women clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs—even the National Guard, so famous for its stern discipline and rigidity of bearing, broke through its iron impassibility, and shouted as though it had been composed of ordinary mortals. As poor Artemus Ward used to say, "This is meant ironical." The princess, who was dressed in dark-colored silk, white bonnet and flowers, and black lace mantle, looked much better than when I saw her in Florence. As usual, her sweet face was radiant with smiling thankfulness and goodwill; even her gestures of acknowledgment, wearisome as they must have been to her, were marked with a peculiar grace and charm. As soon as the young couple were fairly housed, the crowd broke its military barriers, and filling up the street from end to end with a solid mass of humanity, began to call in the Italian fashion (by hand-clapping) for the "sposa." In a very short time—I am sure she must have run up-stairs, for the state apartments are on the third floor!—the windows of the great balcony were thrown open, and the King led out the fair Marguerite. I hope she was convinced that the Genoese, at least, were her warm friends, by the reception she met with. Cheer upon cheer, round after round of applause, must have told her the feelings that animated that huge assemblage. After she had retired the people called for the King, who responded at once by returning alone to the front of the balcony and bowing repeatedly. Then they would have the princess out again; and so she came out, and was fêted more than ever. A list of the belles would occupy more space than I am justified in devoting to it, but I cannot forbear mentioning the Marchioness Balbi and her two charming daughters, the Marchesina Lila Cambiaso, the Marchioness Spinola (not the *nouvelle mariée*), and the Countess Caretto. At nine o'clock precisely the King, Prince and Princess of Piedmont, Duchess of Genoa, Duke of Aosta, and their suites entered the royal box, and met with a reception totally unlike anything they had heard or seen since the wedding-day. Certainly the Genoese have better lungs, stronger hands, and warmer hearts than the Florentines. It was more than a storm of applause, it was a hurricane; and the more impressive since the King, who had been made to believe that he was no favorite at Genoa (where the Reds were very strong), had rather neglected the proud old city, and had exhibited a marked coldness of manner towards its leading men and public on more than one occasion. The wedding visit afforded an opportunity of hearty and complete reconciliation between his Majesty and the sons of the once mighty republic; and I am not, I trust, transgressing the bounds of a proper discretion in stating that the King was sincerely rejoiced at his agreeable disappointment, and expressed his delight to me, as well as to many others, in the strongest terms.

Details of adornment are but bald reading, so I will confine my notice of royal millinery, etc., to the dark rose-colored dress, crown-jewels, and fairy-like satin shoes of Madame Marguerite, who was in high spirits, and full of what the Germans call "Neckerei" (playful teasing) towards her brother-in-law, Prince Amadeus, who, by-the-way, fell down on his face while getting out of his carriage at the theatre door, but fortunately did not hurt himself. As the princess was taking her seat, the Duke d'Aosta, always *aux petits soins* with his fair relative, set about arranging her footstool for her with the point of his sheathed sword, which she persistently kicked aside with her pretty little foot, laughing merrily all the time, until he desisted in comical despair, and bent down to settle the footstool in the orthodox way. The royal party stayed till the end of "Brahma," in the closing scene of which a young person of agile habits and scanty attire was comfortably burned on a revolving pyre of electric light, to the manifest annoyance of Vishnu and Siva. The King and his party, when they rose to retire, were splendidly applauded. A hymn of praise, the joint production of Cavalieri Deferrari and Bixio, was well performed during the evening, and was, moreover, considerably above the usual standard of mediocrity peculiar to such compositions. The overture to "Zampa," magnificently rendered by an orchestra whose chief was Mariani—*c'est assez dire*—introduced the first person in the Hindoo Trinity to public notice.

One of the pleasantest features of the gorgeous illuminations which turned Friday night into Saturday morning was the *promenade à pied* executed *en masse* by the lovely patrician ladies of Genoa, who turned out of the Opera-house at about eleven, and, shawled and burnoused, but bareheaded (save where diamond coronets flashed from among their masses of luxuriant hair), strolled slowly through the shining streets, accompanied by groups of *cavalieri servanti*, and eagerly made way for by the crowds that still thronged the main thoroughfares of the city. Ottino had composed and superintended the illuminations (which were, of course, brilliant and tasteful; but, beyond one or two double revolving gas stars (one particularly in the

Piazza della Posta, gigantic and painfully bright), I noticed nothing absolutely new in the way of light devices. There were several monumental constructions of colored lamps, containing monograms, crowns, and the like; but the *chef-d'œuvre* was, as at Turin, the tent-shaped hangings of the Via Nuova, Via Balbi, and Via Nuovissima. By one o'clock the streets were empty and the lights extinguished.

I have only a few words to add to my imperfect record of the celebrations and festivities that attended the union of Humbert of Piedmont and Margaret of Savoy. The happy chance that transformed their cousinly affection into ardent love, and made them one for life, was highly propitious to the well-being of Italy, as well as to their own personal happiness. Two nobler natures were never brought into contact than theirs, nor with more beneficent results to a great nation. The chivalric King (Il Rè Cavalleresco) has ennobled Italian character by the example of self-sacrifice, devotion to duty, and supreme humanity he has afforded to his subjects. The Pearl of Savoy has taught her country-folk, men and women alike, to be tolerant of mortal weaknesses, charitable, benevolent, merciful to man and beast, indefatigable in alleviating pain and solacing sorrow. Princess and Queen, she has passed her girlhood and womanhood in brightening the lives of the poor, and in proving to all around her, by her unaffected gayety and uniform cheerfulness of look, manner, and speech, that true contentment is only to be found in the constant doing of good. It is impossible to exaggerate the moral and psychical value of the influence exercised upon the Italian people during the past two decades by Umberto and Margherita. I could fill a volume larger than this with true tales of his noble achievements and her benevolent deeds. Suffice it to say, however, in this place, that if the proverb, "Nations get the sovereign they deserve," be a veracious one, the merits of the Italian nation must be of a quality and number eminently calculated to excite the admiration and provoke the envy of extra-Ausonian mankind.

CHAPTER XI.

Two Khedives.—From Berlin to Cairo.—A Modern Mohammed.—Conversations with Ismaïl Pasha.—A Costly Banquet.—Tewfik Pasha.—Ferdinand de Lesseps.—A Canal Trip.—Ismaïlia, Suez, and Port Said.

On Twelfth-day, 1876, I was sitting at breakfast with my wife and daughter in my thick-walled, double-windowed, scientifically heated, thoroughly comfortable, and therefore singularly un-English house in Berlin, when all unexpectedly one of those laconic missives to which reference has more than once been made in these pages was handed to me. I opened it with an apprehensive shiver, for the snow was falling heavily, and the prospect of a "special mission," contrasted with the *agrément* of home, flashed luridly through my brain. The despatch ran thus: "Start Cairo next train. First importance, travel day and night." From Berlin to Cairo at four hours' notice—the train to Munich for Italy left at 2 P.M., and my marching orders reached me at 10 A.M. —and in the dead of the winter! Had not ten years' continuous foreign service as the representative of the *Daily Telegraph* in peace and war considerably abated my susceptibility to the passion of astonishment, I might have been amazed by the receipt of such strange and startling instructions. As it *was, however, I gave* orders that my portmanteau *should* be packed with summer as well as winter clothing, wrapped myself up in a *shouba*, drove to the Embassy for credentials, and to my banker's for money, and was back in the Hohenzollern-strasse in time for a solid lunch, a brief family council, and the inditing of the following succinct despatch to Fleet Street: "Now leaving for Egypt. Wire Alexandria Consulate." A few minutes later I was in the train, steaming southward through a *tourmente de neige* that would have done credit to a Russian steppe at Christmas-tide.

Why I was being sent to the banks of the Nile gave me very little concern. I knew that the reorganization of Egyptian finance was on the tapis; that Stephen Cave had been intrusted by the British Government with the arduous task of overhauling Ismaïl Khedive's state accounts; that a loan was urgently wanted by his Highness, and was being eagerly competed for by English and French capitalists; that British influence in Egypt was considered to be at stake by leading diplomatists with whom I had academically discussed the situation, little dreaming that I should be plunged into it over head and ears at the moment of its greatest tension. This

was enough for me—sufficient for the day was the evil thereof; so, rolling myself up in my furs, I went to sleep, and did not awaken until my ears were assailed with the stentorian shout of "Muenchen! Alles aussteigen!" at four o'clock next morning.

Eight days and nights of incessant travel brought me from eighteen degrees of cold to fourteen of heat; from snow-laden droskies to solemn, ever-chewing camels; from leafless linden to feathery palms; from the tawdry vulgarity of the Siegesdenkmal to the stupendous simplicity of the Pyramids. Across long, dismal, Prussian, Saxon, Bavarian plains, all covered with a white winter shroud; across rugged Austrian Alps; along the edges of ice-rimmed precipices; through long fantastic avenues of icicles thirty, forty, and sometimes fifty feet in length, diving down again into Italian valleys, skirmishing over Lombard flats and Æmilian slopes, skirting the Adriatic for wellnigh three hundred miles, with the snow still clinging to our tracks (we only shook it off finally at Foggia), until at last Brindisi is reached, and we have fairly bidden farewell to freezing-point for one while to come. Then a burst of bad weather, delaying the steamer in which we are to "go down to the sea" for a score of hours, while stress of winter snows up the mails she is destined to carry, and all but freezes to death a moiety of her luckless passengers in the blocked-up gorges of the Cenis pass. At length the anxiously awaited *Travancore* arrives, her funnel thickly crusted with salt; a furious snow-storm assailed her on her passage from Venice, and the few miserable beings who took possession of their berths ere she quitted that amphibious city were more dead than alive by the time she fought her way into the noble Brindisi harbor. Late as she was, the mails were later. We did not get under way till 10 P.M. on the Monday night, and reached Alexandria, tempest-tossed and all forlorn, on Friday, instead of Thursday morning, there to fall victims to Arab rapacity, popular as well as official; and finally to struggle on to Cairo, amid the strangest sounds and sights that ever encountered the ears and eyes of "Northern barbarians," unused to the peripetia of African locomotion. The hour that elapsed between our anchorage in Alexandria harbor and our farewell to the good ship that had so gallantly borne us through a spell of exceptionally bad weather was as kaleidoscopically pictorial, inconsequent, and rife with fantastic flittings from one absurdity to another, as the quaintest of morning dreams. But the sixty minutes succeeding my landing, during which I became a conscious but helpless prey to one of the most gorgeous and ingenious scoundrels, hight Mohammed, that ever ornamented Oriental society, were not so picturesque as their predecessor, though fully as grotesque. This resplendent rogue dry-nursed me through the Customs, the police-office, and the railway-station with a swooping masterfulness that exhibited his relations with the local authorities in a light equally illustrative of his knowledge of their national peculiarities and of their keen apprehension of their personal interests. In one respect he singularly resembled the daughter of the horse-leech. His incessantly recurring formula was "All dat money gone, sar! Now you give me forty, sixty francs more, sar! I make account with you by-by, sar!" His flights of fancy were charming. "Suppose you no give me money, sar, dey keep all your baggage at Custom-house, sar! All rascals, sar, at Custom-house! Arab rob his camel, sar! S'pose you very fine things in luggage, sar! Arab Customs officer he like 'em very much, sar! Only you give me twenty, thirty francs, sar, he rummage very much, and some very fine things stick on his finger, sar! My name Mohammed, sar, all same as Prophet! I very honest man; all English lord tell me so, and shake hand with me. You give me more money, sar, I pay rogues, and never let 'em steal nothing, sar!" The inference to be drawn from this last asseveration was truly refreshing. Mohammed had his will of me; and I seldom remember, except at whist, to have passed a more costly hour than that during which this intelligent son of the desert devoted himself to my service. The fellow was a consummate actor. When he took leave of me on the platform, he made up his sepia countenance into an expression of noble melancholy streaked with regretful tenderness that would have done honor to Henry Irving. "You not never forget Mohammed, sar? I extremely sorry you go to Cairo, sar! You write to me, sar! I stop all time at Abbat's Hotel." I thought for a moment he was going to shed a thick yellow tear; but he controlled his emotions with a fine dramatic gulp, and only thrust out a black paw—the very paw that had so dexterously juggled with my vanished silver—for a shake-hands, such as "all English lord" had bestowed upon him, in recognition of his surpassing integrity. The delights of Mohammed's society and protection were not cheap; but I question whether I ever yet was so pleasurably robbed as by that murky humorist. Remember thee! ay, ingenious Arab, while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe!

Arrived in Cairo, I found my instructions awaiting me at the British Agency, of which

General Stanton was at that time chief. I was directed to seek audience of the Khedive, and learn his views upon the situation—a highly acute one just then; to call upon Mr. Cave with a like purpose; to interview the Egyptian ministers and foreign representatives, and get what I could out of them, as well as out of the local financiers, such as Oppenheim, Blum, and Baierle; in short, to glean information from every person in authority who was likely to know anything worth telegraphing at the rate of two shillings a word. Luckily, in Egypt I found plenty of old acquaintances. Colonel Stokes, who was attached to the Cave mission, I had known well when he had been located at Galatz, on the Danubian Commission; Blum (now a pasha) had often foregathered with me at Vienna, where he had been a bank director; with Von Bunsen, De Lex, Cischini, and one or two other diplomatists I was on terms of intimacy. My task, therefore, became an easier one than I had anticipated on arriving in a country entirely unfamiliar to me; and it was wonderfully facilitated by Ismaïl Pasha himself, who received me with a genial cordiality and splendid hospitality for which I shall be grateful to him as long as I live. Throughout my stay in Cairo he was accessible to me, at an hour's notice, whenever I asked to see him; he told me everything that I wanted to know; he positively overwhelmed me with thoughtful kindnesses and graceful attentions. Of his sagacity my readers will be enabled to judge by some of his utterances, which I took down at the time they were addressed to me *viva voce*.

In obedience to the Khedive's commands, I presented myself on the morning of February 5, 1876, at the Palace of Abd-deen, and was received by his Highness, who honored me with an interview of more than an hour's duration. In the course of a long conversation, in which I too gladly played the part of listener, the Khedive was pleased to impart to me many of his personal views upon men and things, affairs political and financial, which he permitted me to make publicly known. The impression made upon me by Ismaïl Pasha was one that time will not easily efface. He certainly takes high rank among the most remarkable men of his age. In largeness of intelligence, power of grasping his subject, and quickness of wit, he has probably few rivals among reigning sovereigns, or even living statesmen. His frankness is almost Bismarckian, while his manner is extremely graceful, cheery, and taking. He speaks forcible and idiomatic French—*French* that is by no means pedantic in its *construction; the* French of a clever man of business rather than of a diplomatist or of a votary of the *belles lettres*. His treatment of whatever topic engages his attention for the moment is extremely vivacious and fertile in illustration, his intellect is manifestly flexible as well as subtle, and the suddeness with which he changes his *venue* is sometimes as startling as the dexterity is entertaining with which he avoids entering into the discussion or ventilation of subjects upon which he is unwilling or unprepared to pronounce himself.

It is but a very slight acknowledgment of the distinguished kindness with which he treated me, to say that in a few seconds he put me so perfectly at my ease that I was encouraged to ask many questions and solicit much information, which I should have hesitated to venture upon or request from any one of his ministers. I took the liberty of explaining to him the extraordinary difficulties encountered by a foreign journalist in his search after truth in Egypt, and of instancing those difficulties by some of my own experiences—which were, indeed, of a very remarkable character, and would considerably astonish my readers were I to recount them in plain unvarnished terms. The Khedive, after a moment's pause, replied, "I am delighted that you wish to know the truth, and for my own part will be perfectly frank towards you. Whatever I *can* tell you I will. Ask me, therefore, what you please; if I answer your question, you will hear the truth; if I do not, it will be because my obligations, of one or another description, do not allow me to be perfectly unreserved, as, for instance, with respect to negotiations still pending, and matters of that sort. I feel sure that your intentions and those of your countrymen are sincerely friendly towards Egypt, and I ask no better than to inform you fully respecting our position, our projects, and our hopes."

The first subject broached by the Khedive, after a few preliminary observations respecting the sacrifices he had felt himself morally called upon to make for the vindication of principles in which Egypt herself was only relatively interested, was the Zanzibar expedition. He indicated to me quite unmistakably that the pecuniary and commercial losses inflicted upon Egypt by this enterprise had been incurred, willingly enough, he admitted, by him chiefly because he desired to prove to England his entire willingness to co-operate with her in her humane and civilizing endeavors to suppress the slave-trade, not because he desired any increment of territory by conquest. With respect to the possession of the embouchure of the Joobba (I crave indulgence for a spelling that is neces-

sarily oral) he observed that, for reasons which he detailed to me at considerable length, and which were well known at our Foreign Office, he considered that locality to belong rightfully to Egypt, and that, moreover, in asserting his claim to it, he was mainly guided by the advice of Colonel Gordon, whose unalterable conviction it was that Egypt should hold the country from the lakes to the sea, and have in her own hands the point of outlet for her trade on that long line.

"I told," said the Khedive, "M'Killop, if he found Zanzibarian posts or forces established down there, not to interfere with them, but to establish himself quietly by their side or on the river-bank. He has, perhaps, exceeded his instructions to some slight extent, and gone a little too far; but that is all easily arranged. It is all in your interest that I should do as I have done. It has cost me a great deal of money—a large sum in hard cash, besides £400,000 in loss of labor, support of troops, etc., to the Soudan, and a diminution of trade to that province of some £700,000. What reward have I for these sacrifices? Like yourselves, I am the friend of humanity; I wish well to all men, but I wish well, in particular, to Egyptians, my subjects. I desire to befriend the negroes; but, frankly, I like one Egyptian better than ten negroes, and you cannot reproach me with that preference. I am improving wherever I take hold of anything. I have a light-house in preparation for Berbera, where I have built a stone jetty, and am laying down twelve hundred lengths of water-pipes. English navigation and commerce will benefit by these and many other things I contemplate carrying out.

"But progress in Egypt, or even the carrying on of the country's business in a normal manner, is incompatible with the maintenance of the usurious system under which our finances suffer. We pay unreasonably for the money that we require to keep pace with the growing requirements of the age, and to develop the great natural resources of the country. We have been *exploités*, and, unfortunately, our necessities being no secret, we are still exposed to *exploitations*. I will not yield any further to the pressure always brought to bear upon me when I endeavor to rescue my State from its embarrassments. For instance, only the other day, in this negotiation about an advance to enable me to meet immediate claims, resulting from floating bonds becoming due within the next six weeks, the French financiers originally proposed to lend me the sum I want at twenty-two per cent.! Of course I would not listen to such a proposition. I showed it to the representative of the French Government, in whom it aroused strong indignation as well as surprise. I told those gentlemen that, if it were attempted to force such terms as those upon me, I would *poser mon ultimatum*. By consolidating all my state and floating debts at a reasonable percentage, I could balance my income and expenditure very easily without injuring anybody, and should no longer need to borrow money upon extravagant and ruinous terms, which, after all, can only lead, sooner or later, to national bankruptcy.

"You say, and with truth, that it would be greatly to Egypt's advantage to effect a loan upon reasonable terms with English capitalists, instead of falling back into hands that have already squeezed me so hard. I am quite of your opinion. But how am I to put that opinion into practice? Your Government does not support your financiers as other governments support theirs; having been mainly instrumental in imparting a political character to a financial operation *in posse*, it does not help me through with that operation—quite the contrary. Mr. Cave's mission, which I sincerely believe may be fraught with future benefits to Egypt in some respects, has not advanced my objects in others. It brought the French down upon me, of course, under other pretexts, but to the great complication of my immediate difficulties; and yet, if his reports have been what I hope and have reason to believe they must have been, a word on the part of your Government would have removed every obstacle to an arrangement of my affairs upon a fair, equitable, and even beneficent basis—that is, as far as the future of Egypt is concerned. The uncertainty prevailing as to the nature of his reports is clearly an encouragement to those who desire to take advantage of my need. I have no idea of, nor should I wish for, anything in the direct way of guarantee on the part of any government that would bring with it an *ingérence* in my affairs which I desire to avoid; but moral support, such as can be given without compromising anybody, would have sufficed to make my path easy and clear. That sort of support, and even more, the French Government freely gives to its financial countrymen.

"Of course I should have preferred the Elliott project to any other that has been submitted to me. It was an admirable project, most advantageous to us in many ways; and though its adoption would have entailed upon me certain sacrifices of my rights, and have rendered necessary a good deal of foreign *ingérence* in my affairs which I would rather dispense with, I would have willingly

accepted all those conditions in view of the real solid benefits my country could not but have derived from it. But Elliott had not the money ready which I required. He could not get it, though he made the greatest efforts. What he could do and wished to do was to take my signature to his offer away to London, and there arrange the whole loan with other great capitalists. But there was no time for that. I am compelled to have the money for these proximate payments, and of course those who will supply me with it will endeavor to make their timely aid contingent upon the larger operation being confided to them. Dans cette affaire-là je pense que les français l'emporteront sur vous autres. I am on the point of concluding the preliminary transaction with them. Du reste, comme ils me le repétent chaque jour, ils sont plutôt représentants de la finance internationale que de la finance française. In their group are Germans and Englishmen as well as Frenchmen, so they tell me. If the affair is not settled to-day, it will be to-morrow. C'est une question de vingt-quatre heures, au plus long de quarante-huit, croyez le bien!

"Mr. Cave's mission, as I said, will probably turn out very beneficial to Egypt, because it will enable Great Britain to ascertain exactly and understand thoroughly the position of our affairs. It is just because I have nothing to conceal that I hope so much from this mission. Mr. Cave, who has fulfilled his difficult duties in the most painstaking and exhaustive manner, has had placed at his disposal every facility that it was in my power to assist him with. Nothing has been refused to him. He has seen every account, every document that could throw light upon our circumstances. He has tested, checked, and verified all the statements made to him. He knows our affairs as well as I know them myself. His reports will certainly constitute a faithful and comprehensive picture of Egypt as it is, not as enthusiasts whiten or pessimists blacken it. I am sincerely grateful to him for his great carefulness and the rigid conscientiousness with which he has performed his task. England, who has so greatly, so much more than any other nation, profited by the immense sacrifices—the causes of our present embarrassments—made by Egypt for the achievement of the Suez Canal, is through his labors in a position to appreciate to its fullest extent the cost at which we have executed great works which have enriched others far more than they have enriched us. England has always been courteous to us, if not always kind. We appreciate her uniform *courtesy and consideration* as only small *States can appreciate* the attentions vouchsafed to them by great Powers. What passes unnoticed between equals acquires great significance and even importance when it takes place between an inferior and a superior. Since French reverses, many little things which she would have thought nothing of when she was at the apogee of her greatness, make a great impression upon her, and actually exercise influence over her active policy. Hence she apprehends political demonstrations in mere matters of business, and is quite ready to interpret a financial success into a political victory. *Quant à moi*, I separate the two things *d'une manière bien positive*. I have never believed for a moment that England wishes to make Egypt a British dependency because she buys Suez shares and sends out a high official to look into my accounts. I know the English well; nobody admires them more than I do. I wish only they were more consistent. If they clearly see that it is their interest, politically as well as commercially, to support Egypt and aid her development, why do they not do it in an effective manner? He who says A should say B, and so on through the alphabet. By taking two steps forward and one backward, one progresses slowly to the goal. How little encouragement would work almost miracles for us! It pains me to be compelled to seek it elsewhere.

"You are in the right when you say that I have many detractors. I am accused of French proclivities. All such wholesale accusations are more or less unjust and unreasonable. If people knew me better, they would be more chary of pronouncing such sweeping judgments. Few people are aware what perplexities surround me, what difficulties I have to combat. Justice, after freedom, is the first of man's inborn rights. You may refuse the individual man protection, assistance, even bread, but you may not refuse him justice. Well, it took me no less than eight years to succeed in establishing the judicial courts that are just opened; et peu de monde sait pour combien la France y était dans les rétards qui sont survenus. I am reproached with changing my mind too often. I have changed my opinions, truly—he who does not do so is no more than a fool—but I have never changed my principles. I have been duped, yes, very often. Well, I have paid very dearly for my experience; but, *enfin*, I have bought it and got it. I am reproached with having gone too fast. This reproach I accept. It is just up to a certain point. I have gone too fast—wanted to do too many things at once and too quickly. But, had I not acted in this way, who would have taken any interest in Egypt?"

In the course of conversation the Khedive

reverted more than once to the disappointment he had felt when he found himself, after many delays, "*pourparlers*," and endeavors on his part to surmount the difficulties of the situation by concession after concession, forced to the conclusion that, instead of putting the financial affairs of Egypt into the hands of Englishmen, as he had hoped to be enabled to do, he should be obliged for the moment to fall back upon the old system of time-gaining expedients which had already proved so injurious to the country, and which he believed he had done with forever. When Mr. Cave arrived in Egypt, his Highness, knowing how affairs really stood, and being resolved to make them as clear to Mr. Cave as they were to himself, imagined that a new era was about to dawn upon Egypt. The vigor and picturesqueness displayed by the Conservative Cabinet in possessing itself of four millions' worth of Suez Canal shares had profoundly impressed him; he felt convinced that the Disraeli Government had made up its mind to firm, intelligent, and, above all, consistent action with respect to the pending Eastern Question—in short, to a clearly defined Oriental policy, based alike upon the furtherance and defence of English interests. "Of more than this," observed his Highness, "I did not dream. I could not expect to be taken by the hand through mere sympathy, or even good-will. Except when moved by highly popular sentimental considerations, even England does not give her aid and support for nothing. But in my case I was and am so entirely convinced that the interests of England and Egypt in many important respects are identical, that I could not but imagine the time had come when your Government, in view of the grave complications preparing in Eastern Europe, had with infinite sagacity seized the most opportune possible moment for binding Egypt to Great Britain by practically indissoluble bonds. This became even a conviction to me, which was almost converted into certainty when Sir George Elliott came to me with his proposals, in which, despite certain intrinsic awkwardnesses characterizing them, I recognized the germs of such splendid advantages to Egypt, as well as of so perfectly satisfactory a transaction for English capitalists, that I was extremely sanguine as to the possibility of my being able to close with them, after subjecting them to certain modifications which presented no insurmountable difficulties to their acceptation. I felt from the first that whatever obstacles might present themselves to Monsieur Elliott in getting together the money wherewith to relieve Egypt definitively from her embarrassments, they would vanish at a word spoken in season by your Government, and I believed that that word *would* be spoken."

"Events have proved that I was right in one respect and wrong in the other. The great capitalists to whom Elliott applied for cooperation in carrying out his scheme only required a little encouragement from the British Government—which, by the time its opinion and counsel were solicited, was thoroughly informed respecting our condition and prospects by Mr. Cave—to take our affairs in hand and deliver us from all our troubles. They asked for that word, and your Government declined to pronounce it, though it would have cost nothing, compromised no one, and enabled private Englishmen to effect a great British political *coup*—indeed, a *coup* such as in any other country could only be effected by the direct and openly avowed action of a powerful *régime*. Such an opportunity for strengthening your influence in a perfectly unobjectionable manner in a country with a grand future before it—one, too, in which English political interests of a vital description are inextricably involved—has probably never occurred before. It has been allowed to slip through your fingers. Unfortunately, I have had no time to lose. The claims upon me were pressing, were not to be put off, were only to be satisfied by the obtaining of large sums of ready money. My need was quite patent to the whole world. Those who had money, and were willing to lend it, proposed to do so upon terms the acceptance of which would have made the remedy worse than the disease. As you know, the Frenchmen had the audacity to ask me twenty-two per cent. for a small temporary loan, sufficient to enable me to meet the floating bonds falling due up to March 20th, as well as to stipulate that the greater transaction by which I propose to set the financial affairs of Egypt to rights *pour tout de bon*, should be confided to them in consideration of their advancing the smaller amount at the above usurious rate of interest! I told those gentlemen very frankly that rather than consent to such extortionate and ruinous conditions, I would convert all my floating debts into Consolidés, bearing eight per cent. interest, and take the risk of the consequences. *Cela les a amené à la raison*, because they and their business friends held too many Egyptian bonds to allow of such a prospect being agreeable to them. I have been negotiating with them ever since, and have no doubt that they will come down to the conditions at which I am resolved to close with them, though I consider even those conditions disadvantageous to Egypt; but what can I do? When you leave me I shall receive those gentlemen; and you may rest

assured that the affair will be concluded within twenty-four hours, or at most forty-eight." This was said on a Sunday at midday; and, as a matter of fact, the agreement was signed on the following Tuesday at 7 P.M.

The Khedive quite spontaneously recounted to me in all its details the Outrey incident, and his narration agreed in every particular with that which had reached me from other sources. Among his Highness's comments on the episode in question, which created such a profound sensation in diplomatic circles at the time of the occurrence, were some which proved to me that he was perfectly alive to all the intrigues that had been carried on for some time around him to deter him from, figuratively speaking, nailing the English colors to his mast. What he said with respect to the differences between the English and French governmental methods of supporting their respective countrymen's private interests, when the latter might be held to involve political issues, I may repeat without indiscretion. "Whether," remarked his Highness, "it was good or bad taste, all things considered, on the part of the French Foreign Office to send M. Outrey to me on a special mission, I will not discuss. I have no prejudices or petty resentments. For me, M. Outrey is the representative of France, and I treat him with the consideration due to his distinguished position. Besides, *soit dit par parenthèse*, it is quite clear that his Government does not disapprove of his behavior towards me; for it has not disavowed it, or caused an intimation to be made to me that it regretted any indiscretion that might have been committed by him. But, you must remember, he did not come here charged with remonstrances to me relative to my effecting a large financial operation with English capitalists. No; he came to make certain representations concerning the carrying out of the judicial reforms I have labored at for eight years. That was his ostensible mission, but he soon availed himself of the opportunities it afforded to him of speaking with me to tender me a great deal of advice, not altogether favorable to my adoption of the English proposals, to impart a strong political coloring to what I desired to view as purely commercial transactions, and to advocate energetically the cause of his competing compatriots. I deem myself competent to manage my own affairs; wherefore I returned answers which apparently did not please him. But the fact remains that he, the accredited envoy of the French republic, did support, whether injudiciously or the contrary is not much matter now, French interests and French propositions, and I must infer from what has happened since the incident I have related to you that he was instructed so to do. The English Government does not enable its agents, apparently, to back up English projects, even when they are of surpassing magnitude, conceived upon the soundest bases, and fraught with infinite benefits to all the parties concerned in them, besides chiming in most harmoniously with England's indisputable foreign policy. Englishmen as well as Egyptians, in the case now before us, suffer through this regrettable passiveness of your Government; we, truly, the most for the moment; but it may be, in the end, that Englishmen will have stronger reasons to deplore it than even we have. Meanwhile, M. Outrey has certainly not been backward in taking his countrymen's part. He has just left me; you may have seen him as you came up-stairs. He came this morning to present to me one of the French judges, who has arrived at last, *après s'être fait attendre un peu.*"

After my first interview with Ismaïl Pasha I ascertained beyond a doubt that every word he said to me upon the subject of the negotiations with Sir G. Elliott was strictly true, in the spirit as well as the letter. I can positively assert, without the least fear of contradiction, that the Elliott project was acceptable to the Khedive, and that none of the obstacles which prevented its realization were of his Highness's creation. All the guarantees and concessions that Sir George asked for would have been freely granted to him could he have vanquished the difficulties he encountered at home. Those were by no means complex; a word from some person high in authority would have dispelled them. English capital would have been engaged in the redemption of Egypt instead of French, but for what I cannot but deem to be an unfortunate reticence; and within a very few weeks the entire income of the country would have been administered by Englishmen instead of by Frenchmen. Whatever may be said to the contrary, these are the facts of the matter. We lost an opportunity such as will probably never again be offered to us.

I had the honor, on February 9th, of lunching with the Khedive at his palace of Abdeen, an unpretending, rambling building, covering an enormous space of ground at the southern extremity of New Cairo—if I may be permitted thus to designate the splendid modern city which owes its creation to the beneficent spells of a modern Oriental magician far mightier than the empirical necromancers of ancient Egyptian history. The immediate approach to the Abd-deen is

ISMAÏL, EX-KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

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across a vast sandy waste—to all appearances a veritable bit of the old original Desert—presenting in its unconquerable aridity a remarkable contrast to the luxuriance of the foliage, glimpses of which are obtained as you drive past the several entrances to the inner courts of the viceregal palace. One of these, a view of which is commanded by the windows of a waiting-room affected to the use of personages to whom special audiences are accorded by the reigning Viceroy, is surrounded on the first story of the Abd-deen by the apartments of the harem, all the openings of which are hidden by strong wooden jalousies, which impart to the quadrangle an aspect at once forbidding and forlorn. From the great hall of that wing of the palace which contains the state reception-rooms—a hall which runs the entire depth of the building—a stately double-winding staircase takes its rise, up which you pass to the Khedive's apartments. Both walls of this staircase, as well as the half-way landing-place where the two flights meet and are blended, are lined with panel mirrors, set at cunning angles, so that the ascending guest finds himself apparently advancing towards a dozen or so of Doppelgängers, closing in upon him from different directions. The carpeting of all the approaches to the presence is so soft and multi-piled that I cannot conceive anything short of a six-pounder battery being heard in its transit over a surface so greedily absorbent of sound. At the head of the staircase is an anteroom garnished with divans, through which you pass into a magnificent conservatory, occupying the centre of the wing, glass-roofed, cooled by jets of sparkling water, and laid out as a garden—its beds glowing with tropical flowers, and skirted by white stone paths, much pleasanter to the booted foot than slippery marble. From this delightful lounge many door-ways (doors are conspicuous by their absence from Oriental houses) lead into apparently interminable suites of richly furnished rooms. His Highness's *invités* on the occasion referred to, among whom were Lord Muncaster, Earl de Grey, and Mr. Edward Dicey, were first assembled in a small drawing-room, whence, as soon as the mid-day gun was fired, they were conducted at the instance of Cherif Pasha into a long narrow *salon*, the only article of furniture in which was a table, upon which were ranged carafes of cognac, of raki, and of water, tiny salvers containing burned almonds, and dried walnuts, and boxes of cigars and cigarettes. The "nip" and "three whiffs" of Egypt correspond to the Russian *zakouska* and the Italian *antipasto*, in that they are intended to stimulate appetite and promote a healthy action of the digestive organs, upon which such heavy calls are made by the dimensions and duration of an Oriental feast. After a few minutes very pleasantly spent in conversation, we suddenly found that the Khedive had joined us without the least formality of announcement. He had passed quietly into the room through a side door, and was chatting gayly with M. de Cischini, the Austrian consul-general, before at least one-half of his guests were aware of his presence. Of course a circle was immediately formed, round the inner side of which his Highness passed, unattended by aides-de-camp or chamberlains, shaking hands with and addressing a few courteous words to each gentleman in succession. He was dressed in the plainest possible style; a black frock-coat buttoned up to the throat, black trousers, and the small purplish-red fez of Egypt made up the simple dress in which this Eastern potentate appeared to us. As soon as he had terminated his round of greetings, the chief of the household announced that "his Highness was served," and Ismaïl Pasha led the way to a lofty dining-hall, adorned with wall and ceiling paintings of scenery and flowers, where breakfast awaited us. Great taste was displayed in the decoration of the table—I have rarely seen such fruit and exotics even in English houses—and the ornamental structures in sugar and sweet pastes which served as centre-pieces were as remarkable for their size as for the elaborateness of their design and the richness of their colors. The servants were not arrayed in the picturesque and frequently very costly costume worn by the retainers of most wealthy Egyptian *seigneurs*, but wore European liveries of green and gold. Of the breakfast itself, which lasted till three o'clock, and was composed of no less than *twenty-two* courses, the most interesting feature to the foreigners who partook of it was, I imagine, that it opened with fresh oysters and real turtle-soup. Respecting one of the *plats*, "ris à la Khedive," composed of peculiarly small and delicate rice stewed in a *consommé* of calves' brains, I cannot forbear reproducing a statement made to me by my neighbor at table, Sefvet Pasha, one of the great dignitaries of the Khedive's court. "I cordially recommend that rice to you," said his Excellency; "in the first place because it is a really admirable dish, in the preparation of which his Highness's *chef* excels all others; and, secondly, because it is probably the most expensive *mets* ever set before anybody since the days of Heliogabalus. Every grain of that rice, my dear sir, costs the Khedive a louis; I venture to appraise your consumption of it at fifty pounds a mouthful. That hock you have

just been drinking is not an absolutely cheap wine; Ismaïl Pasha took all he could get of it at sixty-eight francs a bottle—about two pounds fifteen shillings; but in comparison to his rice, he may be considered to have got it for nothing. That rice is of a peculiar sort, grown on the Khedive's own estates; it is, consequently, the most costly article that appears upon the viceregal table."

Two of the Egyptian princes—the heir-apparent and his second brother—and the ministers of state were among the *convives* of this Arabian-day entertainment. Coffee, fragrant tobacco, liqueurs, and lively *causerie* brought to an agreeable conclusion what was in every respect a *déjeuner hors ligne*. The Khedive took occasion, after breakfast, to tell me that on the previous evening he had concluded the preliminary transaction with the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, about which he had spoken to me on the foregoing Sunday; and Tewfik Pasha, the heir to the throne, honored me by conversing for nearly half an hour with me upon a great variety of topics; *entr'autres*, the coming centenary celebration of Philadelphia, which it was his Highness's intention to witness. He also told me that his brother Hassan, who is a mighty hunter before the Lord, was enjoying excellent sport in Abyssinia, and intended to rejoin his regiment in Berlin early in the month of May. I also had a long talk with Cherif Pasha, who re-echoed with much earnestness the Khedive's expressions of regret at the failure of the English project, and more particularly at the causes to which that breakdown was ascribed by his Highness. The foreign minister repeatedly asseverated to me that his convictions, as well as those of his august sovereign, were entirely in favor of accepting advice and assistance from Englishmen rather than from any other foreigners, and unreservedly expressed his disappointment that the British Government had held aloof from furthering the objects aimed at by the Khedive at a moment when its moral support would have proved of inestimable value to Egypt.

Cairo is a magnificent illustration of the noble purposes that characterized Ismaïl Pasha's reign over Egypt. Without being despoiled of its quaint and beautiful Oriental picturesqueness, it had been, when I knew it, purged of almost all the abominations that defile nearly every Eastern city. It had been adorned and purified; the blessings of light and air in plenty, of sweet water, and of drainage, which was, for a Mohammedan capital, phenomenally good, had been conferred upon it, all by the same resolute, kindly, and generous hand. Ismaïl probably threw away a great deal of hard-earned and painfully levied money; he was, beyond all doubt, robbed of enormous sums in the most iniquitous and shameless manner; he incurred a vast burden of embarrassments with a Micawberian lightness of heart and indifference to consequences that laid him open to the censure of uncounted Pharisees; but he did something real, tangible, visible; something unquestionably progressive, civilizing, and beneficent, with his freely scattered wealth; something that will endure and bear good fruit to millions of human beings, whatever may befall him or his dynasty. His people had much to show for their money. It would not be difficult to prove that, within a million or two of pounds sterling, every piastre of the mighty sum borrowed during Ismaïl's reign from foreign capitalists—that is, of the cash that was *actually paid* into the Egyptian treasury by these latter—was expended in public works from which the country derived a marvellously augmented well-being, and which imparted an irresistible stimulus to the development of its resources. Thirty odd of these borrowed millions, with the "reckless squandering" of which the Khedive was so pitilessly upbraided by virtuous leader-writers and immaculate essayists, were devoted to the creation of canals and railways; other millions were laid out in paving, lighting, draining, and rebuilding Cairo and Alexandria—two cities which, within the memory of middle-aged men, were undistinguishable from the average of Moslem towns, and which eleven years ago bore the stamp of Western civilization as unmistakably as do Paris and Vienna.

The Khedive deigned, on the morning of February 16, 1876, to receive me for the third time in special audience. The result of a long and interesting conversation with him, in the course of which all the questions of moment then occupying the Egyptian Government were passed in review, was to confirm in every respect my conviction that Ismaïl Pasha had managed to bring a series of most difficult and complicated negotiations to a close highly advantageous to the interests of his people, and this in a masterly manner. That Sir George Elliott's project of financial reform would have been vastly more acceptable to his Highness than the scheme he actually adopted was beyond a doubt; nor did he in the least hesitate to say so; but the insurmountable obstacles which that project encountered at the eleventh hour, when its fruition was held by the parties mainly concerned in it to be all but an absolute certainty, left the Khedive no alternative save that submitted to him by M. Pastré, and which, on the whole, afforded his Highness an excellent opportunity of definitely extricating

Egypt from her embarrassments. I ventured to express my regret that the great transaction should have slipped through English fingers, and the hope that we should not be altogether out of the field, as far as the new institution itself was concerned. "That will depend upon yourselves," answered the Khedive; "but why should you be so? After all, the company by the agency of which this transformation will be effected is an English company, is it not? At least it is *called* the Anglo-Egyptian." To the remark that there was little English about it except its title, and only half of that, the Khedive replied, "I cannot help that. I wish for nothing better than that the English element should be strongly felt at the Board. If the affair should be, as I hope it will be, taken up heartily in London, the preponderance of share-holders will find its usual expression in the elections for directors. Those gentlemen (Pastré and Ruyssenaers) are going direct to London with the affair completely in their hands. It was my wish that they should do so."

His Highness spoke at considerable length with respect to the main ideas that had guided and inspired his conduct throughout his reign. "When I came to the throne I took a very serious view of my position. My chief determination was to develop the resources of Egypt and ameliorate the circumstances of my people. To carry out this resolve, it was clearly indispensable that I should spend a great deal of money. I undertook several costly enterprises in quick succession, and hesitated at no temporary sacrifice to carry them through, feeling sure that they would, sooner or later, repay us twenty-fold for our outlay. In this manner I incurred embarrassments for which I have been and am reproached. But I ask you again, if I had proceeded with my improvements in a tame, hand-to-mouth, *au jour le jour* way, would Egypt have held the station among nations which she now holds? Would the civilized world have felt the strong interest in her fortunes that causes such men as yourself to be sent thousands of miles to watch her progress and record her transactions?

"Well, having effected some of the developments which I considered vitally necessary to the realization of my ideas, I found myself involved in financial difficulties. I then saw that two things remained for me to do, quite imperatively, each dependent upon the other, and both equally essential to the welfare of my people. The one was to establish the administration of justice upon a firm and broad basis, recognized as such not only by my own subjects, but by all the civilized peoples. The other was to bring order into my finances—to make my income suffice not only for my expenditure, but for the gradual discharge of all the pecuniary obligations I had deemed it my duty to take upon myself. Which of these things was I to do first? Obviously it would have been folly, and worse than folly, to attempt a radical regulation of my financial affairs while the judicial institutions of Egypt were in such a condition that neither native nor foreigner could reckon upon obtaining justice; while venality prevailed in one direction and arbitrary pressure in the other. How could I hope that such assistance as I required from abroad, involving the lending of very large sums of money to Egypt—for only by assistance on a great scale could I make a certainty of arranging my affairs satisfactorily—would be rendered to me by alien capitalists as long as the reproach could with truth be addressed to Egypt, that it was a country in which the first inborn right of every human being—the right to justice—was not enforced—nay, scarcely recognized? It would have been absurd to expect this; and I beg you to believe that, however often I may have been duped, I was not so stupid as to entertain such a notion for a moment. Of the two things to be done, it was therefore clearly urgent that I should begin by judiciary reform. Everybody, of whatever race or religion, must be assured before all else that justice will be done him in Egypt, never mind whose influence may be brought to bear against his cause. As you know, it has taken me no less than *eight years*, always striving, always urging, *remuant le ciel et la terre*, to obtain my tribunals as I have at last got them. I have had to encounter every sort of opposition; all kinds of obstacles have been planted in my path; it has seemed to me sometimes as if nations who take the greatest pride in their own administration of justice were bent upon preventing Egypt from enjoying the very blessings the possession of which they themselves esteem so highly. Meanwhile my financial troubles did not stand still; no, they marched forward rapidly. Many unfortunate accidents contributed to their increment, and I entered into undertakings which appeared to me important, from a political point of view, all of which were expensive, and some of which have not turned out as advantageously for me as I imagined they would. These circumstances should not be forgotten by those who criticise me; it is easier, as well as more popular, to blame a person in my position than to make allowances for the thousand complications environing and hampering his every action. I do not pretend to be cleverer than other people; I make no cla[im]

to be believed in blindly because, as it happens, I know more about the affairs, requirements, and resources of my own country than many of my critics; but I ask to be fairly judged—that is, that *avant de me condamner*, one should equitably look into the facts of the case, take careful cognizance of the events of my reign, weigh my actions accurately, and, above all, credit me with good and patriotic intentions. To this I have a right, *comme tout lemonde; je ne demande pas davantage*.

"Now, at last, I have my long-wished-for tribunals at work. That is a *fait accompli*, from which, fortunately, there is no going back. There remains, therefore, the other of the two things to be accomplished—namely, the clearing off of my financial difficulties. It is to this task that I have addressed myself lately, as you are aware, and I hope with reasonable success. There is really no reason why this national bank, to the creation of which, with great powers and privileges, I have lent my authority, should not, under proper management, assist us within a very few years to lessen our burdens so materially as to render them quite supportable. I have voluntarily put it out of my power to increase Egypt's liabilities. The bank will receive the income from taxation and other sources, and pay what has to be paid for expenditure, interest on loans, amortization, and the rest. It will issue paper currency to a certain extent. Not that I entertain the idea of flooding the country with bank-notes at an agio; this limited issue of paper is intended merely to facilitate trade operations at home. The income of the country is more than sufficient to defray the expenses and pay the interest on our debts; only it must be properly looked after. Your eminent countryman, Mr. Rivers Wilson, who is coming out here, will be able, I have no doubt, to render most valuable services to me in organizing and controlling the administrative. He will have the rank of First Councillor of my Finance Ministry. I cannot tell you how long he will remain in Egypt; that will depend upon whether he finds his *séjour* here agreeable or not; but I should think he will stay certainly not less than three years."

I understood from his Highness that the latest intelligence from Abyssinia was, on the whole, satisfactory. Part of the expeditionary force was then encamped within a short distance of Adua; a native magnate of some importance, with a name upon which I prefer not venturing until I know it better, had come over with his forces to the Egyptian camp, where he was welcomed with a royal salute and a banquet of honor. Having been kept in chains for a considerable time—two years or so—by King Johannes, he did not feel that devoted attachment to his Majesty which, according to the statements of English travellers, inspired the great feudatory nobles of Abyssinia to flock to Kassa's banners in such imposing numbers.

One could quite fancy the loyal enthusiasm of the King's aristocracy to be considerably sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought, when one reflected that this royal warrior was regularly attended by three loose lions, who were always on hand when he received his nobility or foreigners of distinction. The presence of these graceful animals at his Majesty's interviews with persons who had reason to believe that Johannes had a crow to pluck with them, exercised, so I was told, a singularly depressing influence on such persons' spirits. Rather than meet the tawny members of the royal household, when the King happened to be out of sorts, or what the Americans so happily call "starchy," noble Abyssinians had been known to retire hastily to remote provinces of the kingdom. I should not wonder if the gentleman above referred to, with the name which is a good deal more easily conceived than described, had cast in his lot with the enemies of his royal master under the impression that, one of these fine days, the lions might have a communication to make to him of so engrossing a character that he would never be able for the rest of his life to pay attention to anything or anybody else. However that may be, his transfer of allegiance to the Khedive appeared to give general satisfaction in Egyptian society. My own impression about the Abyssinian campaign, although I am bound to say that upon that subject the Khedive manifested a reserve that did not make itself apparent on his part in conversing with me upon topics of far greater interest, was that his Highness would have been only too glad to be well out of it; but that he considered a military success of some sort quite the *sine quâ non* of withdrawing his troops from the territory of his lion-guarded neighbor. It was not because the Khedive was an absolute monarch that we should assume him to have been absolutely devoid of susceptibilities, in the French conventional sense of the word. His army, it must be remembered, suffered an appalling reverse at the hands of those dusky Christians in Habesh. He was bent upon wiping out the stain inflicted on Egyptian military honor; and I feared at the time, with only too good reason, that his resolve might lead to further disasters.

Talking with M. de Lesseps one morning late in January, 1876, I was much struck by the animation and evident sincerity with which he advocated the increment of British

influence in the administration of Egyptian home affairs. "My advice to the Khedive," he observed, "has been and will be to turn over as many of the enterprises as possible to English hands, and that without delay. What power can he lose by doing so? Did Austria lose power or prestige among her own people because she granted one of her most important railway lines to a French company? Those ideas of identifying sovereignty with railway administration, and of abatement in the prestige of a monarch because he makes railway concessions to foreigners, are all childish. *Ce sont des enfantillages!* All that belongs to a past age. If his Highness gives up the management of his railways, for instance, to you English, you will teach the Egyptians how to organize and administer them, so that they shall yield greater profits than they do now. That will benefit the country by increasing its income, and ultimately by lessening the burdens of the people; and he will find his prestige considerably increased when his subjects become cognizant of the fact that they have fewer taxes to pay, while there is a greater demand for the products of their labor. My most earnest wish, which is that of every true friend of Egypt, is that you should effect a loan, which will clear off the floating debt and impose upon you yourselves the duty of exercising a salutary control over the expenditure, as well as of authoritatively urging retrenchment in many important respects upon the Khedive. If you English only get money enough invested in Egypt to stimulate you to turn your serious attention to that country, you will not only be the saving of Egypt, but you will convert it into one of the most prosperous and happy countries in the world. Its capabilities of development are greater than you have any notion of; indeed, they are almost unlimited. What are wanted here are, firstly, proper supervision of the enterprises that have already been commenced; secondly, an influx of capital wherewith to increase the number and scope of such enterprises; thirdly, the establishment of a potent and firm influence in Egypt that shall induce the Khedive to voluntarily dispossess himself of many functions of personal and absolute rule that are obsolete in spirit and inconvenient in practice, but to which he clings with a fondness natural in one who has wielded despotic power for a number of years; and, fourthly, the reorganization of the whole Egyptian administration upon constitutional and equitable principles. All these *desiderata* will be realized if England takes up Egypt in a hearty and thorough-going manner, which she will also find it very much to her interest to do. What the Khedive really has at heart is the improvement of his people's circumstances and the raising of the standard of well-being throughout his country. A great portion of his present embarrassments have been incurred in incessant endeavors to attain that object. He has spent over sixteen millions sterling of borrowed money—borrowed at high interest too—in completing the Suez Canal, from which achievement England reaps a larger benefit than Egypt. It would be graceful in you, and a *bonne affaire* to boot, to help him with these millions, and to start him fresh, with only liabilities that his income perfectly enables him to discharge progressively." Such, in part, at least, were M. de Lesseps's views upon the "situation" as he expounded them to me, but necessarily losing by reproduction in commonplace black and white the brightness and vivacity imparted to them *vivâ voce* by him. The charm of his manner was as unimpaired as his bodily activity. He was still what he had been when I first made his acquaintance twenty years before—one of the pleasantest and most fluent *raconteurs* of the day, possessing the rare gift of adorning every subject he touched upon, and the still rarer gift of a perfect temper, the inherent sweetness and gayety of which were proof against all aggravations.

I had some curious experiences in Cairo—many pleasant surprises and a few grim disappointments. One result of my visit to that ancient and picturesque city, however, was eminently satisfactory to me; to wit, that at last, after many wanderings in all manner of countries, and having been "multum jactatus per mare atque per terras," I had lit upon the spot in which great and gifted liars were more numerous and thriving than they could possibly be anywhere else. I thought I had probed the uttermost depths of ingenious and congenital mendacity during my residence in the Herzegovina; but oh, there were Egyptian liars more exquisite still than the hardy patriots of that rugged province! Spalato is a covert in which, without the least difficulty, you may at any time draw many a wily old perverter of the truth. Bucharest is a place in which you must indeed be endowed with childlike credulity if you believe any man of conspicuously high social standing on his oath. Not to tell lies in Christian circles at Constantinople is to argue yourself an outer barbarian, contemptibly ignorant of those amenities which ornament conversation and sweeten existence. But Cairo could give all these distinguished sources of falsehood points with free-hearted liberality; she needed to fear no rival; lying, as cultivated within her precincts, was the finest of fine arts.

On the evening of February 22, 1876, I was dining at the Abd-deen Palace. It was one of the big official banquets, and we sat down some three score to table, I remember. After dinner, during the brief but delightful interval of calm devoted to coffee and cigarettes—such cigarettes Ismaïl used to give his favored guests, plucking them from an inside breast-pocket of his frock-coat, in which he kept them loose!—the Khedive came up to me, and said, "Would it amuse you to make a little excursion with me to-morrow? I am going down with M. de Lesseps to Ismaïlia, and then we shall pass through the Canal from end to end. Several friends of yours are going as my guests; I hope you will do so too, and I will try to make you all as comfortable as a poor prince in difficulties can manage to do." I expressed my deep gratitude for his Highness's kindness in thinking of me, and accepted his gracious invitation with joyous alacrity. I had long yearned to visit the renowned canal, and the opportunity of realizing that desire under the Khedive's own wing, so to speak, was one I was not likely to let slip. Unfortunately, Ismaïl Pasha did not make the trip after all. Something occurred next morning that rendered it impossible for him to leave Cairo; so he charged his old friend, Count de Lesseps, with the care of his guests, and moreover sent an aide-de-camp down to the station, where we all assembled about 1.30 P.M., to offer us collectively his excuses for his involuntary but inevitable failure to put in an appearance. We were, one and all, his guests all the same for a week, and right royally his glorious old representative treated us. Of the most interesting excursion itself I subjoin a brief word-sketch.

When some twenty of us started on the afternoon of February 23, 1876, for the Isthmus, under the guidance and protection of Ferdinand de Lesseps, we were all manifestly somewhat fatigued after the Khedive's hospitality of the previous evening. Oriental magnificence of entertainment, combined with Oriental shortcomings in respect to ventilation and rooted objections to fresh air, had preyed on our damask cheeks. His Highness's party was indeed a splendid affair; but considering the exhaustion it entailed upon its giver, as well as upon his guests, the infrequency of such festivities, lamented though it was by the *grandes dames de par le monde* of Cairo's society, could but be regarded by the Khedive's friends and well-wishers as a subject of hearty congratulation to him. The programme of the evening was practically as follows: A dinner of twenty courses, occupying three hours, and partaken of by sixty-four persons of condition in *grande tenue* and a profuse perspiration; a concert lasting two hours more; and a supper in every respect as stupendous as the banquet which preceded it. Not till two in the morning of Tuesday were those whom the Khedive delighted especially to honor able to quit the Palace of Abd-deen, in which he had welcomed them at seven sharp on Monday evening; nor did his Highness retire to his private apartment until the very last lady had courtesied her adieus to him. Except at a Court ball in London, I had seldom seen so many beautiful women assembled together within the walls of a royal palace as graced the Khedive's entertainment upon that occasion. Each and every European country was worthily represented as far as the native loveliness of its daughters was concerned—the contributions of Poland, Italy, and Hungary to what was really a galaxy of female beauty being of such surpassing merit as to fairly astonish some of the most experienced elderly gentlemen among the Oriental dignitaries present, who nevertheless were credited with a considerable experience in this particular direction. The Khedive was in the highest possible spirits, and devoted himself to the ladies with unabating gallantry throughout the evening. At dinner he sat between Mrs. Stanton and Madame de Martino; between the dinner and concert, and during supper-time, he honored one lady after another with his arm, conducting them through the state apartments, the name of which is legion, and keeping up an incessant fire of *causeries aimables*. In short, all the ladies of my acquaintance who were among his guests pronounced his Highness to be "quite too charming." For my own part, the fête at the Abd-deen impressed me as being in many respects the most magnificent entertainment I had ever participated in. Above all, it was the realization of "A Dream of Fair Women." The man element was undeniably picturesque too; the dark-skinned, bright-eyed Moslem gentlemen, with their diamond stars and purple tarbooshes, harmonized admirably with the white shoulders and brilliant toilets of the Western dames and damsels. But in a country teeming with costume, as Egypt is, it seemed a pity that the sovereign should put his servants into prosaic and conventional European liveries of scarlet and gold, silk stockings and knee-breeches. The body-guard which kept the approaches to the state apartments was gorgeous to behold in a *uniforme de fantaisie;* but the lackeys were singularly out of keeping with the rest of the picture. The furniture and appointments of the Abd-deen reception-rooms were splendid and costly; but a European could not fail to be struck by the total absence of

pictures on the walls, as well as of those countless antiquities, knick-knacks, and fanciful ornaments that abound in the palaces of our Continent. The Khedive was prodigal in providing the means of passing time agreeably for all his guests, whatever their social tastes might be; there were music, dancing, and flirtation rooms of excellent cosiness for the ladies, and card-rooms for the "detrimental" men, well supplied with cigarette and cigar boxes, with divans and lounges, and with cards *de toute beauté* expressly manufactured for the Khedivial household.

It was a highly International party that was collected on the platform of the Cairo station, awaiting its leader, the valiant champion of the much-decried Suez Canal, who had volunteered to conduct us through the desert, show us the wonders just discovered at Rhamses, pilot us up and down the canal between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, introduce us into *bals masqués* at the city of his own creation—in short, to be our guide, philosopher, and friend for the best part of a week—an undertaking which he fulfilled with a thoroughness and cordiality peculiarly his own. There were a Polish prince and princess (Léo Sapieha), a German diplomatist of high rank (Theodor von Bunsen), an Austrian baroness (Keller von Kellerstein), a Russian under-secretary and his pretty young wife, an Italian professor, a French secretary of legation, an English journalist, and several young people of different ages, sexes, and nationalities. We were all in light marching order, and our commissariat consisted chiefly of oranges. For about twenty miles the iron road took us through cotton plantations all flecked with snowy tufts, through palm groves, and through bright green fields of clover. Presently, however, the vegetation became sparser, trees vanished altogether from the landscape, wells were rarer and rarer, until at last the predominating color of the country on either side the line turned to a dusky yellow, infrequently patched with dull blotches of a brownish hue, and we were fairly launched on that sandy sea of which my hypocritical acquaintance, the camel, is said to be the exclusive ship. At the last station but one before Ismaïlia our train stopped to allow of our inspecting the recent discoveries made by M. Paponeau, a French engineer, who had built himself a house in the middle of the desert, and made it the nucleus of a small but prosperous colony. Having a good many spare hands at his disposal, and being of an inquiring disposition, M. Paponeau had a few days previously begun digging just outside his garden fence, close by a couple of statues of Egyptian gods which had hitherto constituted the chief antiquarian attraction of his settlement, and had been rewarded within a few hours by the disinterment of two sphinxes, the one almost perfect, the other much injured by fire.

Waiting to convey us from the station to M. Paponeau's bungalow were four splendid gray Arab stallions, as many donkeys, three camels, and a wagonette. M. de Lesseps mounted a fiery steed and led the way gallantly, putting his spirited young charger through his paces with the skill of an accomplished riding-master. The Bologna professor and the Russian secretary made the ascent of two camels, and from that eminence looked down scornfully upon the humbler donkeyists as the latter pattered by them. But camel-riding is a sickly pursuit at the best, and when we got to Rhamses the haughty ones had lost their color, and yearned for stimulants, while the equestrians, donkey-riders, and wagonettists were ruddy and refreshed by the keen desert air. Bitter beer and biscuits awaited us at Rhamses in a charming little *salon*, the windows of which looked out upon a garden full of gay flowers and an ever-playing fountain—the oddest contrast imaginable to the miles of tawny desert surrounding them on every side. From the veranda running round the upper story of the bungalow we could perceive the dark crouching figures of the sphinxes undergoing a hasty toilet—their first, perhaps, for two thousand years or so—at the hands of some turbaned Arabs, who were performing upon them at a great rate with besoms and buckets of water. But this distant view of the venerable hybrids only increased our curiosity; so we trooped down through the blooming garden and out into the desert, where in a deep hollow we presently found the objects of our search. Both sphinxes are carved out of dark green serpentine of exceeding hardness; the pedestals upon which they rest are covered with hieroglyphics, as clear and sharp as if the sculptor's chisel had given them the finishing touch only yesterday. They face each other at the distance of about eighteen feet, and are perhaps a foot or two farther off from the two grim statues of Egyptian deities that suggested the notion of digging to M. Paponeau. The right-hand sphinx is but slightly mutilated, having only lost her nose and part of an eyebrow; her opposite neighbor is minus her head, and has suffered a good deal in the body as well. Both cartouches are uninjured. These statues exhibit considerable artistic merit. Their lion bodies are admirably sculptured, and there is a fine expression of calm benevolent power in the face of the one that has escaped

serious damage. The ears of this sphinx are very small, delicate, and well formed.

The excavations were continued in a northerly direction, as M. de Lesseps was of opinion that the two sphinxes in question constituted the *avant-garde* of an avenue of figures leading to the gates of a famous temple known to have existed at Rhamses several thousand years ago, which was roughly handled by the great iconoclast who destroyed so many splendid monuments of early Egyptian history. Traces of fire, and even of combustibles between their paws, revealed the method adopted by the image-breakers for their destruction; their tremendous hardness rendered them proof against the blows of hammers or strokes of axes, but heat caused them to split and fall asunder. It is probable that no such perfect specimen had theretofore been discovered as the right-hand figure of the Rhamses pair. The soldiers intrusted with the work of destruction, when Rhamses was delivered up to fire and sword, must have been interrupted in their task—perhaps recalled to quarters—ere they had made sure that all their abominable fires were thoroughly well lighted. A day or two after her discovery she was photographed, Mariette Bey having inspected her, and copies of her portrait were sent to the leading learned societies of Europe.

At 6 P.M. we reached Ismaïlia, and were driven over a fine paved road, far superior to any thoroughfare in Cairo or Alexandria, to a handsome *rondeau*, whence emerge the four chief streets of the city. Ismaïlia was then the only city in Egypt built entirely of stone, and presenting all the external features of modern civilization. All the houses were surrounded by luxuriant gardens; the leading officials of the Canal Company occupied picturesque little villas or châlets, perfectly comfortable and well appointed; the streets, which were kept in a manner that would not have disgraced the Champs-Elysées, were abundantly shaded by sycamores and other Oriental trees of rich and varied foliage; the supply of water was plentiful, and the air from Lake Timsah was a sort of atmospheric champagne. The lake itself, on the northern shore of which Ismaïlia gleamed in the chronic sunshine of Egypt, with her dazzling white quays and houses half buried in verdure, like eggs in a basket of moss, was wonderfully lovely; its waters, as deeply, celestially blue as those of Geneva or Constance, engirdled in a setting of dead gold, the far-spreading, billowy desert sand. All this smart little town, and great part of the lake to boot, was, in 1864, an integral portion of *the huge waste that* reaches from Cairo to *Asia, and from the Red* Sea to the Mediterranean. Where steamers drawing twenty two feet of water floated in safety, M. de Lesseps had ridden on horse and camel back for many a mile. The lake, the city, the canal, the trees, and the navigation were one and all latter-day Egyptian miracles wrought by the delightful magician who then ruled the Isthmus; for M. de Lesseps, barring crown, sceptre, and the empty state of sovereignty, was in all practical respects the king of those regions—a monarch implicitly obeyed and unaffectedly worshipped by his thousands of subjects. One of the pleasantest sights I have ever witnessed was his reception at the station, where all the "personages" of Ismaïlia were assembled to greet him. The colonists evince for him rather the affection felt by children for a tender father than the mere deferential respect manifested by trained subordinates towards an energetic chief. He seemed, indeed, to be the happiest of men, wearing by birthright *la camicia dell' uomo felice;* and how should he not have been so? He had lived to overcome obstacles that would have broken the spirit of ninety-nine men out of a hundred, to see one of the noblest projects ever conceived by man realized in the most triumphant manner, to justify to the utmost the absolute confidence reposed in him by four successive Egyptian rulers, and to receive enthusiastic tribute of praise and gratitude from those who had been among his bitterest opponents within the previous decade. What greater happiness can mortal man hope to attain than perfect success in the undertaking of his life's choice—success unblemished by the least unworthiness of action, by the least blenching of courage, by broken faith or unfulfilled promise? Such happiness must be supreme, and it was possessed by Ferdinand de Lesseps, whose domestic felicity, moreover, was on a par with that he derived from the glorious results of his labors. And how keenly he enjoyed existence! How bountifully gifted he was with that enviable power of making himself happy—*Lebensglückseligkeit*—for which our curt and concentrated tongue affords no synonym! To see him with his children swarming about him, with his *employés* and servants watching his every glance and drinking in his every word, as though he were their demigod—to listen to the romantic story of his career, and to the countless anecdotes of his strange experiences, told with a charm of manner and elegance of delivery that would make the very alphabet delightful were he to recite it—all these were genuine treats, not only to the intellectual, but to the psychical elements in those who enjoyed the privilege of visiting at his house.

The evening of our arrival was celebrated

by a banquet and a ball, both of which went off most successfully; and the next morning, after a substantial breakfast at the "Châlet Lesseps," we embarked upon one of the Khedive's steamers, our destination being the Red Sea end of the canal. We had scarcely emerged from Lake Timsah into the narrow cutting connecting that sheet of water with the Bitter Lakes, when M. de Lesseps pointed out to us the exact spot at which the Israelites, crossing the Desert, were enabled by the aid of natural phenomena which had recurred within the period of his own knowledge of the localities, to baffle the Egyptian pursuit of them in so very remarkable a manner. The canal at the spot in question, and for some miles farther in a southern direction, is little more than sixty feet broad, but has a uniform depth of twenty-seven feet. On either hand wildernesses of fulvous sand stretch away to the far horizon; not a living thing save a few stray wild fowl is to be seen, look which way you will; the monotony of the spectacle—which, however, is highly impressive, and not without a certain weird fascination to those who contemplate it for the first time—is unbroken by any physical accident whatsoever. The only signs of life we perceived during this first length of the constructed canal were the *gares*, or stations, in each of which two or three Europeans diurnally reside for telegraphic and other purposes connected with the working of the canal—the *sentinelles perdues* of civilization. After an hour or so of steaming, a small light-house came in sight, past which and a huge dredging-machine we glided into the Bitter Lakes, the western shores of which are fringed with low ranges of rounded hills, brown and barren, but forming a highly picturesque background to the broad expanse of deep-blue water. Having quickly crossed these inland seas, we again entered a narrow mouth of the embanked cutting, and presently were brought to a stand by the appearance, afar off, of lofty masts, like a clump of giants' lances. Our steamer was hauled up to the right-hand bank, and made fast there until the approaching ships should pass her. They were four—two large North-country steam colliers and two passenger steamers conveying *hadjis*, or pilgrims, returning from Mecca to Port Said. As they passed solemnly by at the regulation speed of five knots an hour, we had ample opportunity for taking stock of the motley crew with which their decks were thronged. More than half the men wore the green turban; all were in a state of dirt and frowsiness which I would rather not attempt to describe. The harems occupied the after part of the upper deck in both steamers, and consisted of plank houses roughly put together—we could see black, glistening eyes between the chinks—the bulwarks being heightened by boards some two or three feet, to keep Giaour glances from penetrating into the darksome recesses wherein Moslem charms were cabined, cribbed, and confined.

But the ladies' curiosity was not to be baffled by all these precautions; many of them managed to climb into the quarter galleries, and have a good stare at the Christian dogs. We exchanged salutes with all four steamers in succession, and as soon as the last had got fairly clear of us, started afresh for our destination. Just, however, as we sighted Suez another steamer was signalled, and we had to go through the whole mooring performance again. This time the vessel that slowly approached us was a sight to do an Englishman's heart good—a magnificent four-masted British steamship of over four thousand tons burden, as smart as a queen's ship, and a perfect model of modern naval architecture. In steering across the canal, however, just as she passed us she all but brought us to grief. The light was bad, and her steersman did not make enough allowance for her great length, so that she struck our stern heavily, and for a second fairly lifted us out of the water. This last half-hour of our first day's voyage was altogether sensational to a thrilling degree; for only a few minutes after the *Duke of Buccleuch* fell foul of us, the *bateau-mouche* of the Suez harbor-master, sent out to greet and pilot in M. de Lesseps and his friends, all but ran into us at fifteen knots an hour, missing us by the thickness of a packing-case. A miss, however, is as good as a mile, and the same vivacious little boat which had so narrowly escaped consigning us all to thirty feet of water shortly afterwards took us on board, and conveyed us at a great rate, with puffing, panting, and whistling enough for a leviathan, across Suez harbor to the landing-stage. A ludicrous incident, *frisant la tragédie*, occurred during this bustling traject. The boat was on the very smallest scale, and would have accommodated about three people besides its captain and crew with something approaching comfort. Now we, including janizaries, ladies' maids, and valets, were about thirty, all told, so that every inch of deck-room was simply blocked up by passengers wedged tightly together, and making one another's lives miserable by hand-luggage. There was also more machinery obviously in motion among us than one is in the habit of meeting on the deck of a steamer; and the luckless Kammerjungfer of one of our Russian ladies struggled with a dressing-bag that had got entangled in somebody's legs, freed it with an effort which brought it into contact with

an iron handle hitherto unperceived of us all, whereupon the whistle went off under her dress, and shot her into the air as though she had been discharged from a mortar. Had she not been caught by a strong pair of arms she must have gone overboard, and would probably have been drowned, for it was pitch dark by this time, and we were rushing through the water at a racing rate. Fortunately I "fielded" her with timely promptitude, and the episode ended in nothing worse than shouts of laughter that pealed merrily across the bay.

Suez is the proud possessor of a good English hotel, at which we dined and slept on Wednesday night in a sufficiently satisfactory manner, our *menu* including the distinctly insular items of "roast-beef and Yorkshire pudding," "curried rabbit," and "apple-pie"—edibles you scarcely expect to consume on the coast of the Red Sea. All the servants were Indians. They spoke English, and discharged their duties very featly, but their quaint dresses and quainter physiognomies imparted a flavor of extravaganza to all their ministrations. When a being in a white turban and petticoats, with the countenance of an aged and care-worn ape, asked me whether I would take marmalade or raspberry-jam as a wind-up to my breakfast, the incongruity of the whole situation was too much for my gravity. I should have found it perfectly natural had he, louting low, addressed me as "Bearded Father of the Ink-bottle," and inquired "whether the lusciousness of the golden rind or the cloying sweetness of the roseate cushion were more pleasing to my lordly state." Nor would a question couched in terms so perfectly in keeping with his external appearance have unlocked the sources of laughter in me. But when he said, as crisply as any waiter at Long's, "Marmalade or raspberry-jam, sir?" I could not choose but laugh; I know not why. The Suez Hotel, good though it was, was not doing well; nor, indeed, was Suez itself in the enjoyment of anything like prosperity. The canal had done the once thriving little town a deal of harm. Its population had fallen from some fourteen thousand to six thousand; it was doing no business to speak of. Nobody stopped at Suez on the ways out and home, to and from India, as they used to do before the canal was opened; and, as a matter of fact, Suez owned no intrinsic attractions wherewith to stay the traveller on his road. It was a singularly inferior Oriental town, scurvily built and hideously dirty. Nobody who had seen it once could desire ever to see it again. We quitted it with a joyfulness that was only tempered in its exuberance by the agonizingly early hour at which we had to rise to catch the train. Four hours' run through the desert, chiefly along the western bank of the canal, brought us back to Ismaïlia in time for breakfast "at the fork;" and the rest of the day was devoted to visiting the bureaus and establishments connected with the administration of the canal, all of which were models of order, neatness, and intelligent organization. In the evening we were invited to a *bal masque et costume* given at the great pumping-station by which Port Said is supplied with water. A *bal masque* at Ismaïlia, in the middle of the Desert—can anything sound more wildly improbable? And yet it was a very brilliant affair, and many of the dresses were tasteful as well as costly. There was a very superior devil: the necromancer would have passed muster in Tichborne Street; and no lady endowed with maternal instincts could have failed to be enchanted by the amiable gambols of the baby—more correctly *bébé*, the infant in question being a type of childhood as contemplated from an exclusively French point of view. I will only remark that the elderly gentleman who performed this *rôle* had quite a fine talent for screaming, and that the bottle with which he was at intervals appeased was a "property" that would have done honor to an Old Drury pantomime.

From Ismaïlia we again started on the Thursday morning, bound for Port Said. Striking northward through Lake Timsah, we entered the canal near the Viceroy's villa, and steamed away between the seemingly endless sand-banks, Asia on our right hand and Africa on our left, until we came to Lake Menzaleh, at the entrance to which we had to stop and allow a Russian steamer to pass. The canal strikes directly through the centre of this enormous brackish lake between built walls, which, however, are not high enough to interfere with the view on either side of the water-way. To the eastward the waters of the lake are all but dried up, whereas to the westward they stretch away for many miles, and are of a burnished brown hue, which I had never before seen assumed by any lake, sea, or river. They are the resort of millions upon millions of aquatic birds. In the course of an hour's steaming we passed more flocks of pelican, flamingo, and wild duck than I can venture to enumerate, lest I should be deemed guilty of reckless exaggeration. If I saw one royal heron between Kantara and El Ech, I saw fifty. As we approached the Mediterranean, gulls by hundreds flew up the canal *à notre rencontre*, giving a wide berth to the stately sea-eagles that hovered aloft, high in the turquoise sky, and passing the flapping cormorants as a barb would pass a dray-horse. We

were fortunate enough to see some marvellous mirage effects on the Asiatic or Desert side of the canal—distant lakes studded with green islands and clusters of trees, which magically grew into shape before our very eyes, and as magically vanished while we were gazing at them. As we finally shot out of the canal into the inner harbor of Port Said, we became aware of a gigantic building, imperially palatial in architectural style and dimensions, which we found, upon inquiry, to be the new *établissement* built by Prince Henry of the Netherlands for the benefit of Dutch merchants and travellers in Lower Egypt—a commercial depot, Government agency, grand hotel, and I know not what besides, all in one. It was then, and was like to be for a good many years to come, the most conspicuous object in Port Said, and although not nearly completed, had already cost his Royal Highness a small fortune. Having been conveyed ashore in boats manned by smart crews in the Company's service, we made the tour of the town, which was quite European in its leading features, and as busy, cheerful, and civilized as Suez was idle, melancholy, and barbarous. There is a fine square (Place Lesseps), with a garden in its centre and a wooden orchestra, in which the band of the Egyptian gunboat stationed in the harbor was performing what was, with a fine subtlety of humor, called music in the Isthmus as we marched up to our hotel. The noises which are produced in Egypt upon instruments intended to evolve musical sounds are characterized by two somewhat startling peculiarities, the first of which is that they are never in any one key at a time, and the second that they never by any chance bear the least harmonic relation to one another. They seem for the most part to have been suggested to their performers by the screech of the protesting camel, the bray of the recalcitrant jackass, and the roar of the timorous ostrich, sounds with which the Arab ear is most familiar, and in which (judging by his national music) he must take extreme and unalterable delight.

There were shops galore in Port Said, in which Indian, Chinese, and Japanese *articles de luxe* were plentiful. Photographs were a staple of local trade, and the portrait of Ferdinand de Lesseps was visible to the naked eye in more than one *étalage*. Gentlemen of the colored persuasion offered you monkeys and parrots in your very hotel—a capital one, by-the-way (hight "du Louvre")—to which was attached the best cook in Egypt, who took a proper pride in his noble profession, and could turn you out as well-prepared a dinner or breakfast as you could get at Bignon's or Durand's. The oysters, too, at Port Said were truly estimable little mollusks — miniature bivalves, exquisitely sweet and juicy. There was a *café chantant* at Port Said, and the Greeks not only did not knife one another at the rate of more than two, or at the outside three, a week, but they totally abstained from ventilating the bodies of persons not their country-folk. There was something quite touching in this self-denial on their part—this foregoing of one of the proudest privileges enjoyed from time immemorial by their ancient race in the Levant. Life, unabridged by the Hellenian impulsiveness that so frequently curtailed it with surprising suddenness in other cities of the Eastern Mediterranean, attained exceptional length, so I was told, in Port Said, where funerals were as rare as lobsters in Cairo, and where nobody had ever yet been known to die of old age. The climate, for one thing, is so perfect as to breed gloomy despair in the breasts of the local medical men, who would, indeed, have had a bad time of it were it not for the casualties that constantly accrue in all towns numerously frequented by a large floating maritime population. The weekly performances of the band, too, every Thursday afternoon, helped to keep down surplus healthiness among the Christian inhabitants. But the wonderful blending of desert air and sea-breezes prove so invigorating to the community at large that longevity was the rule and decease the exception. The promenade along the quays of the port was one of the surest stimulants to the spirits I had theretofore come across in Egypt. Schools of dolphins capered and tumbled between the jetties, the quaintest costumes and oddest types of humanity encountered you at almost every step, noble ships were taking in stores, or discharging goods, or steaming in and out of the canal—all outlines were sharply defined, all shadows were deep in color and trenchant of edge; sea, land, and people were bathed in golden floods of sunlight; everything and everybody was highly colored and ravishingly unconventional.

On Friday morning the majority of our party steamed out to inspect the harbor works in one of the Company's boats, after having performed which duty as quickly as possible—for the wind had risen in the night and there was a good deal of sea on—we returned up the canal to Ismaïlia, where a banquet and a theatrical performance awaited us. Next day we returned to Cairo, politics, and finance, from which we had been delivered for the best part of a week. Not a single serious misadventure or *contretemps* marred the absolute enjoyment of our holi-

day. We were all fain to express our gratitude to M. de Lesseps for his splendid hospitality and indefatigable kindness; but I, for one, found words inadequate to render a hundredth part of what I felt upon this subject. As for the canal, it is a magnificent achievement, admirably managed, and extremely prosperous. Still further improvements were to be effected by the aid of the sums stipulated for by De Lesseps to that end in the convention signed by him on the morning of February 21, 1876, at the British Consulate-general. He expressed himself in the most flattering terms with respect to Colonel Stokes, "un de ces gentilhommes anglais d'une rare intelligence et noble franchise, avec lesquels un homme de cœur et d'honneur s'entend au premier mot" (I quote his own words), and referred with joyous pride to that distinguished officer's spontaneous acknowledgment to him of the change in his (Colonel Stokes's) opinions respecting the financial future of the canal, induced by the visit thereto and inspection thereof made by the colonel under M. de Lesseps's personal auspices. "Your countryman Stokes," M. de Lesseps observed to me one evening, "is not only a first-rate practical engineer, but a man endowed with great capacities for organization; an invaluable man in any country, but to Egypt, could she ever hope to possess his services, simply inestimable." I am glad that the opportunity presents itself to me for recording the hearty tribute of praise and admiration paid to a British officer by one of the most able, truthful, and clear-sighted men of the age we live in.

I have said but little about Tewfik Pasha, the reigning Viceroy of Egypt, in this chapter, having only had the honor of conversing at any length with him on two occasions, when his courteous manners, pleasant speech, and manifest intelligence impressed me very agreeably. Still, as a monarch whom I have indisputably met—his own father presented me to him—he has an unquestionable right to special mention in this book. I have not seen the present Khedive since his accession to the throne of the Pharaohs in the stead of Ismaïl Pasha, on August 8, 1879. It was not my good-fortune to witness any of the brilliant operations of the British army in Egypt or the Soudan; for my journalistic expeditions came to a close nine years ago, and, I fear, will never be renewed. Hence I only remember Tewfik as a Khedive *in posse*, not *in esse*; as a modest, unassuming, amiable young man, speaking French and English alike correctly, but with some hesitation; and as an Oriental prince who, when I knew him, bore the reputation in his native country of being strictly faithful to one wife—an exception to the domestic rule of life followed by august Mohammedans sufficiently remarkable to deserve record in this place.

CHAPTER XII.

Prince Michael of Servia.—Turkish Evacuation of Belgrade.—A Servian Drama.—Views of an Honest Hospodar.—Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg.—Miscellanea.

Of all the "monarchs I have met," the one with whom I was most intimately acquainted, and of whom I am entitled to speak as a dear personal friend, was Michael Obrenovich III., the patriot Prince of Servia, whose wise and benevolent reign over a people upon which he had conferred countless and inestimable benefits was barbarously cut short, nineteen years ago, by brutal and butcherly assassination. Our mutual regard, which I am glad to remember was never obscured by the slightest cloud of misunderstanding, may be said to have dated from the day of our first meeting; for, as the saying goes, we "took to one another" at once, and all the efforts subsequently made by jealous officials and intriguing foreign diplomatists to interrupt our amicable relations proved utterly futile and frustrate, although he was a reigning sovereign and I only a humble journalist. But a stancher, more straightforward, and more single-minded man than Michael Obrenovich I never knew, nor one whose decisions upon any issue submitted to his judgment, whether the matter in question were of a public or private character, were more uniformly dictated by the instinct of rectitude. In any country he would have achieved distinction, so clear was his intellect and so indomitable his energy. For Servia, in which his lot was cast, he was a thousand times too honest, intelligent, and incorruptible. His virtues, in fact, were a standing reproach to his subjects by contrast with their vices; and the time came when, unable any longer to endure the rule of so righteous and chivalrous a gentleman, they slaughtered him in cold blood. In a recently published collec-

tion of word-sketches* I have given a detailed account of Prince Michael's hideous murder in the Park of Topchidereh, which I am therefore debarred from narrating in this chapter. Suffice it to say here that he was mercilessly slain and grewsomely mutilated by Servians who owed the virtual independence of their country, the reform of its laws, and the remedy of innumerable administrative abuses to his enlightened patriotism.

I was presented to Prince Michael by my lamented friend Longworth, then her Majesty's diplomatic agent at Belgrade, in the autumn of 1865, nearly three years before the enactment of the Topchidereh tragedy. I saw a good deal of the Servian Kniaz in Belgrade at that time, and during the following spring, and, as I have already stated, we became fast friends. When he had succeeded in inducing his suzerain the Padishah, Abdul Aziz Khan, to withdraw the Turkish garrisons from the fortresses of Servia, and to nominate him, Michael Obrenovich, imperial constable of those strongholds, he wrote to me, saying, "Come to Belgrade quickly, and witness the evacuation of our citadel. I shall not be there to receive you, if you come at once; but I shall return from Stamboul before the operation will be completed, and it will give me great pleasure to see you on the Terazia when I arrive." On receiving his Highness's letter I at once communicated its contents to the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, which journal I was then representing in Vienna, and was immediately authorized by them to comply with the Prince's desire by hastening to Belgrade with all convenient speed.

I may take leave to mention that at the time to which I am immediately referring (April, 1867) the throes undergone by Servia in her frequent and strenuous efforts to attain independence—efforts distributed over a period of nearly seventy years—had been painful enough, and replete with extraordinary incident. Some of my readers may not know that Kara George was murdered by the father of Prince Michael; Milosch, falsely called Obrenovich. Falsely, I say, because he was the son by a second marriage of a woman whose first husband's name was Obren—the syllable *vich* in all Sclave languages means "son of"—and was emphatically *not* the son of Obren. This said Kara George, however, had also killed his own father, and not only slew his mother, but cut her head off and put it in a beehive, not with a view to nourishing the bees, but in sheer wanton barbarity. Old Milosch, although a man of great sagacity and astuteness, a fervent patriot, fearless warrior, and in some respects a just ruler, enacted revolting horrors upon his enemies whenever he got them into his power; and there was blood, of nearest and dearest too, between one of the leading Servian statesmen and Prince Michael, shed by the followers of the latter's father. The opposition princely family of the Kara Georges, the head of which I met in Pesth loafing about cafés and billiard-rooms, as I was on my way to Belgrade, was renowned for its cruelty, licentiousness, and tyranny; and when, early in the present century, the great parricide drove out Milosch, the poor Servians were, so to speak, out of the frying-pan into the fire. Prince Michael, however, was of a far gentler nature and milder disposition than his heroic father, and failed to manifest the iron will and unchangeability of purpose through which sturdy old Milosch subdued the stubborn Serbs to his rough and tyrannical sway.

Prince Michael, however, steadily persevered ever since he came to power in the task bequeathed to him by his father of freeing his inheritance from the few broken fetters of that once heavy chain in which the Osmanli for centuries held their Christian subjects bound. To accident, in a great measure, may be attributed his brilliant success; the humiliation of Austria, the vacillation of France, and the philanthropy of England alike contributed to the result achieved in 1867; and if his Highness helped in the "good work," it was at least not by means of yataghan and pistol, blood and rapine, murder and rape, after the fashion of his predecessor. The principles of civilization were early inculcated upon the young Prince's mind, his education having been finished abroad; he was constant to his programme, from motives highly praiseworthy in themselves; and though sparks of the ancient Servian fire occasionally flashed from him in moments of excitement, his natural impetuosity was tempered by a kindly disposition, constitutional cautiousness, and a strong habit of self-control. Prince Michael's throne was not lined with rose-leaves and swan's-down; he had a great deal to put up with from his subjects—as difficult to lead or drive as their own pigs, a powerful, frowning, self-willed, independent race of porkers—and was virtually compelled to sanction abuses, and to linger at the heels of European civilization, not because he himself was antagonistic to progress, but because his turbulent Czilliaks would not hear of it. The Servians, though in one respect contrasting strongly with the Chinese, who are hard-working, patient, and strongly imbued with the spirit of

* "Music and Manners," vol. ii., chap. viii. (Chapman and Hall).

commerce, resembled the Celestials of former ages in so far that they endeavored to shut themselves out from the rest of the world, to build a wall round their principality impenetrable to foreigners, and to indulge in self-glorification to an exaggerated degree. The Prince and his ablest statesman, Mr. Garaschianin, did all in their power to combat the prejudices of the Serbs, and to relieve their mental ophthalmia by a gradual admission of educational light into the darkened room of ignorance they occupied twenty years ago; but the process was a long and tedious one. What says the Italian proverb? "La superbia è la figlia dell' ignoranza!" In no country of Europe was the truth of this adage so apparent as in Servia when I first visited it.

On the morning of my arrival in Belgrade (April 10, 1867), or rather in the afternoon, after luncheon I accompanied her Majesty's diplomatic agent to the fortress, in order to witness the departure of about half the Turkish garrison for Constantinople, *via* Rustchuk.

At the Konak we were very cordially received by Ali Nizam Bey, the officer in command of the citadel during the absence of Ali Riza Pasha, and were by him conducted to a battery overlooking the Danube, close by the place of embarkation. In this battery chairs were speedily placed; raki and dulchatz appeared on the scene as though by magic, and cigarettes of perfumed golden tobacco were proffered to us by our courteous host. Six *schleppes*, or barges, lashed together three and three, were lying by the river-bank, ready to receive the departing troops; forward and aft had been run up wooden lavatories, and strong rails had been fixed upon the margin of the decks—there being no bulwarks—to prevent the men from falling into the water. These rails gave the barges something of the appearance of floating bullock-pens. The Turkish women belonging to the two battalions told off for embarkation had already gone on board, and were crouching on the decks or peering out of the small windows in the hold, muffled up in their loose colored robes and yashmaks; the men were taking leave of their comrades, most of them apparently in excellent spirits. I heard one strapping sergeant say to a friend, *entre deux baisers*, "Farewell. Perhaps we shall never meet again; but never mind, there is nothing for us to do *here*—no fighting, no glory; the Padishah will send us somewhere where we shall find some work, maybe." I never saw more splendid soldiery than that composing the Belgrade garrison. All the men were Asiatics, tall, *lean, muscular, flat-backed* fellows, many of them wearing four and five military medals, Queen Victoria's effigy prominent among them. They were as active as cats, handled their heavy rifles as though they were switches, and manœuvred with freedom and precision to the sound of the bugle. Austria's infantry, of which she was once so proud, was clumsy, slow, undersized, and shabby, compared to the majority of the Turkish foot-soldiery. Had I been asked to describe these bronzed, powerful, lithesome warriors in one word, I should especially characterize them as *dangerous;* for it is not to be denied that, although perfectly obedient to their officers, patient under privations, and free from quarrelsomeness, there was a wild devil in them that, once unchained, would be difficult to master ere he had bathed them in the blood of their enemies.

The Servian war-steamer *Deligrad*, which was appointed to tow the *schleppes* and their living cargoes down to Rustchuk, *se faisait attendre*. The men were ready and their luggage embarked at 2 P.M., but the *Deligrad* did not arrive until past four. Meanwhile Ali Bey ordered the departing battalions to parade in the lower *place d'armes* of the fortress, where he inspected them before marching them on board. We followed the gallant colonel into the square, where the troops were formed into companies in heavy marching order, and watched the ceremony of official leave-taking with considerable interest. First of all, the bugle sounded and the men deployed into line, forming two sides of a square; in the centre of the third side was stationed the regimental band, and Ali Bey, a group of officers, and ourselves stood about the middle of the fourth. After a few minutes' solemn pause the senior lieutenant-colonel of the regiment gave the command to present arms, and the band played four bars of the Turkish national anthem, stopping at the end of the first musical phrase, upon which a hoarse roar of "Bin yasha!" (May he live a thousand years) burst from the paraded battalions. The Sultan's representative, Ali Bey, raised his hand to his fez in acknowledgment. The band played four bars more; another shout of "Bin yasha!" rent the sky; again the commandant saluted. A third time the same ceremony was gone through, and then the band finished the hymn at their ease, after which the men wheeled into companies and marched past us, the officers saluting Ali Bey with their swords as they passed him. Again the bugle sounded, the troops halted, and the officers came out into the centre of the square, formed into a double line, and advanced towards the Bey, who addressed them in a short speech, thanking them for their co-

operation in maintaining the discipline of the imperial forces garrisoning the fortress, and for the excellent service they had rendered their sovereign by restraining their soldiers from any contention with the Servians. He went on to say that the Sultan required their services elsewhere, that the necessity for their presence in Belgrade had ceased, and that he doubted not, if they were called upon to fight for their lord and their country, they would add new victories to the long list of those already won by Turkish valor. He then took leave of them, and they resumed their places among the soldiers, who were at once marched off to the river-side. By this time the *Deligrad* had arrived, towing a small barge full of ammunition. The embarkation took place in perfect order and silence, save as far as the crew of the steamer was concerned; the band, stationed on a fortified wall overlooking the barges, struck up a wild Kurdish melody, and the *Deligrad* started with her convoy. She towed them a few hundred yards up stream, then slowly swept round and passed the fortress, flying the crescent at the fore. The men on the barges were paraded, and at the present—once more the band, breaking off in the middle of its Asiatic strains, played solemnly the first phrase of the Sultan's hymn—one heartfelt, passionate cry of "Bin yasha!" reached us from the river, and the gallant fellows passed out of our sight. I need scarcely say that all the heights overlooking the Danube were thronged by Serbs, exulting in the Osmanli's departure, which they all attributed exclusively to the fear entertained of their prowess by the latter. They did not hesitate openly to declare that, had the Turks not gone of their own good-will, they, the Serbs, would have driven them out. It was lucky for them that they did not try. Even those ardent and supremely conceited patriots, however, could not deny that the departing garrison had conducted itself admirably during its occupation of the fortress; and the tradesmen of the town made sad lament over the Turkish exodus, as well they might, for it was at least £100,000 a year out of their pockets.

Five days after the impressive scene above described—April 15th, being the anniversary of the Bairam—Ali Nizam Bey, *pro tempore* the Sultan's lieutenant in the imperial stronghold of Belgrade, was officially visited at the fortress by the Minister-President, the Consuls-general of the Six Powers, the *gérant* of the War Ministry (Milovoi Petrovich, the Minister of War, being absent with the Prince), the Prefect of Police, and the consular staff.

As I was honored by an invitation from his Excellency, and was consequently present in the citadel during the reception in question, I shall endeavor to describe the ceremony to my readers; but the preparations for Prince Michael's triumphant procession through the streets of his capital having been all completed on the morning of April 15th, in anticipation of his arrival on the following day, it may be as well that I should treat of the purely Servian share in the contemplated festivities before I enter upon a more congenial theme—the graceful and dignified hospitality of the Turkish gentleman whose province it was to represent the Padishah on an occasion of melancholy significance to the Osmanli; for two days after Bairam the great stronghold passed away forever from the Faithful, the Servian tricolor waved upon its ramparts side by side with the crescent and star, and to Giaour hands was confided the keeping of those walls, bulwarks of the Ottoman Empire, every stone of which could tell its individual tale of fierce fight and slaughter, of blood shed by the gallant sons of Mohammed in defence of that inheritance, the fruit of desperate valor, which was coaxed or threatened away from Turkey by her *soi-disant* friends. The great European doctors, under the pretext that the "sick man's" life could only be preserved by amputation of his extremities, administered chloroform to him abundantly in the shape of "friendly" advice. Under its soothing influence Belgrade was lopped off, and it was asserted "*qu'il ne s'en trouva que mieux portant.*"

Before arraying myself in ceremonial garb to attend the last purely Turkish reception ever held at the Konak of Belgrade citadel, I strolled along the line of route adopted by the Servian authorities for the Prince's drive from the river-bank to his Konak (palace), which latter stands back a little from the main street of Belgrade (Terazia). The Konak is evidently a German structure; it differs in no exterior characteristic from the high-roofed chateaus freely sprinkled over Upper and Lower Austria, having two projecting wings, the space between which is filled up by a pretty flower-garden, and the whole enclosed in a massive iron railing, only broken by two sets of double gates, on which the Servian arms are emblazoned. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs, a pretentious-looking building of brick and stucco, erected by the orders of Milosch shortly before his death, and intended by him to become the princely residence, adjoins the Konak, and being built flush with the foot-path, has a forward and obtrusive look, while the solid, simple, unpretending palace bears the stamp of respectability; the two houses offer

as marked a contrast as a "loud" shop-boy linked arm-in-arm with a grave, sober, wealthy citizen. Close to the Konak had been raised an arch, triumphal in more ways than one. There were six or seven others at different points of local interest; but upon this, the last his Highness was to pass through, and the nearest to his princely abode, had been lavished the decorative fancy of eminent Servian artists, and since its completion throngs of admiring towns-people and Czilliaks had been staring at it in mute admiration. It was about twenty feet in height, rudely put together in wood covered with linen, subsequently painted stone color, and lined off into square blocks. Just below the spring of the arch were inscribed the cabalistic numbers "1389" and "1815," one on each column. But the special adornment of this "thing" (I really do not know what else to call it) was a set of four medallion (colored) portraits, into which the painter had evidently thrown the whole power of a patriotic nature with a bad eye for color. It did not so much matter about Kings Dushan and Brankovich, who had been dead more than four centuries, nor even about Milosch, popular reverence for whose memory was tempered by the certainty that his subjects' property (particularly female property) was a good deal more secure from arbitrary appropriation after his demise than it had been during his life—I say it did not so much matter that these reverend worthies should have been depicted in such wise that a deal of faith in the artist was required to make one believe they were meant for human beings, and not extravagant creations of a diseased brain; but what had poor Prince Michael done that he should be represented to his subjects as an abstract idea of a beard and hair, separated by a blotch of inflamed flesh; that a nose should be denied him, and that his eyes should be buried under a mass of brick-colored ophthalmia? Prince Michael was well favored, and pleasant-looking to boot; there was no mistaking him for anything but a gentleman; and his countenance was rather pale than florid, thoughtful than bacchanalian—why then make his portrait a jumble of vermilion and burnt umber? His Highness doubtless took the will for the deed. Meanwhile the inhabitants of Belgrade were delighted with the portrait, and seemed not to weary of gazing upon the disfigured lineaments of their prince.

The Terazia was set with flag-staffs displaying the Servian tricolor; in the grand square—one side of which is occupied by the palace presented to the nation by Misha *the millionaire*, which palace may figuratively *be said to be built* of salt, Misha having enriched himself by the monopoly of that staple—had been erected a two-storied wood and linen tower decked with flags; another arch spanned the street leading to the fortress; and turning to the left by the cathedral, a vista of tricolored banners streamed away to the Save down a terribly steep incline. At the landing-place, flags, evergreens, and arches abounded, and altogether the decorations in this part of the town were pretty, bright, and tasteful.

About mid-day I accompanied her Majesty's Consul-general, Mr. Longworth, C. B., on his complimentary visit to the commandant of the fortress, *àpropos de Bairam*. Passing the Servian outposts, we drove across the debatable ground separating the town from the citadel, through a fortified approach, over a wooden bridge connecting the first with the second line of defensive works, past a strong guard of honor, through a frowning stone arch provided with a strong portcullis, over a second bridge spanning the inner moat, and up a steep incline into the grand square upon which, in the very heart of the fortress, stood the Pasha's palace. Here the main body of the troops, infantry and artillery, still garrisoning Belgrade were drawn up in line three deep; in front of the palace were stationed the Turkish regimental band and a Servian military band, dividing between them the musical honors of the day. I observed that the Servian band played Turkish music, and played it as well as any band could be expected to perform such extraordinary compositions as emanate from Asiatic melodists.

On alighting we entered the palace between two lines of tall and fierce-looking Turkish Zouaves, and ascended a broad staircase, at the head of which Ali Nizam Bey, attended by his staff, received us with Oriental courtesy, and conducted us into a magnificent apartment, commanding a panorama including both rivers, and extending over many miles of plain and mountain. We were installed on a luxurious sofa, the gold-colored fragrant tobacco of the East was offered to us, and my kind companion selected a narghile, or hubble-bubble, while I remained faithful to the taper cigarette. Immediately afterwards one of the Faithful brought me a tray containing "dulchatz," a sort of preserve, and fair water—the right thing to do being to take a silver spoon out of a salver, dip it into the dulchatz jar, convey a small quantity of the sweet stuff delicately into your mouth, deposit the spoon on another salver placed "convenient," and swallow a mouthful of cold water. This ceremony having been punctually fulfilled, another Mussulman brought us coffee in tiny porcelain cups,

supported on silver filagree stands, to the end that the recipient's fingers may not be burned by the hot little cups, without handles, and the refreshment department adjourned to the anteroom to await fresh arrivals, for we were first in the field. The rest of the visitors, however, soon made their appearance — Vicomte de Botmiliau, M. de Lenk, M. de Chischkine, Conte di Campo, M. de Lobenau, the French, Austrian, Russian, Italian, and Prussian representatives, accompanied by their vice-consuls; Barlovatz, the Servian prefect of police, etc., etc. Last of all appeared the towering form and imposing countenance of his Excellency M. Garaschianin, Servia's greatest statesman and noblest citizen. All the consuls-general were in full uniform, and, save two, covered with decorations; but Garaschianin wore a plain evening-dress, relieved by the collar of the Medjidie and the star in brilliants of a Russian order. This really great man, whose antique virtues and fervent patriotism raised him as far above the moral standard of his countrymen as his colossal stature distinguished him from his colleagues in the cabinet, was loved and respected by all who knew him; the Prince reposed implicit confidence in him, and so did the people. No one who had the honor of conversing with the Minister-President could resist the impression made by his rectitude of judgment, remarkable penetration, and, above all, by the power with which he grasped any subject to which his attention might be called for the time being. We chatted and smoked for about half an hour, while the great guns were thundering salutes from the ramparts; and then, the signal for withdrawal being given by Garaschianin himself, took leave of our courtly host—not without a certain shade of melancholy in the farewell greetings, for on Wednesday the Sultan's firman would be read aloud on the great bastion of the fortress, and Turkish rule would pass away from the Principality of Servia.

About two o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th the Servian army marched past my windows in all the pride of new uniforms, and proceeded to line the streets through which the Prince and his cortége were to pass from the Save to the Konak. Fortunately for the effect of the grand military display contemplated by the Minister of War *ad interim*, the army was just big, or rather long, enough to fulfil the part assigned to it, and reached fairly from the river-bank to the middle of the aristocratic quarter, leaving only a space of about three hundred yards unguarded in the immediate vicinity of the palace. This space, by-the-way, was filled up, *tant bien que mal*, the pictorial arch of triumph standing midway between the troops and the Konak gates, and a strong band of Bohemians—Zigeuner—dressed in the wildest of Eastern European costumes, their bagpipes, fiddles, and celli decorated with tricolor streamers, was posted on the *pavé* beside the arch in question, playing a Servian national air with all the vigor and perseverance characterizing this ancient race in each of its two national pursuits—music and thieving. It is an undeniable fact that the Servian soldiers looked very well; the men were tall and strongly built, comfortably clad—somewhat *à la Russe*—and fairly armed with short Enfields and sword-bayonets. Many of the officers were magnificent specimens of humanity, so far as mere physique was concerned, and the *cachet* of the Servian countenance being, if anything, fierceness, the troops had a martial appearance. Headed by a musical Anak at least seven feet high, bearded to the eyes, and roofed in by a huge bear-skin adorned with a two-foot white plume, the infantry led the march to the strains of a lively waltz, leaving, however, much to be desired in their manner of keeping step; next came the cavalry, a squadron of lancers and a squadron of dragoons, splendidly mounted and equipped, preceded by their trumpeters, who earned their day's pay if ever four leather-lunged lads did since wind instruments were invented; and two batteries of artillery brought up the rear. The troops took up their respective positions along the Terazia and other streets, occupying one side of the road-way, along which they piled their arms and awaited the Prince's advent in loose order; the other side was lined by young girls and little children, many of them dressed in white muslin, and wearing wreaths of flowers—to me the prettiest feature in the day's show, for these small Serbs had wonderful dark eyes and abundant black curls; in short, were picturesque little bodies, preternaturally grave and decorous, and bashfully conscious of their good looks.

An aide-de-camp having apprised us that we must take possession of the places reserved for us before three o'clock, the Prince being expected at four, we drove down to the Custom-house betimes, and were ushered into a small room overlooking the Save, and furnished with a balcony just large enough to contain half the number of those privileged to use it. We boasted a strong muster of ladies—all the wives of the consuls, of two Servian ministers, of the Imperial Turkish commissioner, and of the general commanding at Semlin. So, *place aux dames* being a principle hallowed by custom, I plainly foresaw certain disabilities, to obviate which I cast about me for an expedient; but of this more anon.

The spectacle presented by the landi

place and its vicinity was indeed a gay and interesting one. Fronting the river, and drawn up under the innumerable flags flying from every roof and window of the white houses lining its bank, were the two squadrons of cavalry mentioned above, and a strong body of the Servian night-watch—a sort of household horse—clad in dark brown uniforms, heavily braided, mounted on wiry Bosniac ponies, and armed to the teeth. A few companies of gendarmes kept the roadway clear, and the Prince's carriage and blue liveries were stationed near the end of the double lane of officers through which his Highness's route lay from the boat to the quay street. Thousands upon thousands of the towns-people, of visitors from the Banat and Austrian Servia, and of peasants from the mountain fastnesses of the interior, crowded the towering heights between the lower town and the citadel, in all the variety of color and form of costume indulged in by the denizens of these wild countries. Many of the Servian belles had replaced the tiny red fez which crowns the edifice they cunningly construct, of hair plaited in with bright silk kerchief, by a dazzling gilt circular plate about four inches in diameter, and were laden with massive jewellery and costly furs. One gorgeous Montenegrin cavalier rode slowly up and down the esplanade in front of our window in his fantastical national dress, a white braided frock frogged with gold, a fur pelisse, scarlet embroidered tights, brown leather jack-boots, and a brown sable shako with a red plume; his armament consisting of a small arsenal, pistols, kandjiar, two daggers, and carbine; his saddle a huge bear-skin, and his horse's trappings richly plated. A few Albanians were sprinkled among the throng; Czilliaks from the Bulgarian and Bosniac frontiers, each more ferocious-looking than his neighbor; dignitaries of the orthodox church, with beards as flowing as their sacerdotal vestments; emissaries from the Herzegovina, and many more strange-looking beings than I can attempt to describe. Upon this heaving, swaying mass of color the sun shone brilliantly, gilding the breast of the flooded river; trumpets rang out, drums rolled at short intervals, and a hum of expectation rose from the assembled multitude, soon to swell into a roar of gladness as the first gun fired from the fortress announced that the flotilla of the Prince was at length in sight.

The crowded state of the consular balcony shutting out all hope of sight-seeing for any but the ladies of our party, Conte di Campo and I resolved to descend to the esplanade, and seek a position near the Prince's carriage, whence the whole ceremony of reception might be witnessed. This we succeeded in obtaining, and were shortly joined by Minister-President Garaschianin, General Wagner, and a few other distinguished personages, awaiting the steamer's arrival. Bang! went a gun from a battery established on a small plateau overhanging the river, and the *Ferdinand Max* swept slowly round the small peninsula on which Belgrade is built, followed by the *Anzo*, *Diana*, and another small steamer, crowded with burgesses, choristers, frontier men, Semendrians, etc. In the Prince's boat only the Pasha and his suite, the ministers, the Prince's attendants, and a pope or two were permitted to accompany the hero of the day. From the moment the flotilla came in sight the scene became a gigantic hurly-burly. The big guns of the Servian battery and the Austrian cannon in Semlin kept up an incessant fire; all the drummers drummed, and all the trumpeters trumpeted; besides which, three bands played different tunes at the same time, and twenty thousand people ejaculated "Zivio!" at the top of their voices. The horses of the two squadrons manifested their objection to such a fearful din by prancing and plunging violently; so that our attention was rather distracted from the disembarkation by a natural anxiety to avoid being trampled to death. The *Ferdinand Max* approached the landing-stage, and Prince Michael came into full view, standing, surrounded by his staff and body-guard, on the poop-deck of the steamer. The grand old patriot, Garaschianin, hurried down to the water-side, and as the son of Milosch stepped on the wooden gangway run out for his accommodation, the lofty venerable head of the greatest Servian was bent over his Prince's hand. Amid the acclamations of his subjects the martial-looking Hospodar passed to his carriage, bowing right and left, and evidently struggling with strong emotion. Before taking his place, however, he hastily stepped along the line of horsemen ranged under the Custom-house walls, and acknowledged the greetings of his officers. In another minute he had driven away, and the escort forming up in front of and behind his carriage conducted him to the cathedral, where the Metropolitan awaited him in order to perform a short service of thanksgiving for the success crowning the Prince's journey.

The British Consulate-general, overlooking the Terazia, had been, at the kindly instance of our excellent representative, Mr. Longworth, appointed the rendezvous of our party, for the purpose of seeing the triumphal procession on its way to the Konak; and as the religious ceremony gave us time to reach the upper town before the Prince, carriages were summoned, and we drove through by-

ways and crooked paths, literally at the risk of our necks, to the abode of the Lion and the Unicorn. But within the next ten minutes a fearful change had come over the weather. A huge bank of clouds from the north-west had spread with magic rapidity over the blue sky, and a moaning wind, driving before it clouds of dust, wreaths of evergreens, and fragments of the frail decorations covering the arches, swept the streets and chilled the muslin-clad ladies to blueness of countenance and chattering of teeth. Hardly had the Prince got in sight of his palace when the heavens opened, and a torrent of cold rain drenched the cortége; the hues of the tri-colored flags meandered into one another, a huge panel of the pictorial arch was blown out of its framework, and the pathways were thronged with scampering women and children, their holiday garments wet and draggled, their wreaths and nosegays beaten into shreds by the falling floods, and themselves flying for refuge to door-ways and covered courts. The Servian cavalry rode gravely through the tempest till their duty was discharged and the Prince safely housed, then turned and galloped back to their quarters at a break-neck pace. In a few minutes the streets were empty of people and full of water, the windows were closed, and the sight was over.

As the Prince passed the British Legation he half rose in his carriage and saluted the foreign representatives stationed in the balcony—to whom, moreover, I noticed that the officers commanding squadrons lowered their swords. I heard a good deal next morning about his Highness's visit to Stamboul from the worthy and gallant pasha, Ali Riza, who accompanied him thither as well as to Bucharest, where he was magnificently entertained by Prince Carol. The Sultan, it appeared, took a great fancy to Prince Michael, and accorded to him on more than one occasion unusually long interviews; indeed, the Hospodar won golden opinions from all sorts of notabilities in the Turkish capital.

The 18th of April, 1867, will ever be renowned in the annals of Servia as the day on which the success of a long series of arduous endeavors to attain independence was happily consummated. Not the less solid because built upon a foundation composed of somewhat heterogeneous materials; not the less glorious because accomplished by means less violent than those thitherto adopted by the Serbs in their numerous struggles for autonomy, that independence was at length practically established. The early history of Servia is but a catalogue of bloody deeds, of cruel sufferings, and ferocious reprisals, continued with but few intervals of sullen submission up to the epoch of the last reign. It was the good-fortune of Prince Michael to inherit the better parts of his talented father's nature — perseverance, fervent patriotism, and a certain loftiness of character distinguishing him from the majority of his subjects. Education had given him suavity of manner, while it had not robbed him of firmness; and it was highly creditable to his wisdom as well as to his discretion that he had attached to himself a man of great talent, unswerving honesty, and profound political knowledge, by whose aid he attained the height of his ambition, realized the aspirations of his people, and laid the foundation of progress and prosperity in his native land. Impossible as it is to deny that the short Austro-German war of 1866 contributed largely to bringing about important modifications in the relations between Turkey and Servia, or that Königgratz was virtually a Servian as well as a Hungarian victory, it would be not the less unjust to undervalue the remarkable services rendered to the cause of Servian independence by M. Garaschianin, Prince Michael's chief minister and adviser — loyal to his prince, faithful to his programme, a subtle and bold statesman enough, but, above all, true to his country. I repeat, fortunate was the Prince whom nature had endowed with patience, steadfastness of purpose, and intelligence to direct that purpose, but doubly fortunate he who could count upon such a coadjutor as the former Prime-minister of Servia.

His Highness having been pleased to honor me by a special invitation to the ceremonies of the 18th of April, at 10 A.M., I accompanied her Majesty's consul-general, Mr. Longworth, to the Kalémey-dan, or plain of the fortress. On that large turfed space, separating the town from the citadel, a handsome pavilion, surmounted by the Turkish and Servian colors flying side by side, had been erected for the accommodation of the Prince during the reading of the firman, in virtue of which the huge stronghold was to be consigned to his keeping; and there the members of the princely family, the Servian ministers, the Corps Diplomatique, the Pasha and his staff, and one or two privileged guests, had been placed near the throne. Our approach to the pavilion was made between two long lines of soldiers —the remains of the Turkish garrison on one side and the best part of the Servian regulars on the other; and the comparison afforded of the Christian force with the Mohammedan resulted, I am bound to say, in an impression decidedly favorable to the latter. It would be difficult to conceive anything more

martial-looking than were the Turkish soldiers; their arms were resplendent, and their accoutrements marvels of cleanliness; the men themselves tall, broad at the shoulder, and fine in the waist; stern, sinewy, strong fellows, full of fierce enthusiasm, betrayed in the flashing of their dark eyes, but held thoroughly under command. Of their discipline and the rapidity of their evolutions I have already spoken. The Servian troops, although composed of fair average men, well clothed and armed, and undeniably hardy, had a slouching bearing and shambling gait; their uniforms and flat caps resembled those worn by the Russians, and their faces betrayed rather a dogged than an ardent bravery — stupidity rather than intelligence. I had no doubt that the men of Servia I then saw arrayed in arms would fight to the death *pro aris et focis;* but it struck me that they would stand a poor chance in the open field before the impetuous valor of the Arnauts ranged opposite them, having neither the physique, discipline, nor excitability of the latter. Anyhow, there stood, face to face and armed to the teeth, the trained troops of the suzerain and of his great vassal—men who, two months previously, had been doubtless meditating a bloody encounter on the very plain upon which they were peacefully paraded to do honor to the Padishah's decree. In the background of the picture the grim outworks of the fortress, grinning with a hundred open cannon mouths; the tall mosque, the Pasha's palace, and in different parts of the *enceinte*—not side by side—the Turkish star and crescent and the Servian tricolor. A memorable and impressive sight indeed!—the wondrous view of both rivers, of vasts plains and distant blue mountains adding not a little to its grandeur; and the gloomy historical associations connected with the fortress, the Kalémeydan itself, and the ground adjacent, where a spade could scarcely be driven in without crashing against a human skeleton, imparting a keener interest to the spectacle afforded by the serried ranks of Turkey's ancient warders and the armed sons of the fierce race, unsubjugated by centuries of vassaldom, to which her frontier strongholds were that day resigned.

Shortly after all the invited guests had assembled in the pavilion a cheer from the town-gates warned us that the Prince was approaching. We hastily assumed our respective places, and in another minute Michael Obrenovich III. rode up the incline leading to the Kalémeydan, attended by a brilliant staff, and passed under the Turkish *banners*, the troops presenting arms, and the *bands playing the* Servian national hymn. His *Highness was dressed in* a splendid gala uniform of crimson velvet, white trousers with a gold stripe, and cocked hat, his breast covered with stars, among which shone conspicuously the *crachat*, in brilliants, of the Osmanli order, bestowed upon him by the Sultan during his visit to Stamboul; he wore also the green and red broad ribbon of the order. The horse on which he was mounted, a pure Arabian of matchless beauty, also given him by Abdul Aziz, divided the admiration of the assembled multitudes with its rider, dear though Milosch's son was to the Servian people. Accustomed to carry the Padishah himself — it was the Sultan's favorite barb, and the noblest steed in the imperial stables — the magnificent animal stepped proudly and gracefully along the Turkish line, indifferent to the clamor of the crowd and the din of the music; and the Prince looked fully worthy of the splendid charger he bestrode. Dismounting near the steps of the pavilion, he walked to the throne, saluting the ministers and consuls, and shaking hands warmly with Ali Riza Pasha and Ali Nizam Bey; then uncovering his head, he advanced to the front of the pavilion, and bowed repeatedly to the multitude assembled, which greeted him with a formidable shout of Zivio! For a minute or two he stood in the full sight of his people, then turning round, signified to the Pasha his readiness to receive the Sultan's commands, and the Muhassebigi Effendi, stepping forward, withdrew the imperial firman from its silken case, pressed it fervently to his forehead, and unfolding it, read aloud the important document, of which the following is a translation, the Prince bowing low at the mention of the Sultan's name:

TO HIS HIGHNESS MICHAEL OBRENOVICH III, PRINCE OF SERVIA.

Let the Prince Michael, actual Sovereign of Servia, know by these my high and mighty letters how earnest is my desire that the tranquillity of Servia, an integral part of my empire, and the security of its inhabitants should be insured and increased. To which end it is necessary that the fortresses of Servia, namely, Belgrade, Fetislam, Semendria, and Chabatz, should be maintained properly and suitably to the security of the nation; and, in the firm conviction that thou and the Servian nation generally—which is endowed with qualities of fealty and loyalty—will guard and govern these strongholds according to my will, I have now deemed it fit to confide to thee and to the Servian army the keeping of the said fortresses, on condition that from this time forth the Servian flag shall float from their ramparts and towers by the side of my Imperial standard.

I am convinced that thou and the Servian nation will worthily appreciate this resolution, which is a practical and convincing proof of my good-will and of my confidence in thee and

in the Servian nation; and that the Servian Government will always faithfully fulfil its obligations towards the Suzerain Court; and, moreover, that ye will firmly insist upon the preservation of these fortresses.

In granting this decree, by which I intrust thee with the government of these fortresses, I subjoin the condition that should it be found desirable to make any alterations in them, the consent of my Government must be previously obtained thereto.

This, my imperial decree, is issued and delivered to thee this 5th of Silhidjé, 1283 (March 29, 1867). ABDUL AZIZ.

The Muhassebigi having returned the firman to its case and delivered it to the Prince, who received it with a profound inclination, a Servian officer advanced to the throne, and read aloud a Servian translation of the same document amid the breathless silence of the thousands gathered round the pavilion; and as the last word fell from his lips a cheer arose that must, I think, have been heard at Semlin, the bands struck up, the guns of the fortress fired a salute, and the Prince, again fervently grasping the hand of the Pasha, who approached to congratulate and conduct him into the fortress, bowed to the foreign representatives, and mounting his horse, inspected the troops, thus giving us ample time to find our carriages and prepare to follow him into the citadel. The inspection was necessarily a short one. His Highness paid a high compliment to the garrison, telling them that they had won the respect and esteem of Servia by their admirable behavior, and had set his own men a splendid example of discipline and order. Then he led the way, Ali Riza at his right hand, into the long-coveted stronghold. As we followed him through the low archway fronting the first moat, we noticed that the gates and the outer line of fortifications had been already given up to the Servian troops, and that the gray gaberdine had already replaced the ample white cloak of the picturesque Turkish sentinels. On reaching the Pasha's palace we ascended to the great reception-room, just in time to see the Pasha lead the Prince by the hand to his divan, with the simple words, "Mon Prince, vous êtes chez-vous." Prince Michael took his place, inviting the Pasha and our venerable representative, Mr. Longworth, to seat themselves by him, and entered into an animated description of the splendid hospitality accorded him at Stamboul, and of the Sultan's munificence and kindness towards him. Shortly after we had paid our respects to his Highness the ladies of his family arrived, and everybody withdrew into the adjoining *salon*, where cigarettes, coffee, and liqueurs were set out for the refreshment of the guests. There we smoked and chatted for about half an hour, the members of the Prince's suite being especially communicative upon the subject of their late journey and the glories of Constantinople. Presently the Prince arose and gave the signal for departure to the Konak, where the official congratulations of the gentlemen representing the Six Powers were to be addressed to him by Mr. Longworth, the *doyen* of the consular body.

Taking leave of the kindly Pasha on the threshold of the palace in which he was wont to dispense a princely hospitality, and of which he had become a mere tenant on sufferance, we drove back through the fortress under the curious gaze of a group of Turkish ladies, perched on a high bastion, clad in rose-colored, white, and pale-blue wrappers, their faces concealed by the inevitable *yashmak*. I understood that the fair Mussulwomen could not comprehend the cession of the fortress, and were wonderfully puzzled at the Padishah's condescension and generosity towards his Christian vassal. The comments of the Turkish soldiers—in which the gift of the fortress and that of the Arabian barb were oddly mixed up together—on the whole affair were curious enough; they evidently believed that Prince Michael obtained both by prostrating himself repeatedly at the Sultan's feet, and imploring him for some material proofs of his (the Sultan's) satisfaction with his servant (the Prince), in order that the Servians might be convinced of their suzerain's favorable disposition towards them. One stalwart Zouave, evidently a great authority among his comrades upon all matters of high import, explained the matter thus: "You see, the Hospodar threw himself down before the Lord's throne and entreated, and the Lord gave him his favorite charger. That was not enough. So he cast himself on his face again, and the Lord gave him the fortresses, wishing to content him. In the name of God, is there anything like the generosity of our great Sultan?"—an explanation which thoroughly satisfied his hearers, devout believers in the omnipotence of their sovereign, from whom they were convinced that every other monarch of the world had received his or her crown. The opinion generally entertained by the Servians, on the other hand, relative to the Sultan's concessions, was, that Prince Michael obtained the fortresses by swearing to defend Turkey against the aggressions of Austria, the "Emperor of the Schwabs" being believed to entertain the project of attacking Bosnia and the Herzegovina, and annexing them to the territories, overshadowed by the wings of the split crow. A long ballad to this effect, signed "An Enlightened

vian," was circulated in thousands on the 18th, and stirred up the people to enthusiastic demonstrations of their determination to support Prince Michael to the death in keeping his promise to the Padishah. I scarcely know which was the more naïve of these two popular notions, the Turkish or the Serb, but relate them simply as proofs of the absolute ignorance then prevailing among both peoples with regard to contemporaneous history and the true causes of those European modifications that follow one another with such startling rapidity nowadays.

To return to the ceremonies of Independence-day. We followed the Prince through the gay streets and under the triumphal arches until we reached the Konak, where we alighted, and were ushered into a handsome saloon, in which we were received by the Metropolitan, and informed that his Highness would shortly join us. While awaiting his appearance the Ministers Garaschianin, Marinovich, Petrovich, and Sukich joined us in making up, with the consular body, a small group of twenty persons. In about five minutes the folding-doors were thrown open, and Prince Michael entered the room, the Consular Corps forming itself into a semicircle facing him; and the *doyen*, Mr. Longworth, addressed him in the following words:

Altesse Sérénissime—Nous venons vous féliciter très sincèrement de la solution heureuse qui a eu lieu de la question des forteresses en Serbie, une solution qui a su concilier le prestige du Suzerain avec les aspirations légitimes du Grand Vassal. C'est une leçon, mon Prince, pour tout le monde, que le temps apporte tout et mûrit tout pour celui qui a la fermeté et la sagesse de ne pas vouloir prématurément l'arracher.

The Prince bowed profoundly, shook hands with Mr. Longworth, and replied that he accepted with sincere gratitude the congratulations thus gracefully offered; that he rejoiced at the opportunity thus afforded him of expressing to the representatives of the six guaranteeing Powers his thankfulness to the Sultan for the late gracious concessions, and his great gratification at the noble reception and splendid munificence he had met with at the hands of his suzerain. He then invited all present to be seated, placing Mr. Longworth on the sofa by him, the French, Russian, Austrian, Italian, and Prussian consuls-general occupying seats in his immediate vicinity. Dulchatz, confectionery, and raki were then handed round; and after a quarter of an hour's conversation, during which the Prince expatiated in glowing terms upon the beauty of his Arabian, as well as of four other valuable chargers presented to him by the Sultan, and spoke rapturously of Stamboul, its palaces and pashas, and of the Bosporus and Sea of Marmora, both of which he cruised about in in the imperial yacht, we took our leave; and as we passed before his Highness, he addressed a few pleasant words to each one of his guests in succession.

One night, in the course of my sojourn in Belgrade during the so-called "Independence week," I was persuaded by the kind friend with whom I was staying to spend an evening at the Servian National Theatre. There was something special about the performance, for tickets had been brought round to all the members of the Consular Corps by the manager, who was a rather intelligent official personage connected with one of the State departments, and who intimated delicately to the six agents that they were expected to contribute to the attractions of the programme by their presence in the auditorium, as well as to the receipts of the evening, by as many golden ducats as their generosity should prompt them to pay for reserved seats. The play selected for performance—of which I have unfortunately forgotten the name—was *the* piece which is, so to speak, the backbone of the Servian theatrical *répertoire*—an unavoidable work, of which no Servian audience is ever tired, and to appreciate the real beauty and merit of which I think it very likely that one must be a born Servian. It was a five-act drama. I confess not to have understood much about the plot, but there was action enough in it for a dozen transpontine "melos" of the most thrilling sort. Perhaps of all its special characteristics (and it had many) those which struck me most forcibly at the time were that at the commencement of the first act the *dramatis personæ* were very numerous, so much so that the stage was hopelessly inadequate for their accommodation, and the atmosphere of the house was tolerably clear; while at the conclusion of the fifth act a clean sweep appeared to have been made of the actors, and the stage, lights, audience, your next neighbor in the stalls had all vanished in the folds of a brownish mist, as opaque and evil-smelling as a "London particular."

The story of the play was strictly Servian—Czilliak to the core. It had to do with the eminent founders of the rival dynasties, Karageorge and Obrenovich—the one a brigand, the other a pig-driver. The redundancy of players did not last long; the *personnel* of the drama was already nicely thinned out by the time the curtain fell on the close of the second tableau, chiefly because the one engrossing, burning purpose of every actor throughout the business of the stage was to discharge

a fire-arm, and with fatal effect, at the person nearest him for the moment. It was the steady and wellnigh uninterrupted fulfilment of this purpose that gradually thickened the atmosphere. Each and every male performer was provided with a small arsenal of long single-barrelled pistols, a wicked-looking gun, a yataghan, and a few handy knives. Some of the ladies had pistols, with which they were as "ready" as Charles Lever himself could have desired one of his earlier heroes to be. They were also familiar with the use of the "snickersnee" as a means of adjusting political differences. They were all killed in the course of the piece; but, then, so was everybody else—there was no vulgar partiality for the stronger sex exhibited by the author. When—the audience being half choked and totally blind by the smoke—a final discharge of small-arms that shook the house signified to the initiated majority of the spectators, who received it with enthusiastic hand-clappings and shouts of Zivio! that the final catastrophe of the drama had come off, and that the play was, *de facto*, concluded, it struck me as odd that the curtain did not fall, and that the public did not rise from its seats. "Why don't they get up and go?" I whispered to my host, the *doyen* of the Corps Consulaire, who had enjoyed a vast experience of Servian institutions. "They are waiting for the smoke to rise a little, in order to catch a glimpse of the final tableau!" was the reply. "When this fog lifts, just look at the stage, and you will see that Shakespeare is not the only dramatic author who winds up his plays with a general slaughter of his characters. The Servian playwright knows his public and arranges his situations, as you may have noticed, to suit that particular turn of the national fancy which favors extermination as the proper end and aim of warfare, and does not hold a quarrel, private or political, to be satisfactorily settled in a manner honorable to both parties except by the death of both. These views, of course, only apply to what I will take leave to describe as domestic differences—such as the rivalry between the Obrenovich and Karageorge factions, to advance an illustration on a large scale—or indeed any petty 'difficulty' between relatives, friends, or neighbors, in mere every-day life. When the Turk is in question, it is imperative to the Servian apprehension that the slaughtering should all go one way. When, therefore, a piece is given on the stage here, the subject of which is taken from the Turco-Servian struggles, the final tableau always exhibits some living people on the stage—namely, the Servian survivors of the conflicts which have raged throughout the performance. All the Turks are dead, *cela va sans dire;* you see them strewn about in admired confusion, from pasha to simple soldier, all over the boards; while the victorious Czilliaks, each with a foot upon an enemy's carcass, shout, fire their pistols towards the ceiling, and get the curtain down eventually in that sympathetic manner. But this, *cher ami*, is a drama the action of which is based upon Servian home events—*des affaires de famille*, so to speak—and so, you will observe, the last scene is a veritable shambles. There is not a member of the company left alive upon the stage to tell us whether Black George's following, or the faction of Obren's son, has got the best of the hitting, and we are obliged to fall back upon contemporary history for a solution of this problem." By this time the reek of powder had somewhat abated; the lights had again become dimly visible; we were close to the stage, in places of honor, and I could, with a great effort, faintly see the "set" which had hitherto been hidden from my gaze by a dense veil of vapor. It was as my friend said; there was not a living soul on the stage! The toes of the patriots who had burned such a quantity of powder in the course of the evening were turned up to the daisies, or rather to the mimic rocks of a mountain gorge, in which they had dealt with one another according to the custom of the country. As soon as this dramatic consummation became perceptible with tolerable distinctness the band struck up a lugubrious droning ditty, such as is in England popularly supposed to be peculiarly fatal to the common or garden cow; the audience applauded vigorously, and the curtain descended slowly—reluctant, as it were, to interpose between a Servian public and so congenial a spectacle.

This Servian play, with its murky atmosphere of gunpowder, its lurid flashes of fire and grim glitterings of steel, its deafening noise, its hurry and confusion, above all, its final display of corpses, disposed in grisly heaps among frowning rocks, and bearing silent witness to a ferocity content with nothing short of extermination, recurred often and very vividly to my mind nine years later, during the sanguinary conflicts waged upon Servian soil. The crowning catastrophe of the 1876 war resembled with awful fidelity that of the drama in question. As the Servians sowed, so did they reap. Themselves blood-thirsty and merciless, they challenged a no less sanguinary and pitiless foe, superior to them in numbers, courage, discipline, and endurance. The Osmanli does not do the atrocious work of war in a half-hearted way; when his blood is stirred and his passions inflamed he "kills, burns, and destroys;" nor can he be restrained from so doing by any

thing short of death or disablement. The most obedient and even placable of men when his pulse beats temperately, fanaticism and the excitement of battle-sounds convert him into a furious monomaniac, whose one idea is "destroy." I have seen him at this sort of work; once in it, he is wellnigh as dangerous to friend as to foe. And he was in it in 1876 up to the hilt. Servia, though she merited a severe lesson for her treachery and lawless ambitions, suffered a punishment more than adequate to the degree of her turpitude. Devastation, annihilation, as far as such an achievement may be physically possible, bore ghastly witness to the passage of the Turkish troops, as they pressed irresistibly forward to the heart of the principality.

The cession of the fortresses having been carried out by the Sultan's representative in Belgrade, and the Servian national festivities with which that momentous event was celebrated being concluded, my mission was at an end, and I signified my approaching departure to the Prince at a state banquet given by him to the Corps Diplomatique and leading Servian notables on April 20, 1867. On hearing that I was about to return to Vienna almost immediately, his Highness said, "Come and breakfast with me to-morrow. I want to have a long talk with you before you go. You will find me alone; there will be nobody to listen to what we may say, and to make a mountain out of each conversational mole-hill." Next morning I spent two hours with him, took leave of him—little thinking I should never see him again—and left Servia the same evening. Fourteen months later the ghastly tragedy of Topchidereh brought his noble life and useful career to a premature and sanguinary close.

Michael Obrenovich, at the instigation of Peter Karageorgevich, was brutally murdered because he would not lend himself to the nefarious projects which precipitated Servia into the very gulf of calamity. The same conspirators at whose bidding the Radavanovichs performed their sanguinary task in the green glades of Topchidereh subsequently sat in the councils and enjoyed the confidence of the lamented Michael's successor, who, unfortunately for himself and his country, was their blind and unresisting tool. Had Michael lived, their plans would never have been allowed to ripen to maturity; his native honesty, strong common-sense, and sharp insight into the intrigues by which he was surrounded on all sides, would have enabled him to detect and defeat the schemes that culminated in the annihilation of all the benefits his wise rule conferred upon Servia. This was well known to those whose insidious promptings he steadfastly refused to listen to, and they accordingly slew him under circumstances of barbarity that I cannot even now recall without a shudder. I entertained the highest respect and affection for the Third Obrenovich. His was far too amiable and upright a character for the position which an adverse destiny doomed him to occupy. The main-spring of all his actions was what we in England call fairness; the whole occupation of his mind was how best to do his duty to his fellow-creatures in general, his subjects in particular. In the very last conversation I had with him in his modest little writing-room, looking out upon a gay garden (he was passionately fond of flowers), about a year before his cruel murder, I well remember his saying to me with the greatest earnestness, in reply to a remark I had made to the effect that he was popularly credited, in Austria as well as England, with Russian proclivities, so thoroughgoing and even extravagant as to be utterly incompatible with the fealty he had sworn to his suzerain, and with the engagements he had so recently and so solemnly entered into at Constantinople: "Of course I value Russian friendship and protection extremely; they are a great support to me with my people, and I should be indeed ungrateful if I failed to manifest, whenever an opportunity presents itself for my doing so, my appreciation of the infinite kindness shown to me by the Czar as well as by leading Russian statesmen. I probably, however, apprehend more accurately than do a good many of the men who have been talking to you upon this subject, the true meaning and exact worth of the civilities and even favors that are showered upon me from St. Petersburg. Russia conceives it, whether rightly or wrongly is not for me to say, to be her political interest to load us with benefits, and to persuade us that she is the only friend we have in Europe. It is constantly being impressed upon me, and in a very urgent manner, as well by some of my most eminent countrymen as by Russian gentlemen who honor me with their visits, that Servia has to look to Russia for all manner of future benefits and aggrandizements. I ask myself sometimes, What benefits and what aggrandizements? The Sultan's generosity has made me a free prince of a free country; there is not a Turkish soldier or official in Servia; we have no national debt, and our income exceeds our expenditure. Of course I am very much obliged for Russian offers of protection and patronage; but Servia can protect herself, the more easily as no one has the least intention of molesting her. I am a Servian *avant tout*, and the interests of my country take prece-

dence with me of every other consideration, so long as they can be advanced in an honorable and equitable manner; but I should never think of throwing away the reality for the shadow, or of playing the part of the cat in that other fable about the chestnuts, no matter how august the monkey, or how tempting the promises he might hold out to me. I beg you not to believe—as I do not think you will—whatever you may hear about me, that I shall break my word to the Sultan, or fail to keep my faith with the Sublime Porte. I am not a perjurer. I hope it has never struck you that I could be anything so infamous.

"My position, as you have often acknowledged to me, is a very difficult and even painful one. I am called upon to govern a country which is extremely backward in civilization, of which the population suffers under a low standard of well-being, in which even rudimentary education is only just beginning to take root. My countrymen are brave, industrious, and well-meaning men, but they are very passionate and credulous; hatred of the Turk seems to be in their blood—it has been transmitted to them from their ancestors. They are easily worked upon by certain stock cries and catchwords. If I allowed myself to be carried away by their wishes, which are too often the offspring of ignorance, or, still worse, of impulses that savor strongly of barbarism, I should ruin my country and cover myself with shame. My ambition, on the contrary, is to develop the resources of Servia, to improve the physical and moral condition of every Servian, to make a people happy which has been unhappy for centuries. Look at Belgrade, our capital. Whenever I see a foreigner of respectability walking in its streets I feel inclined to blush. How can we claim to take rank, ever so low down, among the really civilized peoples of Europe as long as our streets are what they are? as long as we are without drainage, proper paving, wholesome water supply? as long as people continue to live huddled together without any notion of health, comfort, or even decency? The provincial towns are in an even worse condition; their inhabitants look upon Belgrade as a city of palaces, full of splendor and conveniences that tend to render its inhabitants effeminate. And yet you see in what a state we are. The ambitions of a Servian prince, the only ones permitted to him by God, are to reform all the abuses that obtain among a people whose character has been deteriorated by ages of oppression; to procure the blessings of education to his subjects, whereby they may be stimulated to better their condition; and to do all this in the most inexpensive way possible, so as not to increase, but rather diminish, their burdens. I entertain no other ambitions but these. My father was a man of humble origin, and but little instruction; but he was a genius, and performed what was little short of a miracle in raising the Servian nationality up out of the mire into which it had been trodden so hardly, and kept stuck (*plantée*) so long, that it had almost got used to it. I have no genius, but I was brought up abroad, in centres of civilization, and I have worked very hard to profit by the advantages with which Providence has favored me. In many respects I stand quite alone on one side of certain questions, while my ministers and the leading men of the provinces stand on the other. But as long as I believe myself to be in the right I shall try to carry out my convictions. God knows whether I shall succeed, for many of my own countrymen hate me, though I have never done any man a wrong wittingly. But of this your compatriots may rest assured, that I shall never be cajoled or threatened into doing anything which I consider dishonorable or dishonest."

I reproduce these remarks of the late Prince Michael from private notes which I took immediately after leaving his Highness's presence, and at once communicated to the late Mr. Longworth, then her Majesty's diplomatic agent at Belgrade, with whom I was staying, and who, I have reason to believe, made them the subject of a despatch to the Foreign Office. I venture to believe that all those who read them will agree with me that they are the utterances of a man gifted with a superior intelligence, and whose heart was in the right place—a man who would have done honor to any station in life, and who was certainly worthy of a better fate than to perish, mangled and mutilated, at the hands of Servian assassins, kinsmen in race, speech, habits, and traditions to the infamous Peko Pavlovich, Luca Petcovich, and other Montenegrin "heroes." Prince Michael foresaw what would happen to him; he was warned on the very day of his assassination that his life was in danger; but he had made up his mind to die rather than forsake the principles he had laid down for the guidance of his actions, and, like another true-hearted prince, the chivalrous Maximilian of Habsburg, chose death rather than dishonor—rather than abandonment of the post to which he deemed himself summoned by Providence. "I shall never be cajoled or threatened into doing anything which I consider dishonorable or dishonest," said Prince Michael, and kept his word.

A thoroughly genial monarch, endowed with artistic talent and taste of a high order,

is Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, elder brother to the lamented Prince Consort, and uncle to our future King. Of this amiable and gifted Prince I saw a great deal during the siege of Paris; indeed from the second week of October, 1870, to the commencement of February, 1871, scarcely a day passed in the course of which I did not meet his Royal Highness in some part of the *rayon* of attack. Between thirty and forty German princes, holding honorary rank in the German armies, were attached to the royal headquarters at Versailles, and constituted what was styled, in jest rather than in earnest, "Der zweite Staffel;" that is to say, the second staff, the first being that of the royal commander-in-chief. Saxon Highnesses, I need scarcely say, mustered strong on this "zweiter Staffel," but of the grand-ducal and ducal varieties only. The "royal" Saxons were on the other side of Paris, near St. Denis; one of them, the then Crown Prince, now King, Albert of Saxony, pronounced by Kaiser Wilhelm to be "the only general in the German army that, to the best of his knowledge, had never made a mistake in the field," commanded an army corps, with his brother Prince George as *divisionnaire*. The Princes of Saxe-Coburg, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Meiningen, and Saxe-Altenburg, however—all of them officers *à la suite* of regiments belonging to the Prussian army—were at Versailles, *pro formâ*, as it were, and certainly not performing any active or regular military duty. Among them were the Grand Duke of Baden, a prince or two of Bavaria and Hesse, the luckless Duke Frederick of Augustenburg, princes of Lippe, Oldenburg, Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, Reuss, Schwarzburg, and Waldeck, as well as Prince William of Würtemberg, heir-presumptive to the kingdom of that ilk, and *à la suite* of the famous Red Hussars, in the uniform of which distinguished regiment he became a familiar figure to the Versaillais, by whom he was persistently believed to be the subjugator of Metz, Prince Friedrich Karl of Prussia. These august idlers got up a club in a large private house adjacent to the Hôtel des Reservoirs, but messed together twice a day at the hotel itself, where the cooking and wine were excellent, and where something of interest—or at least considered as such during the dreary, uneventful days of the investment—was continually taking place. Of the mess "des zweiten Staffels," at which seldom fewer than thirty German princes, representing all the sovereign houses of the Fatherland, sat down daily, Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg was elected by common accord perpetual Chairman. The presidency of the "Fuerstlicher Casino," or Princely Club, in the Rue des Reservoirs, was also conferred upon him. No better choice could have been made by the royal and serene gentlemen attached to the headquarters of the King of Prussia in virtue of their high birth, and as representatives of all the States in the two German Confederations, amalgamated on January 18, 1871, and thereafter constituting the German Empire "one and indivisible." Leaving for the moment out of the question Duke Ernest's extraordinary personal qualifications for the distinguished honorary posts above referred to—his unfailing tact, genial joviality, ready wit, familiarity with every sort of field-sport and military exercise, and, last, but not least, his commanding presence and sonorous voice—I may observe that his position in Germany was in more than one respect an exceptionally influential one. Next to his august cousin, the King of Prussia, he was the most important personage in the Teutonic realms; a fact so generally recognized by his fellow-countrymen in years gone by that it prompted them to offer him the Crown of Germany. Like Frederick William IV., to whom a similar offer was made at a time when the Fatherland was racked by internal dissensions, Ernest II. sagaciously declined the imperial dignity; but the circumstance that he was solicited to accept it by the representatives of the German nation is sufficient proof of the high respect and esteem in which his compatriots held him. Duke Ernest was also, and is, the head of the ancient and powerful House of Coburg, whose scions actually occupy the thrones of Brazil, Belgium, and Portugal, another of them being heir-apparent to the crowns of the United Kingdom and India, and another having been recently elected Prince of Bulgaria.

None other of the "Burgraves" (as Victor Hugo would have called them) gathered together at Versailles during the investment and siege of Paris could so fitly, as Ernest II. of Saxe-Coburg, have taken the chair at those banquets which were held daily in Madame Grossoeuve's long ground-floor room throughout the gloomy and incredibly severe winter of 1870–71. He kept all his princely kinsmen, except one or two of incurably melancholy temperament, like the dispossessed Holsteiner, whose grievances preyed upon his mind in such sort as to render him incapable of a smile, in excellent spirits. He prevented them from quarrelling when the champagne had been flowing with more than ordinary freedom; he stopped many a heated argument by a timely jest or aptly interpolated anecdote; his cheery face and burly form—the latter arrayed in the undress uniform of the famous Seventh (Magdeburg) Cuirassiers, to which both himself and Prince von Bismarck

elong, Duke Ernest as its honorary colonel, he Realm-chancellor *à la suite du régiment* —always looked the very impersonation of ood-humor and conviviality.

His Royal Highness, while at Versailles, vas pleased to show me a great deal of per- onal kindness. When I first joined the royal eadquarters in that city of faded glories here was considerable difficulty in obtain- ng quarters with stabling attached, such as required; so I put up at the "Reservoirs," nd remained there for nearly two months, ntil I was fortunate enough to secure an dmirable suite of apartments in the Place Hoche, which I subsequently occupied till he end of February, with Viscount Adare now the Earl of Dunraven) and an Ameri- an general named Duff. While staying at he hotel I dined and supped nearly every day at a table close to that of the Princes, nd heard many of Duke Ernest's "good things," a few of which were addressed to myself. One of the latter I will venture to relate. Should this book come under the Duke's notice, I trust that he will exonerate me from indiscretion in publishing a *bon-mot* which was really too brilliant not to find lasting record in print.

One day the "Zweite Staffel" was lunch- ing—dining, they called it—as usual about 1 P.M., all the other tables in the long *salle-à- manger* being occupied by German officers, with here and there a stray "Kriegsbumm- ler" like myself. I happened to be sitting very near Duke Ernest—not at the "Fuer- sten-Tafel," but at one close to it, and facing he door that led into the dining-room from corridor communicating with the chief taircase and the main street entrance. Chanc- ng to glance towards the door-way, I espied short, thick-set, oldish man, tightly but- oned up in a thick surtout, and wearing (it vas in the depth of winter) a tall white hat vith a black band. He was talking with the andlord. In a moment I recognized him. t was none other than Adolphe Thiers, just rrived in Versailles to treat—unsuccessfully, s it turned out—for peace with the Iron hancellor. At once I arose, and leaning ver the back of Duke Ernest's chair, said o him in English, under my breath, "Do ou know, sir, that Monsieur Thiers is in the oom?" "No," he replied, turning sharply ound towards me; "you don't say so! Where is he?" "Just by the door, sir. If ou will look that way you can't miss seeing im." The Duke took a good look at Thiers, hispered a few words in the ear of Prince Villiam of Würtemberg, who was sitting on is right hand, and then, turning to me again, xclaimed, always in English, "Now just see hat a cunning diplomatist that sly old gen- tleman is! He has come here to try and talk over the King, and has hoisted the Hohenzol- lern colors as a delicate compliment to his Majesty. Look at his hat! Schwarz-weiss, as I'm alive, like the Prussian flag! You know the tune;" and Duke Ernest hummed the first two bars of "Ich bin ein Preuss', kennst Du meine Farbe?" With this patri- otic air on his lips, the Duke got up and strode to the entrance, where he accosted the venerable French statesman, with whom he was acquainted, very kindly, and chatted with him for two or three minutes.

The Duke was very fond of whist; not the regular short-whist played in England, but the German variety of that game, in which dummy, or "Der Strohmann," invariably figures, and the superfluous points, if any, won in one game are marked over to the next one—of course only in one and the same rubber; that is to say, four by cards and two by honors counting ten, which is game; sup- posing you score five by cards and four by honors, *i.e.*, fourteen, you credit your next game's score with four "on." Somebody must have told Duke Ernest that I was a tol- erable "whisteur," for one morning, meeting me in the Avenue de Paris, he stopped me, and said, "I hear that you are fond of whist, and play very well. Come into the Club this evening after supper, and try your hand with us. I can get you a very fair rubber, but not at such points as you London players are accustomed to. Wir biederen Deutschen spielen nicht so hoch" (We steady-going Ger- mans don't play so high). I protested, of course, that the points were a matter of in- difference to me, and that what I enjoyed, like a renowned old English lady of immor- tal memory, was "clean cards, a bright fire, and the rigor of the game." "Well, we can give you all that," rejoined the Duke; "so I shall count upon you for to-night." *Gesagt, gethan.* That evening I had the honor of playing in Duke Ernest's own rubber, cutting in and out. We played eight rubbers, in three of which he was my partner; and I hope I acquitted myself to his satisfaction— at least, he was good enough to say that I did. The points were two and a half silber- groschen (three pence), as the Duke explained to me; "specially high on your account, be- cause Englishmen don't like their whist too cheap. We generally play groschen-points here, and five groschen on the rub." Capital whist it was too; I never saw closer or more correct play. About eleven we broke off, something less than the German equivalent of half a sovereign having changed hands, and a pleasanter rubber no true lover of the game could have wished for.

Were it not for the restrictions imposed

upon me by the title of this book, which limits me, by inference if not expressly, to a record of my personal experiences in connection with "monarchs I have met," I could fill many more pages—ay, even chapters—with reminiscences of monarchs potential, and of other personages born in the purple with whom I have foregathered at one time or another in the course of the past quarter of a century. A chapter, for instance, of no inconsiderable interest might be devoted to that gallant and high-minded gentleman, the German Crown Prince, to whom I am indebted for countless kindnesses and courtesies; but his Imperial Highness is not a monarch yet, though *anax andrôn;* and I am sure that it is his heartfelt wish that many years may elapse ere he be called upon to ascend the throne of Germany. Similar actualities debar me from narrating more than one anecdote in which his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales plays a prominent and highly interesting part, and which I should dearly like to tell my readers, as they all teem with traits of his exquisite tact, graceful humor, and inexhaustible amiability. I have much to say, too, about the illustrious Prince whose candidature for the Spanish crown was the ostensible cause of quarrel between France and Germany in July, 1870—I mean the Prince of Hohenzollern, who, at the time I became personally acquainted with him, was hereditary prince of that ilk, and "a gentleman of excellent differences." Of his younger brother, Prince Frederick of Hohenzollern, to whom I was presented in Rome by poor Harry Arnim; of Prince William of Würtemberg, now heir to his cousin's throne, and of the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Weimar, with both of whom it was my privilege to associate not infrequently at Versailles; of Prince George of Prussia, the royal playwright, who has contributed so valuably to the German stage under the pseudonym of "Conrad," and to whom I was introduced by my lamented friend Kleist, just three years before that brilliant officer and superb specimen of humanity was shot through the heart by a French bullet at Mars-la-Tour; and of many more highnesses, imperial, royal, and serene, I could relate sayings and doings that have come within my own cognizance, and that are certainly not devoid of interest. But all this may not, for the reason already stated, be told here. Perhaps, in time to come, I may attempt to recount it in the pages of another collection of "word-sketches and reminiscences." That, however, will mainly depend upon the degree of favor accorded by a generous and indulgent public to my present endeavor to afford them some slight amusement by discoursing to them *à bâtons rompus* on the subject of "Monarchs I Have Met."

THE END.

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